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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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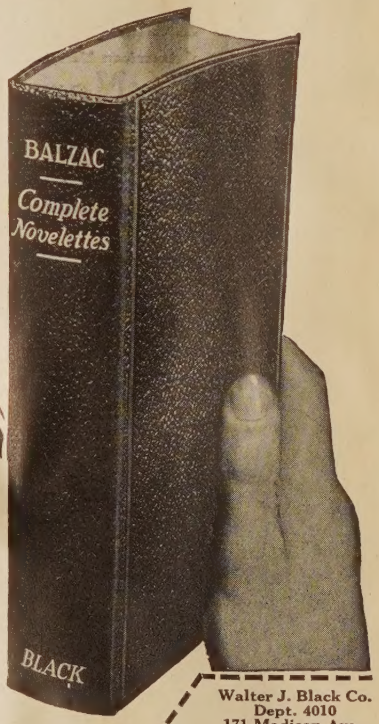

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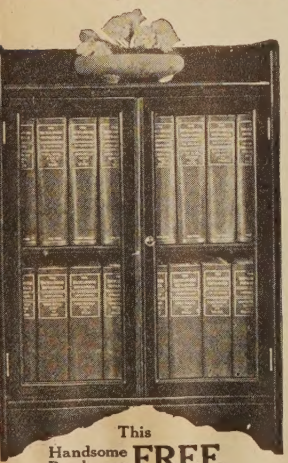

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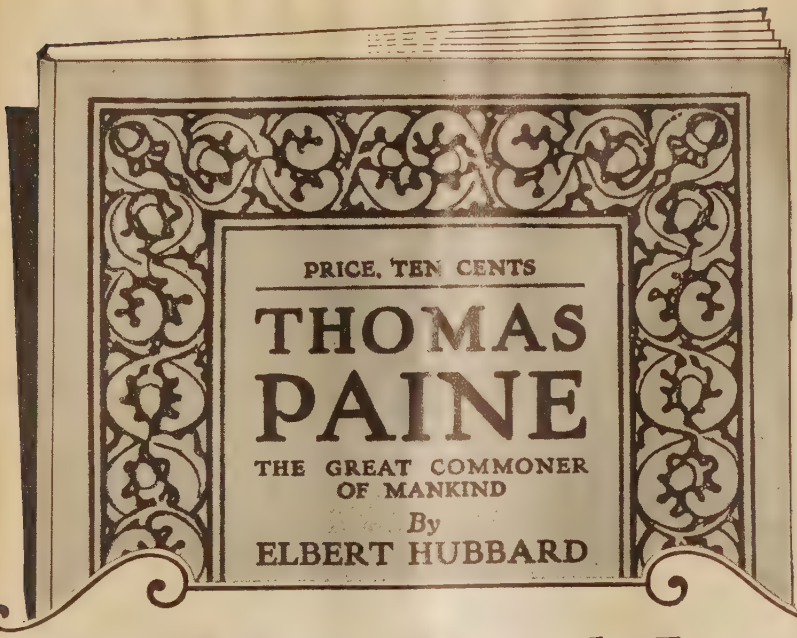

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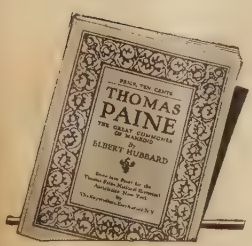

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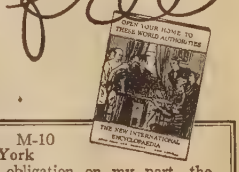

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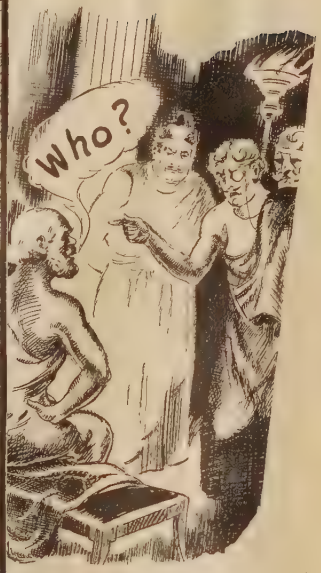

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CIRCUS PARADE.
By Jim Tully. *Albert & Charles Boni*
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It would be hard to overestimate the vividness and power of this extraordinary book. In "Beggars of Life" the author showed that he could write; here, in his second volume of autobiography, he piles up new and massive proofs of it. In such chapters as "With Folded Hands Forever," "A Negro Girl," "The Strong Woman" and "The Last Day" there is a capacity to give reality to the grotesque and shocking which not even Gorki has ever surpassed. A small traveling circus is the scene of all the episodes. Its fantastic characters fairly leap out of the canvas. The chief among them—old Cameron, the indomitable proprietor; the Baby Buzzard, his unspeakable wife; and his aides, Slug Finnerty, Gorilla Haley, and Silver Moon Dugan—are as real as Elmer Gantry. Tully, hitherto, has been a sort of curiosity in letters—an ex-pugilist and wanderer turned writer. But here he challenges the best.

UPTON SINCLAIR. *A Study in Social Protest.*
By Floyd Dell. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2. 7¼ x 5; 194 pp. *New York*

Mr. Dell, like Mr. Sinclair, is a Socialist of a somewhat vague and moony sort, but the fact doesn't prevent him dealing with his subject in a realistic and often extremely effective manner. Here, for the first time, the facts of Sinclair's life are set forth in detail, and some light is cast upon the genesis of his ideas. As Mr. Dell shows, he is far less the radical, in the current sense, than is commonly supposed. Rather he is a Puritan born after his time—a brother to William Lloyd Garrison, not to Trotsky and Lenin. His books are analyzed in detail, and their weaknesses are not overlooked. But neither is the importance of the man underrated. At home the Babbitts denounce him for sedition and his fellow blue-noses try to clap him into jail, but abroad he is read and esteemed, and no living writer has had a larger share in formulating that hostile view of the United States which now prevails everywhere beyond its borders. There is a bibliography of his books at the end.

CANNIBAL NIGHTS.
By H. E. Raabe. *Payson & Clarke*
$3 8½ x 5½; 324 pp. *New York*

At the age of fourteen, in the early seventies, Captain Raabe was shanghaied out of Sydney and woke up to find himself a member of the crew of the free-lance trader *Emma P*, bound for the Solomon Islands to pick up cargoes of pearls, shell and sandalwood. Because of his great courage he became, in short order, second mate, and remained with the outfit for three years. He then sailed as mate of the *Ontong* and later owned the barkentine *Glenora*. Captain Raabe tells glowingly of his encounters with Dundee Mike, right hand man to Bully Hayes; of the bloodthirsty Dyak pirates; of a cannibal banquet on Guadalcar isl of freshly roasted long pig; and of the finding of the lovely and adventurous Cathyrn, marooned on an island, who joined the crew of the *Emma P*. The boo is full of fights and murders. The publisher tells us that the author is now living in Jersey City!

HISTORY

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Continued from page xxx

These formidable volumes are issued by the Virginia War History Commission and apparently at the public expense. Their aim seems to be to put into print the name of every Virginian, male or female, who had any hand in the great crusade to end war, whether as soldier or as Liberty loan orator, as Red Cross nurse or as writer of inflammatory newspaper editorials. It would take a week of hard reading to get through them, but the historian of the future will probably have to undertake the task. There is in them, concealed in a million or more of words, materials for a brilliant picture of the gaudy way in which the war was fought on the American side. Mr. Davis has let nothing escape him, however trivial. Unfortunately, his work is not yet done: he must yet provide an index to his seven volumes, and a register of the names mentioned. The books are badly printed and have an amateurish appearance. One of them has a thumping typographical error on its title page.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By Harrison C. Thomas and William A. Hamm. *The Vanguard Press*

50 cents 7¾ x 4½; 257 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of a proposed three-volume outline of history. It begins with the earliest known records and stops with the time of the French Revolution. It is sound in fact and very simply written. The two companion volumes are promised for the near future.

FIVE YEARS IN TURKEY.

By Liman von Sanders. *The United States Naval Institute*

$3.50 9 x 5⅞; 326 pp. *Annapolis, Md.*

The author was general of cavalry in the Turkish Army during the entire duration of the World War. In this book he gives the inside facts about some of the important battles in which he participated. The chapters dealing with the Dardenelles Campaign are an amazing tale of almost incredible blunderings on both sides, and consequent butchery. General von Sanders does not stop at pointing out his own costly mistakes. His conclusions are these: "The demands which Germany made on the Turkish Army during the war failed for the most part in the economic field. In the military field the German expectations were excessive and therefore impossible. Turkey was expected not only to defend the straits and protect her frontiers at immense distances, but to conquer Egypt, make Persia independent, prepare for the creation of independent states in Trans-Caucasia, threaten India from Afghanistan if possible, and in addition furnish active assistance in European theatres. Turkey and her leaders must be held to account for not making their aims conform to available means. Germany is to be blamed for the lack of calm and clear judgment of what was within the powers of Turkey."

HISTORY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS

By Louis Martin Sears. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*

$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 648 pp. *New York*

The first three-quarters of this book are excellent. Dr. Sears, who is professor of history at Purdue University, covers American foreign policy until the time of Wilson fully, and shows himself to have a thorough knowledge of the latest researches in the field. In discussing the War of 1812, the Spanish-American War, and the Roosevelt policies in the Caribbean he does not rehash the banalities of the school text-books, but tells the truth as it has been dug up by such authorities as Professors Julius W. Pratt and Edward Channing. But when he comes to contemporary history he gets very cautious, and his narrative becomes very superficial. The chapters on the Wilson and Harding foreign policies are a mere recital of facts which every newspaper reader knows. Dr. Sears adds very little meaning to them.

CHINA AND FOREIGN POWERS. *An Historical Review of their Relations.*

By Frederick Whyte. *The Oxford University Press*

$1 9¾ x 6½; 78 pp. *New York*

The review takes up only thirty-eight pages, and is quite worthless. Great Britain comes out of it as the most sympathetic friend China ever had. The remainder of the book is given over to the reprinting of various official documents. The whole is put out under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

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By Archibald E. Stevenson. *The Clark Boardman Company*

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Mr. Stevenson argues for a new interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment by the Supreme Court, limiting its operation to foreign and interstate commerce. He would have the States free to regulate the sale of liquor within their own borders as they choose, and believes that that right actually remains among the reserved powers.

Continued on page xxxiv

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The University of Chicago Pr
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The greater part of this book deals with troubl in the Chicago building trades. Of special interest a the chapters discussing the absurd union rules ar practices and the obscure ways in which the le scrupulous of the union officials receive their graf As for the future, Mr. Montgomery, who is instruct in industrial relations at the University of Chicag is inclined to put a great deal of faith in the publici activities of the city's Citizens' Committee. He thin that, unofficial as it is, it has accomplished much the past in cleaning up the building trades. Th unions, on the other hand, insist that it has been great curse, and that it has done all in its power damage unionism and establish the open shop.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.
By Frank Alfred Golder and Lincoln Hutchinson.
The Stanford University Pre
$3.50 9 x 6; 319 pp. *Stanford, Cal*

This is the narrative of two field investigators the Russian Unit of the American Relief Administr tion during 1921–1923. The authors record what th saw and heard and felt in the famine-stricken area Much that they tell of the sufferings of the people terrifying and yet some of the tales of their stoicis are tragically laughable.

THE MAIN STEM.
By William Edge. *The Vanguard Pre*
50 cents 7¼ x 4½; 212 pp. *New Yo*

Mr. Edge assures us that in this book he relates h experiences as a hobo a little over ten years ago. B one has a suspicion that he has done some padding the telling. Slim, the old-time hobo who introduc Mr. Edge to the mysteries of the road, and who the central figure of the tale, seems to be, in lar part, not a real person, but the hobo of Socialis imagination: he is forever quoting Marx, he is fu of kindness, he is extremely educated, and he is lover of the fine arts.

THE HOBO. *The Sociology of the Homeless Man.*
By Nels Anderson. *The University of Chicago Pre*
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Mr. Anderson's studies of homeless men were mad in 1921 and 1922, in Chicago, where thousands c them congregate. His observations are now printe as the first volume of a series on urban problems t be published by the University of Chicago under th

Continued on page xxxvi

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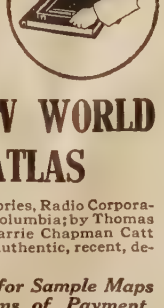

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editorship of Prof. Robert E. Park. What Mr. Anderson has to report is, in the main, not new, but it is well organized and well documented. His extensive bibliography, curiously enough, omits Jim Tully's "Beggars of Life," perhaps the most vivid account of hobos and tramps ever written.

THE NORTH CAROLINA CHAIN GANG. *By Jesse F. Steiner and Roy M. Brown.* *The University of North Carolina Pr*
$2 — 7¾ x 4⅞; 194 pp. — *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

This searching and excellent study is the first of a series of reports on crime in North Carolina projected by the Institute for Research in Social Science at the State university. The authors describe the chain gang system at great length, and point out its apparently unescapable evils. The work is heavily documented and includes case histories of three typical Negro convicts. There is an exhaustive bibliography.

MODERN PALESTINE. *Jewish Life and Problems* *By A. S. Waldstein.* *The Bloch Publishing Company*
$2.50 — 7½ x 5⅛; 222 pp. — *New York*

Dr. Waldstein has spent over thirteen years in Palestine, and in this book he discusses the future of the country in the light of his many-sided personal observations. He argues that the only way of gaining genuine political recognition for the Jewish State there is not by licking the boots of European statesmen, but by developing the land economically and showing the powers that it's profitable to have the Jews run the works. He sharply attacks the American Jews for not contributing more liberally to the upbuilding of Palestinian industries.

THE PUBLIC AND ITS PROBLEMS. *By John Dewey.* *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 — 7¾ x 5; 224 pp. — *New York*

Professor Dewey tends to get more and more obscure as he grows older. In this latest of his books there are pages upon pages of verbiage, the sense of which could easily be put into a few simple sentences. He attempts an analysis of the origins of the state and the ills of the latest product of its evolution, modern democracy, but he has little new to say. As for the first, he thinks that the state had its origin in social utility. As for the second, he is of the opinion that the real trouble with democracy lies in the fact that its public is inarticulate and possessed of no "diffused and seminal intelligence." All this is old stuff, but Professor Dewey does achieve one fresh bit of insight. It appears on pages 86–88. He suggests there that the concept of individualism was not the motive power of the democratic movement, but rather its after-

Continued on page xxxviii

The Love Romance of
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE CAP OF YOUTH

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Stevenson wrote the story himself, but other hands destroyed it. Mr. Steuart, himself a novelist of note and author of the only real and authentic biography of Stevenson, retells the story with all its poignancy, its sweetness and dramatic force. This will be the literary sensation of the year. $2.50

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Continued from page xxxvi

thought, a sort of philosophic excuse, and he argues that this afterthought was, historically, the only one possible.

THE SCIENCES

THE NORMAL CHILD: *How to Keep It Normal in Mind and Morals.*
By B. Sachs. *Paul B. Hoeber*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 111 pp. *New York*

Dr. Sachs is a New York neurologist and a bitter enemy of the Freudian psychology. Here he tackles the current theorizing about the care and training of children with some blasts of common sense, and to excellent effect. He is especially effective in his denunciation of the nonsense propagated by psychologizing pedagogues, including the sex hygienists. His last and longest chapter is devoted to the Freudians. He appends a useful bibliography.

HEART AND ATHLETICS.
By Felix Deutsch and Emil Kauf.
The C. V. Mosby Company
$2 8 x 5¼; 187 pp. *St. Louis, Mo*

Dr. Deutsch and Dr. Kauf are well-known Viennese physicians who have recently made a thorough investigation of the records of the Heart Station of their city, where for many years heart examinations have been made on athletes. The present book is the result of their researches. They come to the conclusion that the sports which exert the greatest strain upon the heart are rowing, bicycling and skiing, while those which affect it least are, strangely enough, boxing and football. The translation from the German by Dr. Louis M. Warfield leaves much to be desired.

THE FINE ARTS

RELIGIOUS FOLK-SONGS OF THE NEGRO.
By R. Nathaniel Dett. *The Hampton Institute Press*
$3 9¼ x 6; 236 + xiii pp. *Hampton, Va.*

This is a revision and amplification of a collection of spirituals that was first published in 1874. Dr. Dett, who is director of music at Hampton Institute and a composer of ability, has harmonized the pieces in four-part harmony for singing *a cappella*. In an appendix he prints earlier forms of some of the best known spirituals, and so shows how they have changed since the Civil War. In an introduction he combats the theory that they were originally Methodist hymns, and argues that they reveal unmistakably African characters. There are about 175 numbers in the collection.

Continued on page xl

New Scribner Books

COW COUNTRY *By* Will James

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By Adele Jenny. *William Edwin Rudge*
$15 11⅛ x 8⅜; 25 + xliv pp. *New York*

The cards here reproduced and discussed are from the collection of Mrs. Bella C. Landauer, presented to the New York Historical Society. They belong to the latter half of the Eighteenth Century and the first half of the Nineteenth, and range from the huge lithographed announcement of Mitchell & Croasdale, dealers in whale oil, to the small and elegant cards of Paul Revere & Son, cannon founders, and J. Greenwood, "surgeon dentist to His Excellency, George Washington." The reproductions are excellent, and the printing is in Mr. Rudge's usual competent style.

THE ARCHITECT IN HISTORY.
By Martin S. Briggs. *The Oxford University Press*
$3.75 7½ x 5; 400 pp. *New York*

This is an excellent survey of the high spots in the history of architecture. Mr. Briggs is a fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and thus speaks with authority. Moreover, he writes very interestingly. There are many helpful illustrations.

TRAVEL

THE BALEARICS AND THEIR PEOPLES.
By Frederick Chamberlin. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$5 9 x 5¾; 261 pp. *New York*

The Balearic archipelago lies between Marseilles and Algiers. The largest of the islands are Majorca, Minorca, Iviza and Formentera. They possess an ancient and rather charming civilization, which runs back to Roman times. The temper of their peoples is in direct contrast to that of the Europeans. They are mainly interested in keeping themselves in physic. comfort. The love of luxury and intellectual pursuits is practically unknown among them, and their only interest in government is to have as little of it as possible. The men and women are rather short, but the latter are astonishingly beautiful. Mr. Chamberlin, who knows the islands and their peoples from personal observation, describes them at great length, and his book makes very interesting reading. There are many illustrations.

THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE.
By Odell Shepard. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8½ x 5½; 282 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Shepard tells of a two weeks' tramp though the towns and valleys of Connecticut. He has chapters on the lovely elms and colorful fields, on different sorts of dogs, on fishing, on the friendly little town of Fairford (here he makes some shrewd observations of

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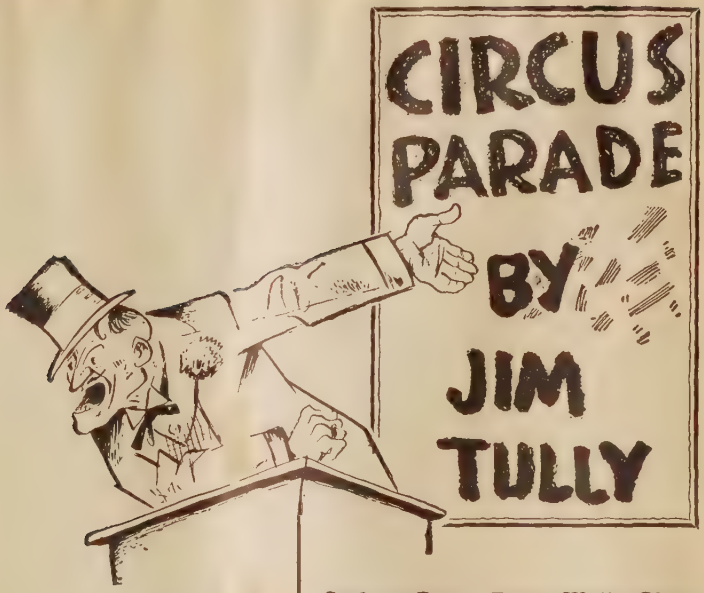

COME ON IN. See the circus from below. See it with the eyes of a little red-headed blue-eyed boy, who did the dirty work but grew up and became a great writer and told all about it. Come in. See the thieves and the liars and the embryo yeggs. See faded wanton women, see the Monday men, see the circus workers "red-lighted" from the train, see tiger fight lion, see the fat woman with the pink hair ribbon and the bottle of arsenic, see the human wretch they call the baby Buzzard, hear the tales that are told, hear the yell "Hey Rube", and if you're a wise Rube, run.

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a small town community), on post-office porch gossipers, and on a pleasant encounter with a hobo. Between these little essays he interposes some simple verses. Miss Beatrice Stevens has charmingly illustrated the volume.

FIFTY MILES AROUND PARIS.
By Cecilia Hill. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$2. 6 x 4½; 188 pp. *New York*

Impressions of one-day excursions from Paris. The book tells nothing of industries or politics, but deals with the beauty of fortresses and cathedrals and with the lovely woods and valleys of the Île de France. There are thirty-four illustrations and two maps.

CRITICISM

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BLAKE.
By Max Plowman. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 183 pp. *New York*

Mr. Plowman is a well-known authority on Blake. In this book he attempts to make the going of the novice a little easier, and he probably offers as much help as is possible in the case of so unique an author. He is interested mainly in Blake's poetry, and not in his illustrations. Though little less than a worshipper of Blake, he admits that a good deal of his verse is beyond understanding.

MESSAGES.
By Ramon Fernandez. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.50 8 x 5½; 304 pp. *New York*

In these messages M. Fernandez applies what he calls philosophic criticism to the works of Newman, Meredith, Pater, Conrad, T. S. Eliot, Stendhal, Proust and Balzac, and after demonstrating that his own ideas were the instinctive guides of these great writers, expounds his main thesis: the development and perfection of character as an ideal in life. A pretentious and ineffective book. Montgomery Belgion has made the excellent translation, and contributed a brief preface.

D. H. LAWRENCE. *An Indiscretion.*
By Richard Aldington.
The University of Washington Book Store
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Continued on page xliv

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but careless and unequal, artist." The essay is sixth in the series of University of Washington Chapbooks, edited by Glenn Hughes.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.
By J. B. Priestley. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.25 6⅞ x 4½; 215 pp. *New York*

This volume belongs to the English Men of Letters Series, edited by J. C. Squire. It offers a clear and readable account of Peacock so far as it goes, but Mr. Priestley has failed to include any examination of hi official writings on behalf of the India Company—some of his most powerful work.

MORE CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS
By Percy Holmes Boynton. The University of Chicago Press
$2.50 9 x 6; 231 pp. *Chicago*

This is Dr. Boynton's second series of studies of American literati. This time he centers his attention on Herman Melville, Lafcadio Hearn, Ambrose Bierce, Hergesheimer, Anderson and Sinclair Lewis. There are also three chapters dealing with the general literary situation in the Republic. Dr. Boynton is well-informed and possesses good literary manners, but unluckily he has little to say. At best he is only platitudinous, as in the papers on Melville and Bierce. It is in his discussions of living men that he leaves most to be desired. The essays on Anderson and Lewis are very superficial. He thinks that "Elmer Gantry" is "as obvious as Mr. Churchill's 'The Inside of the Cup,'" and adds the indictment that, "he [Lewis] has no intimate feeling for religion."

RELIGION

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PRIEST AND A DYING MAN.
By the Marquis De Sade. *Pascal Covici*
$7.50 10 x 8; 52 pp. *Chicago*

An interesting historical document, aside from its literary merit, because of the light it throws on the philosophy of atheism behind De Sade's other work. That he was one of the modern world's earliest atheists, the current atheist leaders recognize, but they have been timid about acknowledging it because of his unpleasant reputation otherwise. "He not merely states in writing, whenever the opportunity presents itself, that God is not," writes Maurice Heine in his introduction, "he constantly thinks it and acts in accordance with the thought; and this proud and unshakable certitude is, certainly, the sin humanity has found it hardest to forgive in him. . . . His conception of man is enough to splinter the vaults of all the temples." The book is in excellent translation and is a beautiful piece of book-making.

Continued on page xlvi

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Continued from page xliv

JESUS. *A New Biography.*
By Shirley Jackson Case. *The University of Chicago*
$3 7⅞ x 5⅛; 453 pp. *Chicago*

Here at last is a popular life of Jesus that can be read by intelligent people, and with profit. Dr. Case is professor of the history of early Christianity at the University of Chicago, and one of the few genuine theological scholars in this country. He approaches his subject with a desire to state the truth as it is thus far known. His book presents a summary of the latest scientific researches into the boyhood, home-life and mature activities of Jesus, and a thorough criticism of the canonical and apocryphal gospels.

HUMANIST SERMONS.
Edited by Curtis W. Reese.
The Open Court Publishing Company
$2.50 8½ x 5½; 262 pp. *Chicago*

This collection of sermons, edited by Mr. Reese from the parish preaching of eighteen humanist ministers, attempts to rationalize the present state of upheaval in the religious world and to describe the movement known as Humanism within the liberal churches of America. The sermons range in subject from "Religion: A Survey and a Forecast," by John Haynes Holmes, to "The Faith of Humanism," by the editor, "Modernism and Humanism," by A. Wakefield Slaten, and "Just Being Human," by Frank C. Doan. Though they are full of platitudes and glowing prophecies, they are usually open-minded, and sometimes even skeptical. Mr. Reese has stated the case of Humanism in a rhapsodical preface that robs most of the sermons of their thunder.

LITERATURE

THE POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.
Edited by L. C. Martin. *The Oxford University Press*
$7 9 x 5¾; 473 pp. *New York*

A definitive edition of Crashaw's works, which includes every bit of verse he ever wrote, English, Latin and Greek. There are an exhaustive biography, a critical study of the MSS. and the early editions, reproductions of numerous title-pages, a mass of notes discussing textual problems, and an index of first lines.

BOOK REVIEWING.
By Wayne Gard. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 159 pp. *New York*

This book seems to be designed for aspirants of such low mental visibility that it is impossible to imagine them becoming competent reviewers. A specimen admonition: "Before making a final copy of his review

Continued on page xlviii

AMERICA AND FRENCH CULTURE, 1750-1848

By Howard Mumford Jones

A clear and graphic picture of the influence of French culture upon American life in the formative years of the nation. "It is," writes Professor Tom Peete Cross of the University of Chicago, "a highly distinguished contribution to the history of American culture." *Ready October 1.* $4.50

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An important recent publication, of which we have only about 200 copies remaining, is A CENSUS OF BRITISH NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS, 1620–1800, by R. S. Crane and F. B. Kaye (cloth $2.75, paper $2.25).

Other important recent publications are STUDIES IN RECENT AESTHETIC, a survey of contemporary theories of aesthetic, by Katherine Gilbert ($1.50); AMONG THE DANES, by E. W. Knight, an entertaining account of adult education, agriculture, marriage and divorce, taxation and other interesting features of Danish life ($2.50); FARM LIFE IN DENMARK, a reprint of twelve chapters from Dr. E. C. Branson's FARM LIFE ABROAD (paper 75c); and MODERN FRENCH ART, by Russell Potter (prepared for study clubs but available in single copies, paper-covered boards, $1.00; as an introductory study and guide to other good books on the subject this volume may be used to great advantage). A complete classified catalogue will be sent on request.

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Continued from page xlvi

the reviewer should carefully look over his manuscript, to make sure that it is written in his best expository style, and to weed out any errors in grammar or spelling." The author claims the formidable title of "director of courses in journalism at Grinnell College," in Iowa. The book is one of the Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism, edited by Nelson Antrim Crawford.

KRYLOV'S FABLES.
Translated by Bernard Pares. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$3 8¼ x 6; 271 pp. *New York*

Ivan Krylov, one of the masters of Russian verse, was born in 1768 and died in 1844. He wrote practically nothing till the age of forty, when he burst into the Russian literary world with a small collection of fables. He spent the rest of his life in enlarging that thin volume. His fables, which are full of fine poison, had a large circulation among the Russian intellectual and middle classes, who saw in him a superb hater of quackery, political despotism and stupidity. The translation by Dr. Pares, who is professor of Russian in the University of London, is excellent, and so is his introduction.

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THE FIRST PRINTERS OF CHICAGO.
By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Pascal Covici
$5 11 x 7¾; 42 pp. *Chicago*

The first printing-press in Chicago was set up by John Calhoun, a native of Watertown, N. Y., in 1833, and the first thing he printed was the initial issue of the Chicago *Democrat*, a four-page weekly. Mr. McMurtrie traces the subsequent history of printing in the town to 1850. His bibliography, which stops with that year, is copious but not quite exhaustive, for it does not include several unique items in the collection of George W. Paullin, inaccessible at the time he was at work.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITING OF NORMAN DOUGLAS.
By Edward D. McDonald. The Centaur Book Shop
$3.50 9¼ x 6; 166 pp. *Philadelphia*

The Centaur Bibliographies are already well known for their great accuracy and their charm as specimens of book-making. They include volumes on Stephen Crane, Joseph Hergesheimer, Carl Van Vechten, James Branch Cabell and D. H. Lawrence. Edward D. McDonald, who made the Lawrence volume, is responsible for the present one, and as before he has done a painstaking and excellent piece of work. There are many notes by Mr. Douglas himself. His numerous contributions to periodicals are included, and there is a long list of books and articles discussing him.

Continued in back advertising section, page lxxii

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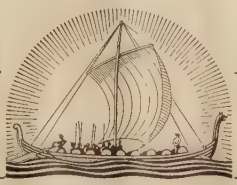

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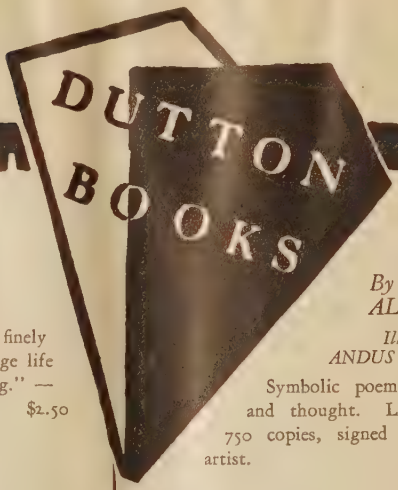

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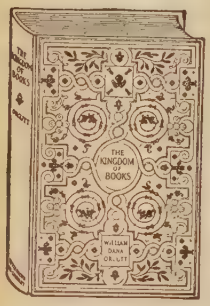

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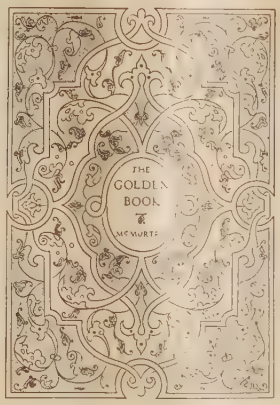

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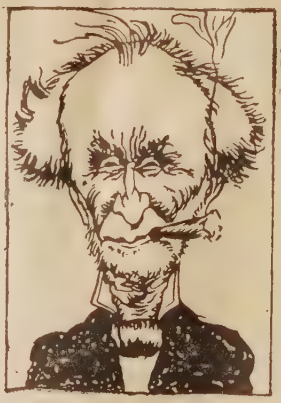

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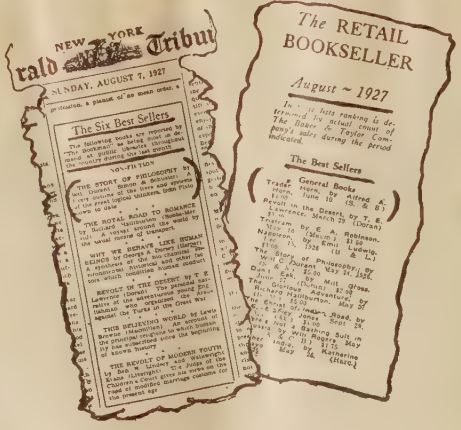

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He hesitated. Then he remembered that he had seen a publishers' catalog on the telephone table in the hall- y—evidently one she had used in oning to her bookstore. "The best y I can answer is to show you the of books I expect to buy. It's in coat pocket. Excuse me while I it." He got to the hallway unserved, ran through the catalog, ide his list and rushed back. Then read from it.

"I've got three marked down on my fiction list. The first is **THE GREAT BEAR by Lester Cohen** who wrote SWEEPINGS. That was a swell book and I'm stringing right along with him."

"I'm getting **THE GREAT BEAR,** too," said the girl. ($2.50)

"Then there's **WORLDS' ENDS by Jacob Wassermann."**

"That ought to be fine," said the girl. "I read about it in one of the Books Abroad columns in the book reviews. From what they said I think **WORLDS' ENDS** will stir up as much talk as THE WORLD'S ILLUSION or WEDLOCK." ($2.50)

"The third one is **DREAM OF A WOMAN by Remy de Gourmont."**

"What made you want to get it?" asked the girl.

"Well, after reading A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBURG I'd want to get hold of everything of his that I can. Why do you ask?"

"I thought you might have read his 'Natural Philosophy of Love.' I have the publishers' catalog which says **DREAM OF A WOMAN** is a story of Passion and 'The Natural Philosophy of Love' certainly showed how much de Gourmont knew of Passion. They say de Gourmont thought **DREAM OF A WOMAN** his best book. That's enough blurb for me." ($2.50)

"And me," said the young man. "That exhausts my fiction list except, oh yes, **CELIBATE LIVES by George Moore.** This is the first time the stories in this book are out in a general edition."

"He's one of my favorites," said the girl. "He knows that women are individuals and he writes about them that way." ($2.50)

"Yes, you're right. His portrait of Heloise in HELOISE AND ABELARD is to my mind the finest portrait of a woman in any fiction I have read. Then I'm getting this Black and Gold Library edition of **THE SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS.** I've always thought that it was worth the Fall of the Roman Empire and all its corruption to provide the material for that classic."

"I do too. And I'm glad it's in the Black and Gold Library. That's such a beautifully made Library of books and they have such fine titles," said the girl. ($3.50)

"What tickles me about it is that the edition is based on the modern Firebaugh translation. I've been trying to get the limited edition for years, but they won't sell it at any price. Then I'm getting **AMERICA, Hendrik Van Loon's** new book."

"Are you getting it for your younger brother?"

"No, I'm getting it for myself. I'm not trying to fool myself. I'll get a copy for the kid too, but I want my own copy. Then I'll cut some of the drawings out of his copy and put them up in my room. Van Loon did more than a hundred for this book, so the kid oughtn't to miss a few."

The girl laughed. "Maybe you can cut out one or two for me. I don't want to spoil my copy either." ($5.00)

"Then there's **Van Loon's TOLERANCE,** which bowled me over for its bravery and its good sense. He's got out a new edition with an added chapter and seventy-five pictures. I'm getting that and I'll keep the old one for lending. Are you planning to get it, too?" "I have it on order," said the girl. ($4.00)

"Are you getting **BOSS TWEED by Denis Tilden Lynch**?" asked the young man. "I've always wondered why somebody hasn't written a biography of him. For sheer brass there's no one in all history like him. It ought to be a great piece of work because Lynch is famous as a political reporter."

"I'll get it on your recommendation," said the young lady. "They'll probably discuss it at The Junior League political evening." ($4.00)

"The last one I have on this list (I've only put down the books that are going to be out by the middle of October) is **THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE by Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans.** I think Lindsey is one of the great men of our times. I read his THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH and felt that he was one of the few men left who really try to put over an idea."

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The American
MERCURY

October 1927

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

CHARACTERS:

. HUBERT WILES, *Secretary of the Towanda Chamber of Commerce*
ROBERT QUINN, *Chairman of the Towanda County Republican Committee*
WILLIAM P. HALL, *Principal of the Towanda High School*

Comprising the Committee in Charge of the Dedication of the Towanda Memorial Playground

The scene is the Conference Room of the Towanda Chamber of Commerce, Towanda, Ohio. It is about eight o'clock in the evening. MR. WILES *is sitting with his feet on the conference table, smoking a cigar, when* MESSRS. QUINN *and* HALL *enter together.*

MR. WILES—Well, boys, it was some big day.

MR. QUINN—Biggest day this town ever seen, if we do say it ourself.

MR. HALL—Oh me, oh my!

MR. WILES—Yep, it was one little old hot time in the old town. How many people do you suppose was there?

MR. QUINN—One of them paper men what was on the special with the President, he said he figured there was twenty-two thousand.

MR. WILES—Think of that. Twenty-two thousand!

MR. HALL—And I hear those city reporters, when they figure on a crowd, can come within five hundred of it.

MR. WILES—But I say let's quit talking about the crowd. The crowd wasn't what made today what it was.

MR. HALL—Every one of those people could have stayed away and it wouldn't have made a bit of difference.

MR. QUINN—A fat chance of any of them staying away!

MR. WILES—Just think: He come here and made a speech—the President of the United States!

MR. QUINN } (*Whispering*): The President
MR. HALL } of the United States!

MR. WILES—And the T. C. of C., the little old Towanda Chamber of Commerce—brought him here.

MR. QUINN—The hell you say! The last I heared about it, the Towanda County Republican Committee brung him here.

MR. HALL—Now men! . . . We don't want any argument about who did it.

MR. WILES—That's right, Professor.

MR. QUINN—Yeah, that's right. Only if the Chamber of Commerce thinks you can get the President of the United States to come here without some Republican politics getting mixed up in it, why the Chamber of Commerce is kidding theirself.

MR. HALL—We don't want anything to spoil it. Why, everybody did a little bit.

Look at me—the letter I sent him, signed by every school child in Towanda. I like to think that helped.

Mr. Quinn—It did help. If you ask me, it helped a hell of a sight more than all this whooping and hollering what the Chamber of Commerce done.

Mr. Wiles—Well, Brother, I just said we're not going to have any argument about who did it.

Mr. Quinn—You said it, but you ain't said it so dam' loud.

Mr. Wiles—Then I'll say it again and plenty loud: WE AIN'T GOING TO HAVE NO DAM' BUM ARGUMENT!

Mr. Quinn—You fat mush, holler at me once more like that! I'll give you a kick in the slats. And then you're dam' right we won't have no bum argument.

Mr. Hall—Men, don't talk to each other like that. Not tonight. Why I've been looking forward to tonight, thinking how we would all talk it over and feel good.

Mr. Quinn—I see a back-slapping, lolly-gagging slob telling Bob Quinn where to head in at.

Mr. Wiles—Brother, I'll ask you one thing: Have you got the coöperative spirit?

Mr. Quinn—No, I ain't!

Mr. Hall—Well, I guess I'll be going.

Mr. Quinn—Don't go, Professor. Stay a while. Maybe I hadn't ought to of flew off the handle like that. Set down and we'll do like you said. We'll talk it over and feel good.

Mr. Wiles—If the people of this town don't learn to all pull together for Towanda, I'm going to pull up stakes and go somewheres else.

Mr. Quinn—Well, that wouldn't hurt Towanda none. How about you? You going to wipe that puss off your face an' chew the rag a while with the Professor?

Mr. Wiles—Because look here, Brother, I'm getting tired of doing all the work around this here town and not getting no appreciation. I don't have to stay in Towanda. I got an offer right now that might surprise some of this mossback element around here if I was to show it to them. I've took about all I'm going to take, and don't you make no mistake about it.

Mr. Quinn—Well, say what you're going to do, fellow.

Mr. Wiles—I'm telling you, Brother Quinn, maybe you're used to having people let on they're going to kick you in the slats and then say "Le's make up," but where I come from we don't do it that way. . . . Tonight, maybe I'm willing to overlook what you just said to me. But I'm telling you and I'm telling all your friends: I got my feelings, same as anybody else.

Mr. Quinn—Well then, fix up your mouth, so it don't look so pussy.

Mr. Hall—That's right. I certainly am glad to see you two make it up. Especially tonight. Because this thing today, it's . . . it's . . .

Mr. Wiles—It's tremenjous!

Mr. Hall—It is. No less.

Mr. Quinn—Or was, anyway.

Mr. Wiles—Ain't that funny? It's all over!

Mr. Hall—All the time we took getting ready for it, and then it's over so quick.

Mr. Quinn—What I say: The main thing is: He's been here.

Mr. Wiles—That's right, Brother Quinn. That's something they can't take away from Towanda now. He's been here.

Mr. Hall—That's something Towanda can hand down to its grandchildren. Men, do you realize that history was made today?

Mr. Wiles—You bet!

Mr. Quinn—How do you mean, Professor? Course I know, when it comes to history, you know what you're talking about. But I don't quite get it.

Mr. Hall—I mean this: From now on nobody can write a history of Towanda without he makes mention of this day.

Mr. Quinn—Gosh! . . . Do they put the committee in them history books?

MR. HALL—Oh, I would think so. To tell who was in charge, you know, and who rode up with him from the station.

MR. QUINN—Hot dog, Wiles! Did you know you was going in a history book when you clumb in that automobile this afternoon?

MR. WILES—Say, when does this book come out?

MR. HALL—Well, I don't know exactly but—

MR. QUINN (*Playfully*)—Professor, you ornery little cuss. That's what you been holding back on us!

MR. WILES—What's that?

MR. QUINN—Why, hell, he's going to write the book hisself. That's what he's been trying to tell us, only we been so busy raising hell we ain't had no time to listen at him.

MR. WILES—Well say, that's great! Professor, here goes with the No. 1 congratulation.

MR. QUINN—Lay off of that stuff or here goes with the No. 10 foot.

MR. WILES—What's that, Brother?

MR. QUINN—Nothing. I ain't said a thing.

MR. HALL—Of course, I have a lot of material already collected.

MR. QUINN—You bet you have.

MR. HALL—And this other book—it's away out of date.

MR. WILES—Would you believe it, that other book ain't got a thing in it about the Towanda Chamber of Commerce!

MR. QUINN—Yeah, I would believe it.

MR. HALL—So today, I thought—Well, it was just so wonderful I made up my mind. I made up my mind I would write another history of Towanda County. And I made a kind of a special beginning. I got the original manuscript of his speech from his secretary, just before he left. [*He takes the speech from his pocket, slides it out of its envelope, and lays it on the table.*] There it is. Men, you're looking at a state paper!

The other two gaze at it curiously, occasionally touching it with their fingers.

MR. QUINN—We got to have that framed.

MR. HALL—Well, anyhow we've got to take action on it. But we don't want to be in a hurry. We may want to put it in a vault.

MR. QUINN—That's right. We don't want to be in no hurry.

MR. WILES—And say: Wasn't—that—some—speech!

MR. QUINN—That speech just hit me right.

MR. HALL—That was the finest speech I ever heard in my life. Scholarly.

MR. WILES—That's it. Scholarly. I was trying to think of that myself.

MR. QUINN—And specially when you think how some of them does when they makes a speech. They gets up and tells a story about a couple of Irishmen and then says, "I thank you, friends," and that's all there is to it.

MR. HALL—What I liked was the way he covered his subject. Why, look at me. I'm principal of a high-school and I'm supposed to know something about playgrounds. But I'm ashamed to say he knew more about playgrounds than I ever heard of. The whole history of them.

MR. QUINN—I like a good historical speech. You listen to it and then you got something.

MR. WILES—And Towanda! Say, he knowed all about Towanda. He even had it all down pat about the Battle of Three Forks Creek and everything. And friends, I'm here to tell you when Towanda has got so the President of the United States can rattle off its history like that, then Towanda is on the map.

MR. QUINN—And I reckon the little old T. C. of C., what nobody ever hear tell of till year before last, is the one put it there.

MR. WILES—Hunh?

MR. QUINN—I say he sure did know about Towanda.

MR. WILES—He's a Big Man, Brother.

MR. QUINN—All this talk that he ain't no Big Man makes me sick. I say any man in that job is a Big Man. The people

of the United States know what they're doing when they pick a President. . . . Say, Professor, which war was the Battle of Three Forks Creek in? I never did get that straight in my head.

MR. HALL *does not answer his question. He has taken down from the shelves a volume of the New International Encyclopedia, and is now reading it with obvious pleasure, nodding his head pleasantly from time to time.*

MR. HALL—Here it is, under "Parks and Playgrounds." So far as I can see, it checks up exactly with what he said this afternoon. Read me that part of the speech where he talked about playgrounds.

They find the place and MR. WILES *reads.*

MR. WILES—"The practice of reserving public parks for the use and delight of the people seems to be as old as civilization. The Egyptians had parks from the earliest times. They were small and formal, ornamented with colonnades and other architectural features, and with sculpture. . . ."

He is about to read further, but MR. QUINN *interrupts him.*

MR. QUINN—What's the matter? Shut up, Wiles. . . . Say, Professor, what is it? I swear to God you look sick.

MR. HALL—Nothing, I guess.

MR. WILES—Here old man, have a drink. The genuine Towanda Springs, right out of the cooler.

MR. HALL—No, thanks. . . . Men, it's word for word the way it is in the encyclopedia. He didn't do a thing but copy it out of the book.

MR. QUINN—Well. . . . Ain't that according to Hoyle?

MR. HALL—No, it's not according to Hoyle.

MR. QUINN—Well say, that does make you feel kind of bad, don't it?

MR. WILES—I don't see nothing to make you feel bad. It can't be wrong, you know, if you get it out of the encyclopedia. And then another thing: What we liked most was what he said about Towanda. You can't get away from it. He sure did have it down pat about Towanda.

MR. HALL—Yes, but I just happen to think of something.

MR. QUINN—How do you mean?

MR. HALL—About a month ago, his secretary wrote me for some books on Towanda. Said the President just wanted to make sure he had everything right in his speech.

MR. QUINN—Yeah?

MR. HALL—I sent him that other county history book, the one we were just now talking about, and the Chamber of Commerce book. And I just haven't got the heart to look in those books.

MR. QUINN—By ganny, if you ain't got the heart I have!

MR. WILES—Brother, do you call that a right way to act?

MR. QUINN—What do you mean, right way to act?

MR. WILES—I mean, when the President of the United States comes to Towanda to make a speech, I would think if you was really a booster you would be glad enough to listen to it without doing too much sleuthing around to find out where it come from. That's pretty much like being a knocker, if you ask me.

MR. QUINN—Well, I ain't asking you. And if that's what you think, then what I think is: The gum-shoe stuff must be all right.

MR. WILES—Suit yourself, Brother.

MR. QUINN *goes to the shelves and takes down "The History of Towanda County" and "Towanda, the City of Beautiful Homes."*

MR. QUINN: Damn, but them books is thick!

He paws pages helplessly for a few moments, and then settles down to work. MR. WILES *watches him with stony disapproval;* MR. HALL *sits apart, staring dismally at the floor.*

MR. QUINN *(As he works)*—"The people of your fair city are renowned for their gracious hospitality, their unflagging industry, and their deep consciousness of all obligations of a civic nature." . . . That there sounds like some of that

Chamber of Commerce bull. Yep, here it is. Le's see, that goes as far as Page 2. . . . Then it skips. "Although Towanda cannot claim the beneficent auspices of antiquity, she nevertheless can claim a proud history reaching back to early colonial times. As early as 1732. . . ." Well, that come out of the history book, that's a cinch. . . . 1732 . . . 1732 . . . Here it is. . . . Holy smoke, he tooken five pages that time! Well, that's a big hunk. . . . "Settlement began in earnest, however, when the expedition of Elias Peterson pushed westward along the Ohio in 1807. . . ." 1807 . . . 1807. . . . Here it is. But he only tooken two pages that time. And say, that part has the Battle of Three Forks Creek in it. What do you know about that, Professor. It looks to me like that battle wasn't in no war.

MR. HALL—It wasn't. It was an Indian engagement.

MR. QUINN—Damn! I thought that battle was in the Revolution. . . . "The modern industrial era in Towanda began in 1903, when that far-sighted pioneer, Henry F. Burbage, whom we have with us today, built the imposing furniture factory which stands in the western section of the city." . . . I give you one guess where that come from. That's the little old T. C. of C. Yep—Henry F. Burbage, here he is, the old skunk hisself, with a wreaf around his picture like he was a saint. Well, thank God, he tooken four pages that time. . . . [*Doggedly he works on, and after a time he slides the speech back into its envelope with a sigh of relief.*] Well, so far as I can see, the only thing he made up hisself was "Fellow Citizens."

MR. HALL—That's what I thought.

MR. QUINN—There's a couple of places where he changed it around a little bit, but it ain't no trouble to tell where it come from. The dirty little runt!

MR. WILES—All right, Brother. You've found what you was looking for and you've had your say. Now I'll ask you something. Suppose you was invited somewheres to make a speech. Suppose you took a long train ride and did what you was asked to do. Suppose you stood up in front of twenty-two thousand people and talked to them the best you could. And then, after you left, suppose somebody took your speech and found out you had used a couple of books writing it, and then held a knockfest on you. How would you feel? Tell me that, Brother.

MR. QUINN—I don't never make no speech.

MR. WILES—No, you don't ever make a speech. But somebody has to make the speeches. Else there wouldn't be any speeches made.

MR. QUINN—That wouldn't hurt the country none.

MR. HALL—A state paper. . . . I was going to give that speech to the boy that's leading the graduating class to speak at the commencement next month. I was going to give it to him tomorrow, so he could get it learned in time. Now I guess I'll give him something else.

MR. QUINN—If he's a smart boy and studied them books good, why he ought to know a good hunk of it already.

MR. WILES—Professor, I don't mind saying it, I don't like to hear that kind of talk coming from you.

MR. QUINN—What's that?

MR. WILES—I would think that the patrons of the school would want the children to be brought up with respect for our Chief Executive, and not none of this here Bolsheviki stuff mixed up with it.

MR. HALL—I've satisfied the patrons for thirty years. If they don't like the way I teach, I'll listen to them, not the Chamber of Commerce.

MR. QUINN—Anh-anh. And then, if the patrons don't like the way he teaches, then they got to take him anyhow. That's what we got a Republican Committee for.

MR. HALL—I thought he was a Big Man.

. . . I said to myself, "There's a man that's fit to be President. . . ."

MR. WILES—I work my head off all the time, and all I get for it is a lot of knocks. . . .

MR. HALL—I thought I would write a book, and have a footnote in it about what a masterly address he made, and how the original copy is in the vault at the courthouse. . . .

MR. WILES—There's some places know how to treat a live wire, but Towanda's not one of them. . . .

MR. HALL—I guess I won't put that footnote in. I guess I won't write the book. . . .

MR. WILES—Who brought the Ajax Mills to Towanda? Who got the C. P. & O. to make Towanda a regular express stop? Who—

MR. QUINN—Dam' if I know, and for the love of Pete shut up about it! Say, Professor. I just thought of something. Suppose the President didn't write that speech at all. Suppose he was busy, and that secretary done it?

MR. HALL—Why . . . that would change everything, wouldn't it?

MR. WILES—Brother Quinn, I believe you've thought of something. I just believe that's the whole answer. And I don't mind saying, I didn't like that secretary a bit.

MR. QUINN—Why, it stands to reason. We all know he's a Big Man, don't we? Well, a Big Man wouldn't do no low-down dirty trick like that. That secretary done it.

MR. WILES—I don't mean to knock, you know. But why did that secretary keep pushing you away from the President, like you was trying to steal his pocketbook or something?

MR. QUINN—And then another thing: What the hell difference does it make if it *was* snitched out of the books? Why, them people out there today, they think he done a swell job if he didn't copy it out of the almanac.

MR. HALL—You know, maybe I'll write that history after all.

MR. QUINN—Why, sure you will. And you got to admit if he had said Sloan's Liniment was good for the itch it would of been a whole lot worse.

MR. WILES—Now we're coming on. That's what I've been saying all along, Brother Quinn. We get the old loyalty spirit and then everything is all right.

MR. HALL—This makes me happy. Oh, it's been such a wonderful day.

MR. QUINN—The main thing is: He's been here!

MR. HALL—That's right.

MR. WILES
MR. QUINN
MR. HALL } The main thing is: He's been here!

A MAN OF HEART

BY ARTHUR STRAWN

"Believe me, gentlemen, ninety per cent of my misfortunes in life have come through my kindness to others."

The words were spoken by a portly, elderly gentleman with gray hair and tired brown eyes in a New York court four years ago. The witness had been obliged to testify that a person whom he had once befriended had subsequently forged his name to notes, the forgery resulting in the litigation then under way. He seemed deeply hurt that his confidence had been abused, but there was no malice in his voice.

"Don't think, gentlemen," he continued earnestly, turning to the jury, "that I am trying to avoid any just responsibility. I never have and I never shall shirk any responsibility."

The case involved something like a million dollars, much of which would have come out of the witness' pocket had the jury refused to take him at his word. But no one in that court-room failed to understand that the cash was of secondary importance, and that the elderly gentleman's paramount yearning was to be believed. The jury took his word, and left no doubt of its faith in him by promptly deciding in his favor. And everybody was happy to see that the old gentleman whose kindness to others had been the source of most of his misfortunes in life was thus so completely vindicated.

The hundreds of thousands of Americans who read about these proceedings in their newspapers and tabloids next day must have scratched their puzzled heads assiduously. For there, before their very eyes, as it were, stood the celebrated Charlie Schwab, one of the most millianairious of America's multitudinous millionaires, chairman of the board of the all-powerful Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the recipient of signal honors from all the rulers and war lords of the earth, a man whose domestic life was proof that marriages are made in Heaven, and who ranked next to the half-divine Judge Gary Himself in the sacred hierarchy of Business and Success—there stood this man, with a thousand times his fair share of the blessings of this world, speaking of misfortune as though it had continuously dogged his steps through life! Somehow, it seemed incredible. More incredible still, the report further revealed that all these misfortunes had been the result of an excess of kindness, the product of sentiments generally considered completely foreign to the hard hearts of capitalists! It was an altogether amazing revelation. The great man, whose deeds were prodigious and whose words smacked of inspired utterance, was self-confessedly human after all!

But to the men who in one way or another have had occasion to do business with Charlie Schwab during the course of his sixty-five years on earth, his confidence from the witness-stand came as no revelation at all. To be sure, there were probably some who found themselves at a loss to explain his sad reference to hard luck, and who perhaps suspected that ninety per cent of his misfortunes would hardly have been regarded as intolerable by most men. But as to his tender-heartedness there was never any doubt. Everyone who knows him knows that the milk of human kind-

ness gushes through his veins. "A man is a man for himself," he has declared, "if his principles are right, if he has manhood and sentimentality and love within him." Of all these high possessions Charlie himself has an abundance. When the men who had worked under him in the shipyards during the war presented him with a huge leather-bound volume containing touching sentiments of affection and loyalty, Uncle Charlie, as he was called by them, acknowledged the gift with a throaty voice. And when, after the war, he was unjustly accused of having got all he could for himself during those heroic days, he actually burst into tears while denying the charges before a congressional committee, and was so broken up by the accusation that his friends feared for his health. True enough, the mills of the great Bethlehem Steel Corporation had turned out armor and ammunition to the amount of countless millions and to the vast profit of Charlie and his partners, but it was nevertheless a business from which his softer nature naturally shrank. Conscious of his obligations to his fellow stockholders, he had to see, of course, that Bethlehem got its share of the orders, even before the United States entered the fray. But since the war he has left no doubt as to his real attitude toward these lamentable proceedings. At a dinner given by the Iron and Steel Institute in honor of Marshal Foch, in 1921, he declared:

> What red-blooded American would not, indeed, make any sacrifice if the burden of armament could be lifted from the shoulders of humanity? May God speed the day when this noble conception can be realized! . . . I say to you from the bottom of my heart that if the statesmen . . . should find it possible to bring about disarmament and permanent peace, gladly would I see the warmaking machinery of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation sunk to the bottom of the sea!

This in the presence of the Generalissimo of the Allied Armies! To some men business may be the pursuit of sordid riches and the realization of petty ambitions, but to Charlie it is only a beautiful opportunity to find friendship and love:

> Whatever may be said to the contrary, men worthwhile in business are men of heart and sentiment. When I see the faces of friends in the industry in which I am engaged about me—friends that are true and tried—sentiment wells up in my heart, . . . and all the accumulations of fortune or money or business prestige pass into the background of insignificance when compared with the great satisfaction that one has in knowing that one lives in a community of friends, who are appreciative of character, appreciative of American citizenship, appreciative of true manhood, which cannot exist without sentiment and the throb of the heart that responds.

The late Judge Gary may have been th mouthpiece of Big Business, and youn Mr. Morgan may be its mailed fist, bu Charlie Schwab is its great, wide-open throbbing heart.

II

Nevertheless, this almost pathologica tender-heartedness has placed no seriou impediments in his way. "Those broa humanities which make mankind kin"— to use one of his sweet phrases—seem neve to have thrown any confusing mist abou his business faculties. His career has been veritable text-book of success: he ha earned what in this day and nation is th supreme compliment of being called th world's greatest salesman. His natural gif for this art was first shown back in 187 when at the age of seventeen he was clerk ing in a grocery-store at Braddock, Pa., a a salary of $10 a month. Braddock was th home of one of the plants of the Carnegi Steel Company, and Captain Bill Jones chief engineer of the plant, was an occa sional customer at the store. One da Charlie screwed up courage to ask him fo a job, and pleaded his case so eloquentl that the old fellow, after declaring tha there was no job open, finally consente to hire the persuasive youth to drive stake at $1 a day. Thus Charlie made his firs connection with the industry that he ha done so much to mellow and adorn. Hi ability to win his way by persuasion eloquence and kind words, sometimes eve by tears, is one of his most striking talents and forms the foundation on which hi

reputation as a salesman largely rests. It was this same technique, improved with age, which enabled him to win back the strikers after the famous Homestead strike of '92. He went among the men, won their confidence, and in a short time, by the sheer force of his heart-power, persuaded the best of them to return to work.

In 1900 he scored another triumph. The late Andy Carnegie wanted to sell his immense steel holdings and devote himself to good works. J. P. Morgan the elder was the only man able to buy him out, and Morgan had repeatedly turned down his proposals. Even Judge Gary, then head of the Federal Steel Company, had been unable to convince Morgan that he should do so, and thus take the first step toward forming a big steel merger. Everyone else having failed to convince the financier, Carnegie entrusted the job to Charlie, then president of the Carnegie Company. And Charlie did it. A number of New York bankers gave a dinner in his honor, and it was arranged that Morgan should be present. Charlie spoke at the dinner. He painted a picture of the future possibilities of the steel industry in such glowing and overwhelming terms that his audience sat spellbound. Without naming any companies specifically and without seeming to address his remarks particularly to Morgan, he showed that a perfect industrial organization could be created by a merger of all the companies—a merger which would promote efficiency, eliminate competition, and mint a fortune for its promoters. His eloquence, flowing from the heart, was irresistible, and when the dinner was finished, Morgan sought him out for further questioning. Before they were through, Charlie had sold the Carnegie works for $492,000,000. This transaction, as everyone knows, led to the formation of the billion-dollar United States Steel Corporation, with Judge Gary as chairman of the executive committee and Charlie himself as president.

His connection with U. S. Steel, unfortunately, lasted only two years. Overwork and poor health were said officially to have led to his resignation, but there were dark rumors to the effect that he somehow felt his style cramped under the theological suzerainty of Judge Gary. The truth is that the two men were too much alike for either one to play the second fiddle to the other. Both had interests which included almost every field of human activity, and both were willing, one might almost say eager, to express their opinions for the better guidance of less gifted men. Charlie's speeches, of course, do not drip with the piety which exuded from Judge Gary's Christian harangues. Where the Judge urged religion as a cure for all human ills, Charlie offers friendship, kindness and sentiment. One was akin to Bishop Manning; the other is a simple Elk. Otherwise their views appear strikingly similar, and show the same profound erudition and deep thinking.

Like the Judge, Charlie remained composed during those perilous days when every lamp-post and tree concealed the skulking form of a Bolshevik:

> We hear much of Bolshevism, much of labor unrest; at times we hear the word Revolution. But these are but contagious diseases in the body of civilization, and I believe that antitoxins of good cheer, mutual confidence, fairness and justice will ultimately cure these ills and make the world healthy and strong again. . . . About all that is needed to put the world on its feet are the right qualities of mind and heart on the part of all men.

His confidence in the 100% American's resistance to propaganda from Moscow was no wild burst of optimism, but was actually founded on a personal experience. When he returned from Europe on the *Olympic*, early in 1919, his fellow passengers included a contingent of Aframerican heroes coming home from the Great Crusade. While wandering about the ship, he observed some of the dark warriors loafing near the ship's canteen, casting fond but futile glances at the candy and cigarettes on sale. Inquiry revealed the fact that the boys were broke. So Charlie promptly decided to use the occasion as a practical test of human virtue. He lent each of the sol-

diers a dollar, gave them his address, and then told them that they might return the money if they wanted to, but that they were not obliged to do so. A month or so later, 138 of the 154 troopers had made returns. Such a clear demonstration of the innate rectitude of the human race could not go unrecorded, and Charlie called the reporters together to tell them the story.

"These boys were sound to the core!" he exclaimed joyously. "That's one of the main reasons I'm not worrying about the United States going Bolshevik at the next election."

Considering the candidates who ran for the presidency in 1920, it is difficult to see how the country could have gone Bolsheviki if it had wanted to. But in any event, the late Mr. Harding's colossal victory did nothing to undermine Charlie's great faith in the basic virtue of his fellow citizens. He was deeply touched by Harding's election, and when that great statesman had gone on to his martyrdom he lamented his passing bitterly. Speaking at a vast memorial service at Altoona, Pa., he paid the deceased this tribute:

> Fate has placed it within my good fortune to know many of the world's greatest men, but of them all, the one who has made the deepest impression upon me was he who has passed from us. President Harding was not a great military leader, nor supereducated above the rest of us. [Ah, Mr. Wilson!] He was a sincere, honest, patriotic gentleman whose chief duty was Service to his fellow-men.

Charlie's excess of grief, however, was somewhat mitigated by the fact that another great man was ready to take poor Warren's place in the White House. Since then he has had nothing but praise for that successor:

> President Coolidge has made a sane and a great President. If he is re-nominated he will be re-elected.

The eminent Ivy Lee is Charlie's public relations counsel, but this does not keep him from speaking his own thoughts. "I have a lengthy speech here," he once declared at a dinner, "prepared with the assistance of Ivy Lee and Judge Gary, but I'm not going to read it. I'm going to speak from the heart." The reporters rarely have difficulty in obtaining an interview with him, though more than one reporter, on his way back to his office, has suddenly awakened to the fact that instead of getting the information he was sent after, he has been listening to an endless collection of funny stories. For Charlie is a great wag. He tells them on himself as well as on his friends. They are not always 99 44/100% pure, but they are usually pretty funny, although some of his acquaintances say that even his best ones somehow don't hold up well after three or four tellings.

I have said that Charlie's interests are not limited to the sordid business of making steel and money. He has, of course, discoursed full often and at length on the fascinating subject of Success, but that has not obscured his vision of more important things. He is ever seeking opportunities to serve mankind. Once, for example, he urged Congress to pass a law to forbid aviators to fly over congested areas during their training, and on another occasion he wrote a letter to Chick Evans, the golfer, advocating the appointment of supervisors on public golf courses, so that all the players would be kept in their proper places. But however far afield he may thus wander, into moral and sociological matters, his admirers always encourage him to return to a discussion of the problems involved in making a success of life, for they realize that here he is at his best. His recipe for achieving fame and riches is really very simple, and with his customary generosity he imparted it one evening while speaking to the students at Princeton University:

> Be loyal when you start life, boys, wherever you start. Make your employer feel truthfully that you are sincere with him; that you are going to promote his interests; that you are proud of being a member of his staff, and there is nothing that will reap you a richer reward. Loyalty! Be friends with everybody. When you have friends you will know there is somebody who will stand by you. You know the old saying that if you have a single enemy you will find him everywhere. It doesn't pay to make enemies. Lead the life that will make you kindly and friendly to everyone about you,

and you will be surprised at what a happy life you will live. I tell a story of a German workman I had years ago, and a saying of his that I adopted as a motto in life. We were having labor difficulties at the mill. He was a loyal fellow. The workmen picked him up and threw him into the river one day because he had reported for work. He came into my office all covered with mud and water to tell me what had happened. I asked him what he said. He said, "I yust laughed." That's the thing to do, boys, "Yust laugh!"

III

Many American capitalists have been accused by the Liberals and other such wild fellows of indifference to the welfare of the men they employ, but this charge can hardly be brought against Charlie Schwab. Love for the working man is one of the ruling passions of his life, filled as it has been with passions and heart-throbs, and time and again he has unequivocally stated his position as a staunch and undaunted supporter of labor:

> I am one of the men who admire and stand for American labor. American labor, as a rule, is of a higher type than the great majority of people generally think. I say without hesitancy that in my long experience with labor and the average American laboring man, I have found standards of honesty and morality just as high as those of myself or of any other employer in this country.

But he not only admires labor; he also wants it to become a forceful influence in the affairs of the nation.

> I believe that the time has arrived when American labor must have a voice in its own efforts; that American labor must be represented in the highest councils of commerce; that the day of autocratic government of labor has passed and that we should meet the workman as our equal, and discuss our problems and his own problems with him, and in that way bring about a relationship that will undoubtedly redound to the benefit and credit and advancement of America.

Undoubtedly, it was largely because of these sentiments that he was appointed director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the war. The success with which he had built up the Bethlehem Steel Corporation had proven his great talent as an organizer, but what was needed even more sorely in the shipyards was someone able to win the allegiance of the workers, to keep their discontents and burblings at a minimum, and to instill even the humblest with zeal for the holy cause. Hence Charlie, the master salesman, with his unsurpassed gift for honest sentiment, was given the heroic job of selling the war to the workers.

But in spite of these high talents there were cynics who were frankly surprised at his appointment. For Charlie had not only contributed heavily to the Hughes' campaign fund; his relations with the government immediately preceding the United States' entry into the war had been decidedly strained. In fact, just three months before Dr. Wilson declared war on the accursed Hun, the Navy Department and Charlie's steel company had had a little war all their own. Very unkind things were said about the profits the patriotic steel manufacturers were then trying to squeeze out of the government, and the Bethlehem Corporation was put in such an unfavorable light that it felt compelled to purchase many columns of advertising space in the newspapers, to vindicate itself before the public. It was while President Wilson was feverishly urging preparedness (no doubt with the knowledge that he was soon to declare war) that the controversy reached its height. Then it was, on January 21, 1917, that the Secretary of the Navy, the celebrated Josephus Daniels, denounced Charlie and his associates in no uncertain terms. In a statement given to the press he declared:

> The department wishes to give all its orders to American manufacturers whenever they quote reasonable prices and furnish shells that meet the Navy requirements. Nothing but the utter failure of the most patient negotiations and appeals to the patriotism of the little group of steel manufacturers which have a practical monopoly of this business have made it necessary for the government to build a projectile factory and give a contract to a foreign bidder.
>
> The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, controlled by Mr. Schwab, which has been filling the newspapers with advertisements criticizing the Navy Department, admits in its latest advertisement that though it was two years ago awarded a contract for one and a half million dollars worth of shells, it has not yet made shells to meet the requirements of the Navy. . . I regard the attitude of these companies in this and other matters as most unfortunate, and were there no relief through

> competition, either by the government or by other more patriotic firms, I would feel that they were putting our entire programme of preparedness in peril. In urging the necessity for our tremendous programme of naval development in Congress I found the most serious obstacle to contend with was the feeling of many Congressmen that the whole matter of preparedness was a deliberately organized campaign on the part of manufacturers of war materials to obtain enormous contracts at fabulous prices. . . . That . . . large manufacturers of war material should persist in extorting the last penny of profit from our urgent necessity gives a certain color to the arguments of those who believe that "preparedness" is a synonym for "profits" and not for "patriotism."

These were harsh words, and so sensitive a soul as Charlie must have winced under them, even though his principles prompted him to "yust laugh." But when war was declared all this unpleasantness was instantly forgotten. The government needed Charlie to whoop things up in the shipyards and Charlie welcomed the opportunity to prove the patriotism which Dr. Daniels had so recently questioned. So, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Charles Eaton, a gifted ecclesiastic, he hustled about the country, visiting shipyards on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, instilling pep into the boys, and painting rosy pictures of the great future of the laboring man:

> We are coming into a new age now when the man who produces the goods is the man who counts. The people in Washington who have high-sounding names can do no more than direct the tasks. It is my intention to see that the men who carry out these tasks get the rewards due from the people of the United States.

Again, on January 25, 1918, the Associated Press broadcast a report of one of his speeches which must have sounded like rank treason to more than one capitalist:

> The time is near at hand when the men of the working class—the men without property—will control the destinies of the world. . . . In the very near future we must look to the worker for a solution of the great economic questions now being considered. I am not one to carelessly throw over my belongings for the uplift of the nation, but I am one who has come to a belief that the worker will rule, and the sooner we realize it the better it will be for our country and the world at large.

That speech was far more successful than Charlie himself had anticipated. "To my surprise," he said a few days later, "it was reported as a radical, revolutionary outburst, and I even received an offer from the I. W. W. to join that organization!"

Whatever irony there may have been in this invitation, the fact remains that Charlie went over big with the toilers in the shipyards. He was received everywhere with great enthusiasm. The men called him Uncle Charlie, and he let it be known that he considered himself honored by this familiarity. Assisted by a brass band and Pastor Eaton, he made speeches, told funny stories, assured the boys that capital was about to split fifty-fifty, and got them all pepped up to make the world safe for democracy. When he was not speaking in the shipyards, he did his bit selling Liberty Bonds. On one occasion, at a luncheon in New York, he sold $52,000,000 worth in 52 minutes, thus reviving his old celebrity as a supersalesman.

When the war was over, critics of the Shipping Board appeared who insisted that its guiding geniuses had squandered more than two billion dollars, with very little to show for it. Some of this money, they alleged, had been boldly stolen from the government, as in the case which resulted in Morse's conviction, some of it had flowed away in the form of excessive profits to shipbuilders, and some of it was said to have been wasted through mismanagement. The smell of Hog Island radiated over the nation. Even Charlie himself, notwithstanding his notorious patriotism and noble heart, came in for some of this slander. The government filed a suit to recover from $11,000,000 to $15,000,000 which, so it falsely alleged, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation obtained by way of excessive profits during the war, at the very time Charlie was working for the cause at a dollar a year. Obviously, this looked bad for him, but it was soon made clear that he had accepted the position with the Shipping Board only on the condition that he should have nothing to do with such contracts as the board might make with the Bethlehem Corporation,

and that as a matter of fact he had had practically nothing to do with the management of Bethlehem business while serving the government. Despite this explanation, Frederick I. Thompson, a commissioner of the Shipping Board and one of the men who urged the government's suit, was not satisfied. In a statement which appeared in the New York *World* on January 19, 1925, he said:

> The record evidences that Mr. Schwab, as director-general of the Fleet Corporation, very properly and very soundly asserted that any profit in excess of 10% on ship construction was improper, and officially acted in support of such policy, but admitted an earning of 18% on the contracts of the companies in which he was personally interested. I cannot agree in the asserted position of Mr. Schwab that he could not with propriety have concerned himself with the contracts of his own company while serving as director-general of the Fleet Corporation. They were the first contracts he should have assured himself were within the earning limitation of the profit he set.

Today no one regrets the vast expenditures involved in the work of the Emergency Fleet Corporation more than Charlie Schwab himself, although he believes that they were necessary and inevitable under the circumstances. As he has pointed out, an emergency had to be met, and there was no time for careful calculations. He says:

> That emergency, thank God and the American people, is over. We paid a terrible price from a business man's point of view, but we built the ships. We met the emergency. We got two million soldiers to France. We defeated the U-boats. We saved the world for civilization.

In spite of Charlie's well-known solicitude for the welfare of the laboring man, the steel strike of 1919 found a surprisingly large number of Bethlehem workers in the ranks of the disaffected. Working conditions in the Bethlehem mills, it appeared, were not unlike those obtaining in the plants of Judge Gary's United States Steel Corporation. The laborers, wholly unappreciative of the high wages and still higher compliments paid them during the war, went on strike for the abolition of the twelve-hour day and for the right to join the American Federation of Labor. They remembered Uncle Charlie's wartime declaration that "the worker will rule"; their mistake was in taking it as a promise instead of as a prophecy. During the strike there was some complaint among so-called Liberals as to the manner in which the rebels were treated, for they were not allowed to hold any meetings in the town of Bethlehem. The municipal officials explained that this prohibition was purely in the interest of peace, but the strikers insisted that the fact that the mayor of Bethlehem was a vice-president of the Bethlehem Corporation also had something to do with it.

In the handling of this strike and in other matters relating to labor thereafter, the Bethlehem Corporation followed the leadership of the U. S. Steel Corporation, and Judge Gary usually had the job of spokesman for the steel interests. Thus it was the Judge, and not big-hearted Charlie who, on May 25, 1923, read the report of that investigating committee of the Iron and Steel Institute which announced, after a long and prayerful study of conditions, that the twelve-hour day would have to be maintained in the steel industry for the workers' own best interests. The denunciation and outcry that followed the reading of this historic document were directed at the Judge, and the word Garyism was coined to signify an unintelligent and ruthless opposition to the rights of labor. No one seemed to recall that all the other steel companies had concurred heartily in the report, and that one of the most important members of the committee was the Hon. Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem, and Charlie's right-hand man.

On a former occasion, at the hearings of the Lockwood legislative committee, in December, 1920, it was further revealed that the Bethlehem Corporation had formed a league with a number of other steel manufacturers, and had been refusing to sell fabricated steel to builders in Philadelphia and New York, except on the condition that they would not employ union labor to put it up. It was testified that this had been done out of fear that if the steel

erectors were allowed to become organized they might later refuse to erect steel that had been made in a non-union shop. But since these happenings the league has been abandoned and the workers have an eight-hour day, although Bethlehem, despite Charlie's love of the toiler, still refuses to permit its employés to belong to the Federation of Labor.

The fact to be observed in all this is that when unpleasant things have to be said about labor, Charlie doesn't say them. Someone else does the talking, and thus it is with entire truthfulness that Charlie can declare that "my happiest reflection on my past business career has to do with my relations to the workingman."

IV

Charles Michael Schwab was born on February 18, 1862, in the country town of Williamsburg, Blair county, Pennsylvania. His father and mother were native Americans of German descent. When he was five years old the family moved to Loretto in Cambria county, and thus Charlie, like his lamented contemporary, Judge Gary, received his early training in a rural community. For a time his father had a government contract to carry mail between Loretto and the neighboring town of Cresson, and sometimes Charlie drove the coach. When he was older he studied for several years at the nearby St. Francis College, learning to play the organ and acquiring a fondness for sacred music which he has never lost. In his palace on Riverside drive, one of the really overpowering sights of New York, he has an organ and a private organist. The entertainment at his dinner parties not infrequently consists of the singing of a boys' choir to organ accompaniment.

When Charlie was seventeen, he quit St. Francis College, and after receiving his father's blessing and a five-dollar bill, set out for the town of Braddock, where the nearest steel-mill was located. His career from that time on is too well known to need rehearsing. It has done quite as much as any other career to establish the great American tradition that this is a Land of Opportunity, and that a poor boy can succeed gloriously among us, even if he is honest. Parents with tears of hopefulness in their eyes have been known to recite the Schwab saga to their children, and awed biographers have written about it a thousand times in newspapers and magazines. What most of Charlie's Boswells have failed to emphasize is the fact that in spite of his great riches, immense services to humanity and immortal fame, he has always remained one of the home town boys. His attitude toward life is still that of a simple Christian from the hinterland. He has met Kings and Emperors and Presidents, but he much prefers to walk about the streets of Loretto, to be greeted respectfully by its citizens, to swap a funny story now and then, and occasionally to give a little talk to the Sunday-school class. His judgments and opinions are marked by the same force and depth that appear in a country lawyer's appeal to a jury. If you were to get him away from the praises and flattery of the sycophants who always pay homage to a man of his exalted position, he would probably confess his bewilderment at the strange forces which have combined to make him what he is.

Charlie, though he is now sixty-five, still remains the guiding star of the Bethlehem Corporation, but he has turned over the active management to the gifted Grace. He has his stupendous French Renaissance palace in New York and a home in Bethlehem, but his heart is really in his country estate at Loretto, amid the scenes of his childhood. Most of his time is spent there now. He leads the simple life, farming a little, playing bridge and golf, and occasionally sallying forth for an important directors' meeting or a trip with his wife. Although he is a Catholic and his wife a Protestant, their marriage has been an exceptionally happy one, and Charlie, on more than one public occasion, has generously conceded that most of his success has

been due to her. Once, when he gave $150,000 to build a Catholic church at Loretto, he also gave Mrs. Schwab $22,000 to pay off the mortgage on the Protestant church in the town where she was raised.

Recognizing his high scientific attainments, Stevens Institute and Lehigh University have each awarded him the honorary degree of doctor of engineering. He also has an LL.D. from the Lincoln Memorial University, another from St. Francis College and a third from Franklin and Marshall College, and the degree of doctor of commercial science from the celebrated New York University. These academic honors, however, sit lightly upon him. When he received his degree from Stevens Institute, in 1921, he told the boys that he didn't want to be called doctor, but preferred just plain Charlie Schwab. Probably it is this same modesty which accounts for the fact that his name does not appear in the Social Register of either New York or Pittsburgh, though he has been welcomed to the highest circles of both cities.

Social functions, however, have never held any attraction for him. He much prefers to attend the Cambria County Fair. He organized the fair, and it is now held annually. He started it by contributing half a million dollars and by visiting the various towns around Loretto to gain the coöperation of the farmers. Beside exhibitions of live stock and farm products, there is always a lively circus entertainment, and Charlie acts as ring-master for the whole show. The occasional travelling fairs that used to visit Loretto were the big events in his boyhood, and the Cambria County Fair is the realization of a childhood ambition to have a fair of his own some day. Charlie's childhood memories play a conspicuous part in his life. It was because of its familiar and tender associations that he settled at Loretto. A few years ago, when he wanted to replace his frame dwelling there with a more elaborate structure, he could not bring himself to destroy the old house. He and his wife had enjoyed too many happy years together in it, so he ordered it moved intact to a nearby plot. The house, however, was surrounded by trees which, the workmen said, would have to be cut down. But Charlie would never consent to that. Instead, he ordered the workmen to raise the house and move it over the trees.

The one regret of Charlie's life is that he has no children to whom he may leave his illustrious name and his vast holdings. His tender feelings on this subject were touchingly revealed by an incident during the war. The Bethlehem company was not delivering certain war materials to the government fast enough to satisfy the War Board, and a meeting was held in Washington at which Charlie was asked to reallocate some of his contracts to other companies which were not so rushed. Suddenly, despite the presence of the Secretary of War and the other eminent personages assembled there, tears welled into his big brown eyes. He said that he didn't mind giving up the contracts, but that taking them away would be a reflection upon his company, and that it would be excessively painful to him, for he had no children, and the company was the only thing he had in life, and that it would break his heart to have anything said against it. To the further amazement of the assembled war lords, he then turned to his friend Barney Baruch and said, "Let me have a minute alone with you, Barney." The two men left the room. All this puzzled the beholders, and one of them turned to his neighbor and said, "I wonder what he's doing out there with Baruch?" "Probably selling him stock in the Bethlehem Corporation," was the unfeeling reply. But in a few minutes Charlie and Barney returned, and Charlie launched into a new and impassioned plea against having any of his contracts taken away. The matter was then dropped, and Bethlehem kept them.

Obviously, Charlie is right when he says that he has found a lot of sentiment in business. He has put much of it there himself.

BULL HORRORS

BY JIM TULLY

The freight train jerked and rattled through the turbulent moon-drenched night. The wind sent the heavy smoke upward from the engine in magnificent white and black revolutions. Bright stars peeked through the whirling air chasms of smoke.

He had crawled into the box-car at the last junction point. It was nearly dark at the time. Having beaten my way on the same train for over two hundred miles, I was tired and hungry and in no mood to talk.

Darkness crawled around us. It was soon banished by the moon. We said no word to each other for some miles.

The newly arrived hobo smoked one cigarette after another. He rolled them deftly with thumb and forefinger. He lit them with ease by scratching the match-head with his finger-nail.

I watched his face each time the flame touched the cigarette. It was like a rubber balloon that had wrinkled. It seemed to be always in hesitation between a snarl and a sardonic smile. His jaw was short and square. There was a deep scar across his chin. His eyes were sombre and stared straight ahead. He had the oblivious manner of a person alone on earth. He must have been fifty years old.

His hands were powerful . . . over-developed. An upper tooth was missing. He held his cigarette in the vacant space. Each time he finished a cigarette he blew a ring of smoke and watched it circle to the roof of the car. He then stared straight ahead again.

We stopped at a siding to allow a faster train to crash by on its way to New Orleans.

We could feel the strong vibration of the ground as the train came mightily toward and beyond us. The lights from its coaches flickered quickly and disappeared from our open box-car door like lanterns carried by ghosts.

The noise of the rushing train became dimmer and dimmer. It at last died away and all became as silent as the falling petal of a rose. Then across the moonlit miles we heard the haunting music of its engine whistle. More mournful than the wailing of a lonely panther, it touched my youthful vagabond heart with sadness. I longed for the joys I had read of in books—but had never known.

The wailing music must have touched my fellow rover. He said, with a touch of despair in his voice, "That old rambler'll be in New Orleans in the mornin'." Then with a deep sigh, "I wish I was on her front blind."

"Not me," I replied moodily. "I nearly starved the last time I was there."

"Well, you'd starve in a bakery then, Kid," he said testily as he rolled another cigarette.

"Maybe so—but I washed dishes three nights in the Little Royal Restaurant to keep from it."

A light came into the man's balloon-like face.

"The Little Royal Restaurant? Huh—right around the corner from the St. Charles Hotel?"

"That's the one."

"I know where it is—I used to have a suite o' rooms at the St. Charles in the old days—they were bigger'n a mint."

The memory seemed to please him. He

whistled, his tongue against the roof of his mouth:

Goodbye, farewell to Omaha, K. C. and Denver too;
I got my foot on a flyin' freight, an' I'm goin' to ride her through. . . .
Farewell to the boys in Illinois, and the girls on the Barbary Coast. . . .
I'm back again with the hobo boys, an' the life I like the most.

So long to the girl in Baltimore,
Don't ask me how I feel,
I got one foot on the heavenly shore
And the other's on a banana peel.

The wind roared louder. Clouds of white and black smoke scurried through the open door of the car.

Silence followed the wind. Footsteps could be heard on the graveled road-bed.

A voice asked, "Which way, 'boes?"

My comrade half mumbled, looking straight ahead, "Down through Texas."

The man swung into the car.

"Don't you know you can't ride this road without money?" he jerked at us.

He wore a corduroy suit. His cap, of the same material, had a heavy piece of aluminum across the back. He carried a railroad lantern.

My comrade sat, hunched up, his forearms on his knees, his back against the side of the car.

"I suppose so," he replied.

"Well, you supposed right," shot back the man. "I'm runnin' this train and your tickets are punched to this station." He waved his lantern toward the door. "Pile off!" he yelled.

I rose to my feet with tired unconcern. My companion did likewise. The man glared at us.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"None of your business—who cares where two tramps are?" snapped the conductor, as I walked wearily toward the door.

"Well, I care where *one* tramp is," snarled my comrade.

I turned quickly.

The vagrant stood within two feet of the conductor, who held his lantern half poised, a look of horror on his face. A blunt revolver was leveled at his heart.

"Now where are we?" commanded the hobo.

The conductor explained in shaking detail: "You're on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, Mister—aheadin' into Fort Worth."

"Have we got a clear track?"

"Yes, sir," replied the conductor.

Then quickly, "Here, kid, take the con's lantern and wave a high ball from the door—do you know how?"

I answered in the affirmative, and waved the signal for the train to move. It was soon on its way.

My companion then snarled to the conductor, "Come on—git off!"

He then whistled with soft menace:

Jay Gould said, before he died,
He was goin' to build a road the bums couldn't ride,
And if they rode they'd ride the rods
And place their lives in the hands of the gods.

He stopped whistling suddenly and yelled:

"Jump off!"

The conductor hesitated.

"Come on, come on!" urged the man with the revolver. "Suppose this gun goes off before you jump off?"

He flourished the weapon. The conductor jumped.

We watched him sprawl, and rise as the caboose passed him.

My comrade jerked the lantern up and down. It went out. He threw it from the train.

Turning to me, "Lord, what a strain that was—but I'll not walk for any man." He shrugged his shoulders. "I've taken orders enough in my day."

I looked out of the car. The smoke came thinner and whiter from the engine. The moon shone brighter. We lapsed into an intense silence. Again the vagrant smoked cigarettes swiftly, then spasmodically, then not at all. He began to fidget, and removed his coat. He then sat still for a minute, and rubbed his bare, needle-scarred

arms. Little blue marks were all over them. His shoulders moved nervously. Then he sighed deeply between gusts of rising wind.

He bent double before me. His face took on the painful expression of a badly punished pugilist awaiting the gong. Though still a boy, I knew what his agony meant.

"Did you ever take a shot, Kid?" he asked.

"Nope, I never have, but I'll help you if you want me to."

He ignored my offer, but his face went kinder.

"Well, don't you never take one then, Kid . . . because if you never start you'll never have to stop." He rubbed his eyes. "There ain't no stoppin' . . . not if you bite your fingers off . . . and your heart aches till it stops." His voice reached a high note and subsided—softly. "I *know*—good God—I've *tried!*"

His hands trembled and his entire body shook.

II

The wind died away.

Then as if defending himself, "You know, Kid, I had a shot before I got on this train—that shows what nerve kin do—I'd kick the moon outta the sky, boy, when I'm loaded—that's the kind of a fellow I am."

He fumbled in his coat pocket, and took from it the small tin lid of a typewriter ribbon box. He filled it with a powder which looked yellow in the moonlight.

His hand shook so violently he could hardly hold the lid.

"Let me hold it for you," I volunteered.

He handed the lid to me without a word. His mind seemed far away. He fumbled in the coat pocket again and brought forth a small bottle of water.

"Gotta always watch out—didn't have this water I'd have to use my own spit," he said half to himself, as he poured the water over the powder and stirred it with the end of a match before lighting it.

The blaze flickered under the small lid and heated its contents of dreams.

After it became warm he sucked it into a small glass dropper and threw the lid down carelessly. He then pulled a piece of quarter-inch rope from his hip pocket.

"Hold it around my arm, won't you, Kid, so's the pain won't shoot up?"

He handed me the rope. I wrapped it once around his arm below the elbow and held with all my strength.

He felt the flat part of his wrist above the palm of his hand.

"I ain't hardly got any more veins to shoot in," he said dolefully. Then, locating a spot, he made a quick incision with the end of a large brass safety-pin.

He shot the dreams into his arm and I released the rope.

"Ah—ah!" he breathed deeply.

His pain-shriven face became radiant.

It is impossible to mistake the effects of cocaine for those of any other narcotic. Many of the older addicts feel that shooting it in the body gives better results than sniffing it. The effects do not wear off so soon when it is shot into the body. A sniff will last about fifteen minutes; a shot will last a half-hour and often longer.

Cocaine produces a feeling of unlimited self-confidence and tremendous bravery. It sharpens the faculties to an oftentimes indescribable alertness. It has been known to give inarticulate men conceptions of grandeur worthy of a Milton—for half an hour. They then subside—the cracked shells of eggs from which eagle dreams have flown.

My comrade's body stiffened. It was as if a fierce electric current had been sent through it. He sat erect.

"You know, Kid, when I was ridin'—before the big trouble come—I wouldn't look at a plug that couldn't do two hundred miles a minute—why, Lester and Johnny Reiff and Tod Sloan used to be my stable boys in them days! I was a rider, I was. . . ."

He hit his chest.

"I could ride 'em bareback—any old

way. I just left a circus in San Antone two weeks ago." He threw his head back, his eyes dilated.

"The circus boss got tough at me and I says to him—'You ain't got nothin' on me, you crummy old circus stiff! I tramped in every State in this country before I turned jockey and the big trouble come—why, I know more about horses than Brigadier Young knew about women!' Then he called me a little drink o' bad water and I did get sore, and I says to him, 'I'll turn your fat old elephants into snakes and I'll make 'em pull your circus away. An' I'll turn your lions into rabbits.' He got fresh some more an' I did what I said, and sure enough, you should of seen them elephants crawl away with that circus! They were bigger'n whales crawlin' . . . and the little lions were all rabbits squealin' like suckin' pigs. I kicked the whey outta them. An' all the time the big elephants crawled away wit' the circus . . . like big, long snakes, only they had elephants' heads . . . and when they'd hiss they'd blow the ground away for a hundred feet under them. Then the silly fools ud have to crawl through the holes they'd made and drag the circus after them. We sure had a devil of a time!

"I shipped the elephants to New York an' sold 'em to Barnum for eighty million. The boss runs up to me like a little boy an' he says, 'You won't take my pets, will you?' An' I says, 'Gwan away, or I'll brain you.' He bellers, 'You wouldn't hit an' old man like me, would you?' 'Yes—you're cockeyed right I would,' I says. 'I'd hit Tom Thumb wit' a broad ax.' He didn't bother me no more an' I hain't seen him since."

He rubbed his eyes.

"I jist got outta Shreveport three months ago. I done twenty years straight. It sure was a tough break. An,' Kid, the night o' the big trouble you should o' seen me. I plugged her purty, I did. . . . I says, 'Listen, little girl, I'm goin' to let your soul out'—an' I spit the bullets through her double-crossin' heart; an' she tumbled like a paper sack wit' the wind gone out of it. She'd took me over the hurdle for all my dough. I went on the hop for her—then, when I couldn't ride no more, she wants to give me the high sign an' run away wit' a travelin' salesman. Then I loads up on heroin—an' when she sees me comin' wit' her hearse in my eyes, an' the horses trottin' fast to the graveyard, she screamed an' I says to her, 'Say your prayers, little girl. You're agoin' home to die no more.' "

The vagrant broke into a loud chant:

To die no more—to die no more—
You're goin' home—to die no more—
To die no more—to die no more—
A little blonde angel forever more.

III

He rose, raised his arms high, staggered once, then seated himself hastily.

"That's what they git for foolin' wit' me!" His voice sank to a dismal guttural.

"An' when she lay there all dead—a splotch of blood on her white waist—I fell down over her an' moaned, 'O Kid—O Kid, for God's sake!—I didn't mean to do it—come on back!—we'll git outta here an' beat it to New Orleans—this town never was no good.' . . . I rubbed her cheeks. I pried open her eyes. Then my lights went out an' I musta slep' wit' my hand on her heart—for it was all bloody. . . . When I got away, for over a week I loaded up all the time on morph an' coke—a-sniffin' it till it 'ud go clear down to my belly an' roll my brain over.

"I went to flop at a little hotel, and outta my window was a pulley where they used to lift trunks up in the old days—there was an old rope still hangin' on it. . . . I locked myself in an' loaded up some more—an' all the time I was afraid of the cops.

"I'll never forgit the dreams I had in that room. I took six or seven bangs of coke an' floated away to Chicago, China an' the North Pole. Then I beat it out of there an' down the street, an' I saw a tent in a window an' I stood there catchin' fish bigger'n whales, wit' two tails an' four

heads. Every time I'd pull one outta the water I'd knock a buildin' down. When I got tired fishin' I sat on a box three feet high in front of the store an' looked up at a tall buildin' across the street. I counted all the stories to the very top—forty-eight o' them—an' out of every window a blonde girl fell with blood all over her heart. . . . I tried to light a faggot—then I watched the match burn up—then I saw it fall forty-eight stories an' start a tiny blaze around every blonde girl's heart—an' all the girls looked alike—jist my little blonde girl . . . an' God, she was a peach . . . body like white velvet! Then I lit all the matches in the box an' watched 'em float down—one by one like a lotta stars . . . all of 'em my little blonde sweetheart wit' blood splotched on her breast. . . ."

The train rattled on. The lights of Fort Worth were more clearly reflected against the sky. He talked on.

"Then I looked up an' saw two cops watchin' me . . . an' it was jist my luck that I had to pass through them to git away. Then a hundred more joined 'em an' they all wore masks an' they all had red spots where their hearts were an' I could hear 'em beat out loud. They made such a noise they near drove me crazy. If you ever hear a million cops' hearts beat like hammers you'll know what I mean.

"Finally a fellow comes into the room an' says: 'The bulls are after you, Pal . . . so jist lay quiet . . . there's only a million of 'em . . . an' the Chief's along.' His eyes was red as ripe tomatoes with little green holes in the centre. He turned the key soft . . . an' Lord, how I screamed! The guy was a liar . . . there was two million eighty-eight hundred cops. I counted 'em as they stood in the door!

"They lined up two hundred thousand a piece, like the spokes of a wheel . . . an' the Big Chief stood in the centre like a hub . . . an' they begins to circle around an' around . . . so fast they was just nothin' but blurs like an electric fan . . . an' I runs to the Chief an' blew my breath . . . an' he fell down dead. Then I shot twelve times . . . right straight down the line each time. . . . I'm a fiend for shootin' through people's hearts . . . an' I plugged the whole line . . . the bullets zipped right through all their hearts . . . even their coats turned into red an' blue an' green blood . . . an' it stuck 'em all together like big, bloated, blue sardines standin' up straight. The whole wheel stopped dead still. They held their clubs up in the air like little tin soldiers. . . . Then I got up on the bed an' gives 'em a talk. . . . 'Listen, you big blue whales,' I says, 'if you'd a gone to work like honest men you wouldn't be dead now. . . . You thought you was goin' to hang me, did you? Well, the rope ain't been made that'll string me up, an' the man ain't made that's big enough to spring the trap after the rope's been made.'

"Them two million cops began to grin like a lotta pawnbrokers in Heaven. But the eighty-eight hundred don't grin—they just put their fingers to their noses. I didn't mind that, but I sure knocked them two million loafers under the law down flat. That scared the dickens outta them for a minute—me, a jockey, knockin' two million of 'em down! You know, they're all yellow anyhow. . . ."

The engine whistle shrieked for a crossing. The train slowed suddenly as if about to enter a railroad yards. It soon gained momentum.

IV

The vagrant's hand shook. He stared madly. He laughed shrilly.

"Then all them two million cops begin to laugh agin . . . an' they all got up an' marched laughin' out loud in twos an' twos in an' outta the windows—walkin' on the air, an' singin' . . . 'You thought we was dead, did you, Buddy?—Ho! Ho! Ho!—Ho! Ho! Ho!' An' the bed shook from under me where I stood. They formed in line agin like a wheel—an' I blazed twenty-four bullets down the lines o' their hearts. . . . The blood spurted all over the room and they laughed still louder.

"'I'll fix you, you blue bloodhounds!' I says; 'I'll shoot you through your heads.' An' I first shot their hats off—an' they all took the beaks an' wings of buzzards, and flew purty as death aroun' the room. I looked up an' saw them flyin' way up near the stars right close to the ceilin'. Then I pulls the trigger twelve times through all the spokes o' their skulls . . . an' they kep' on laughin' an' their brains seeped out like long white ropes an' circled aroun' their necks . . . an' they all looked like a lotta big blue fish in a net all tangled up. . . . 'Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!' they laughs. 'You thought you'd shoot our brains out when we ain't got any! . . . If we had brains we wouldn't be cops!' An' then they laughed like a lotta ravens an' in a minute they all fell down dead . . . an' the buzzards lit on 'em. . . . Then I got scared an' begun to run an' got tripped up in their ropy brains that was all over the place . . . an' I fell down an' a buzzard pecked me in the back o' the head an' says, 'Come on—get outta here—you ain't dead yet. . . .' Then those dead cops begin to laugh an' all say at once, 'Why, ain't he dead? He's jist carryin' hisself aroun' till we git the scaffold up'. . . . They scrambles up on their feet an' kicks the buzzards away—an' begins shakin' their heads—an' their brains begin to roll back in their heads like thread on an empty spool.

"Then the guy comes agin an' put his cap over the door knob so's no one could see through the keyhole. Then he whispers low-like:

"'They're after me too, Kid—'cause I murdered two million o' them—but they won't git us—we'll float outta here tonight an' be in Paris in the mornin'.'

"My pal's nose was long an' crooked an' he only had three teeth in front of his mouth—an' it was bigger'n Roosevelt's. Then he sits down on the edge of my bed an' brings out a small brown can from his shirt and yells louder'n thunder to me, 'Get the scoop!' Then he took a large nail-file from the end of his belt that didn't have no buckle. . . . Then he lifts the lid from the brown can an' brought out a lot o' silver sparklin' cocaine on the end of the file. He holds his hand under the file so's not to lose the least bit. I heard him snort like a lion . . . then he gives me a sniff. . . .

"Then we heard men walkin' in the hallway . . . an' saw someone stickin' somethin' through the keyhole to knock my pal's hat off the knob. Then some cops looked through the transom. Then somebody crashed the window open. We both ran to it an' looked down. I'll bet you there was ten million more cops climbin' up that rope an' jumpin' into my room. No lyin'! I tried to push 'em away . . . an' they broke the door down, an' I'll bet twenty million more comes in that way an' they all kep' yellin', 'We want you, Buddy! The jigs all up—the rope's all ready—got it greased nice an' slick so's it won't burn your neck—we gotta boy here who'll tie it right back o' your left ear so's it'll jerk your head purty an' you won't never know you're dead.'

"I yelled out loud. . . . 'Git outta here . . . an' lemme alone!' An' they all laughed till the bed fell down. I looked around for my pal an' he was gone. . . . The cops kep' on laughin' an' the walls caved in. . . .

"'Now,' I says, 'look what you went an' done. . . . I don't own this shack.'

"'No, but you might as well,' they says. 'It's jist a boardin'-house for crooks.' . . . 'I ain't a crook,' I says, 'I'm the best jockey that ever lived. . . .' Then they all laughs some more.

"'Come on here, Buddy! We don't want you for bein' a good jockey . . . the little girl had as much right to live as you . . . you wasn't her judge an' you had no right to kill her. . . . Come on, Buddy, it won't take long . . . the rope's waitin' . . . we'll have the Chief say mass over you . . . and you know when you make your confession you go to Heaven anyhow. . . . All you gotta do is bump somebody off an' tell the priest an' you go right to Heaven.'

"Then they all laughed out loud agin an' I yells, 'Git outta here!' An' I started shootin'. Then somethin' fell on my dome

an' my lights went out agin an' I woke up in jail."

He turned suddenly pensive and stared into space again.

"An' the funny part of it is . . . I don't know yet what it was all about. . . . I learned later that there wasn't a bull in the room . . . an' if I'd laid off the heroin I might o' got away . . . but I did twenty years. . . ."

He tried to roll a cigarette and failed. He threw paper and tobacco on the floor and said, "Anyhow, the little blonde double-crosser's doin' from now on. . . ."

The force of the man's tale made him crumple for a moment. Remembered pain stared from his eyes.

The wheels rattled over the intersecting rails. I looked out of the car and saw many tracks; they glistened under the lights of swiftly moving engines.

"Let's beat it from the train," I said. "You've got the con's money and watch, you know."

The vagrant turned suddenly toward me. "Beat it if you wanta!" he shouted. . . . "But I'm goin' to run this train to the moon—I gotta railroad watch an' everything."

The train's speed rapidly diminished. I swung low, jumped to the ground, then hid behind a box-car until the caboose passed.

The rear brakeman signaled to the engineer. Knowing that the conductor would soon be missed, I hurried across the tracks toward Fort Worth.

I had no qualms. The law of the road was the law of life—to save oneself.

The conductor would find his way home, I mused. He would get another watch and have another pay day—maybe.

EVVIVA SAN FRANCISCO

BY IDWAL JONES

The aborigines who shivered on the site of San Francisco in the pre-Balboa days were ichthyophagous, like the first Athenians. They lived wholly on mussels, as is proved by the shell-mounds, and the less illuminating monographs of scientific men. Even if they varied their diet with a grasshopper or a handful of acorns, their standard of living was regrettably low. Imagine, therefore, the amazement and chagrin of the learned when some workmen digging a cellar near the waterfront uncovered a stratum of pink argillaceous matter, the carapaces of crabs that quite incontestably had been boiled! Was not this a vestige of an older, if less noble, civilization? Had not the aborigines been maligned as a race that ate its food raw? Hot and fierce waxed the controversy. A surprising lot of people wrote letters to the papers. Anthropologists began writing volumes that threatened to weigh eight pounds apiece, when like a *deus ex machina* appeared the ghost of the long dead Papa Bazzurro, and everything was cleared up.

No records are extant of Giuseppe Bazzurro. The historians seem to have been deliberate in their neglect of the Italian pioneers of California. The Irish have seen to it that the exploits of their forefathers were written up with thoroughness. There are books that prove that the Germans had more to do with the building of the State than anybody else. The Spaniards have been done to satiety. But it is doubtful that so much as a file of any of the early Italian journals exists within the State. Surely, a people that created a Bohemia destined to endure until 1919, the year of the Dry Act, and that will cast a glamour on San Francisco for at least another decade, deserves better of the annalists.

Bazzurro, I gather, was a democrat of the type that Italy had always urgently needed, and therefore always exiled. Mounted on a horse, and carrying a heavy musket, he chased over the Uruguayan pampas for the better part of a year in some ineffectual revolt against the Dictator Rosas. Then he wearied of idealism and came to San Francisco in 1852, to ply the trade of cookery. Rents, he found, were unreasonably high, but the harbor was clogged with ships deserted by crews who had all fled to the gold diggings, so he bought the schooner *Tam o' Shanter* for the reasonable sum of fifty dollars, anchored it some distance out in the water, and set up business as a restaurateur. Patrons rowed over to eat his crab stew, and he taxed them so generously that he became rich. Here dined Lieutenant John Derby, an army officer who could afford to do so because he swelled his income by his pen and enjoyed renown under the names of Squibob and John Phoenix. In time the anchorage was filled in, and the schooner became a sort of Peggotty house, considerably uptown, which made Bazzurro, because he owned the new land in fee simple, one of the landed gentry. In big cauldrons down in the stranded hull, he continued to cook crabs by the thousand. It was this that led to the accumulation of shells that so mystified the scientists of a later generation.

Crabs, in Bazzurro's time, were retailed at twenty-five cents a bucketful, and, being so cheap, were held in disfavor. Cheerful Neapolitan fishermen, so intrepid that

scores of them now grin forever in the ooze, had a hard time earning a livelihood. A few years ago the Neapolitans organized the industry, and brought about a closed season and a ban against inferior crustaceans from elsewhere. The crab has now risen in esteem again, and costs forty cents. It is more relentlessly pursued than ever, and the families of the fishermen ride in limousines.

The Crab Fishers' annual ball last week was a memorable success. There was a glow upon it. It was a housewarming, held atop the new building on Fishermen's Wharf: a not unsightly edifice, with a flagpole on the roof. Two relays of cooks had prepared for a thousand persons a banquet graced by the presence of five city judges, two candidates for Senator, a basso from the Gallo Opera, and three police reporters. The ablest orators in the Italian colony orated profusely until two hours before dawn. There was not a policeman in sight. None could be spared from the new art school, three blocks away, where an Anglo-Saxon saturnalia had broken loose at a masquerade ball.

Five of us, including the basso, attended in a somewhat morbid frame of mind, for the affair had been preceded by a sort of regatta on the bay. The higher officials, in Sunday hats and brown flannel shirts, and puffing *toscanos*, lolled in the flag-ship, a mackerel boat painted and rigged up like the galley of a Doge. It was followed by a hundred tiny fishing-boats, *felucca*-style, painted blue or green, and motor-driven, packed with families in a state of high excitement. Our craft, in the extreme rear, was tentatively a gondola; very pretty with flags, and manned by two barbers in sashes, who strummed on guitars.

This devotion to music interfered with navigation. We strayed off into choppy water. The craft heaved and tossed. Large seagulls came down to squawk and prance on the hatch, ominously like vultures. We experienced distress in the upper gastric region. The barbers played "Santa Lucia" with increasing feebleness, grew paler, then greenish, sighed for *terra firma*, and collapsed. We were an hour late for the banquet.

The basso was properly abusive as we pushed him up the ladder. His eyes were glazed. "Better go home," said someone.

"Home! When I have come a thousand miles to eat crabs with rosemary sauce!"

The dinner was a domestic affair, largely attended by wives and children, and wives in expectation of more, to whom a dish of broiled king-fish, marked with cabalistic signs, was served, which ensures, as everybody knows, progeny undefaced by port-wine birthmarks. The basso recovered in time to eat a dozen crabs, and sang with trumpeting bravura, "Funiculi, Funicula," to the delight of the diners who hammered out the accompaniment with a thousand bottles. They were unopened because they contained only soda-pop. The trestles were overturned, and the floor raked of débris, which left it glistening with fish-blue, and the guests danced to a jazz band that attacked Afro-American measures. Everyone spoke English, of a kind. Half of those present were of the second generation, and already on the middle years. They do not read Dante, and the accordeon puts their nerves on edge.

II

It will not be long, I fancy, before the Italian colony of San Francisco, numbering now some thirty thousand, loses its charming peculiarities and whatever spiritual heritage it once possessed, thanks to the Americanization drives, the proboscis of the dry agent, and what may be indicated in the sign: "Cerrutti & Bricca, Ye Olde Radio Shoppe." Immigrants no longer come from the old home to fortify its traditions. Its restaurants have diminished by half. But except in the tourist strongholds the cuisine remains full-bodied, for cooks will always be a contumacious folk, and the alleys down which the gourmets tread at nightfall, to ring at certain doors —nowadays one dines at "a private house"

—are odorous with the juice of the Muscat grape in ferment.

The colony is shrewd, assimilative and extrovert. It is enterprising and opportunistic; gone is its old-world psychasthenia, and it produces more bankers than artists, very many more. Until recently it was Italian youth that carried off the prizes at the art school. Of late, Oriental students, one a Japanese girl who at home wears an *obi*, have achieved first awards, and this year at least a half dozen have works hung on the line in the academy exhibit. Otherwise the Italian colony is doing very well; and even if its ten or twelve millionaires do reside in the faubourgs well beyond the confines of the district, which runs from Chinatown to the Bay, it regards them with pride.

A. P. Giannini, the organizer of the Bank of Italy, towers above them in the spectacular quality of his achievement. He began as a clerk in a fruit commission house, owned his business before he was thirty, started a bank, amalgamated it with other banks, and in the days of financial stringency managed to pay always in gold coin. When San Francisco was a waste of smoking ruins in 1906, he pried open his hot safes, loaded his specie into carts, and hauled it to the temporary vaults he had dug in the lawn of his suburban home. In the first days of reconstruction he resumed business in a zinc shed in Van Ness avenue, and favored his depositors with such easy terms that the North Beach district, where the Italian colony lay, was the first to be rebuilt. The flavor of antiquity observable in the district is not surprising, therefore, since the houses are fully twenty years old.

However, there is nothing racial in finance. The first Italian to acquire any clamorous renown was Pietro Mezzara who came along in the late fifties. The Civil War, in which he had not the slightest interest, thrust fame upon him. The local adherents of the Southern cause had been hunting for somebody to make a statue of Jefferson Davis. Mezzara, a gloomy and indefatigable little man like a gnome, with a black beard and a top-hat that came down over his ears, was the leading practitioner of mortuary sculpture. He was not unwilling to oblige, though he preferred to hack out angels and Gates Ajar, but the Northerners had already given him an order to make something particularly large of Lincoln. The finished job was imposing, if not meritorious, and Mezzara was hailed as a genius and a patriot. He was constrained to buy a frock-coat and ride behind bands in the parades, and listen to speeches. War has made the reputations of lesser men. For more than a decade he was the Nestor of art in San Francisco. The dreary ormolu period had set in. The town was a delirium of sham façades, porticos of colored glass, gingerbread gables, and lawns with marble lions and spring-boks rampant. It had put Mayor Alvord in a bad state of mind. Perhaps an art school would help, Mezzara suggested, and he was at once given a fund to start one. He wrote to officials of the Louvre in Paris and enclosed a check for $6000 to pay for a quantity of casts. Count Remesal, the Commissioner, despatched a shipload with the note:

> In consideration of the great sums of money subscribed by San Francisco to help the wounded in the Franco-German War, the Government would be honored if the citizens should accept these casts as a gift.

A graceful deed. Mezzara seems to have disappeared at this juncture. Two years ago a visiting commissioner from the Louvre, a notable with the Legion of Honor palms, got up at table in the Cercle de l'Union to refer emotionally to the happy entente between Paris and San Francisco when the door was crashed open by Prohibition thugs.

But long before the advent of Mezzara the town was civilized, for it had a cellarlore and native wines already fifteen years old. The Spaniards had made wine in a desultory way, but their product was acrid and laced with brandy, and had long ago

been drunk up. Worse, but cheap and abundant, was the Malaga wine brought up from Mexico, and this was the leading potable until Secondo Guasti, an immigrant, bought a sand dune not far from the city and planted in it cuttings of the Chianti vine. They flourished, and the dune that had hitherto not yielded a blade of grass produced 40,000 tons of grapes a year. The time was now ripe for the genius of Andrea Sbarboro, who did more for the art of viticulture in California than any other man. He founded the celebrated Asti wine colony in 1881, an enterprise that in its magnitude, bloom and efficiency was not surpassed by any in Europe. How much of his Asti bianco, red Burgundy and sparkling Zinfandel was purchased abroad to be re-sold under his more familiar labels is quite beyond compute. Any of it was purchaseable in San Francisco at thirty cents the bottle.

The wealth that Sbarboro brought into the State, directly or indirectly, cannot be much under a half billion dollars. At the least he deserves a monument. A few months ago there was a great to-do over the choice of immortals to be enshrined in the California Hall of Fame. Starr King, the pulpit orator and humanist, the spokesman for the North at the time of the Civil War, was rightly chosen. Governor John Bidwell, an early messiah of the teetotalers, was exhumed as a candidate for the sacred niche.

But it is rather saddening to many to reflect that the name of the Cavaliere Sbarboro was not once proposed. Sbarboro was a scientific man, an organizer on the grand scale, a follower of Ruskin and an altruist. He made a fortune selling groceries, founded a large bank, financed and managed numerous enterprises, yet devoted much time to the study of pedagogy. He was a boy of twelve when he rowed himself ashore to the city in the year 1852. He established, when he was a clerk of twenty, an evening school for children, and taught them from a hornbook he had written and printed himself.

III

Eleven years after the discovery of gold the Italians in the State numbered 2500. Most of them, scattered among the mining camps in the lower Sierra, were Ticinese who had worked in the mines around Salzburg. There were also Corsican families that had come over intact from Ajaccio, carrying with them their carved front doors and decrepit grandfathers, who were lucky to arrive in the Calaveras fastnesses with a single tooth left in their heads after the bone-breaking stage voyage overland from St. Joe. All had come without the remotest idea of remaining after they had made their fortunes in the placer gullies. But stay on they did, outknaving everyone else in politics, and creating ethnologic islands that made life more tolerable in the foothills. Not a hamlet but had its Hotel Europa: sturdily built, blue-plastered, with cloistral silence inside and enamelled jugs full of cool wine; a file of pollards in front, with old Garibaldistas dozing on benches in their shade. In these hostelries the Tyrrhenian cuisine prevailed, and Missourians coming to repair digestions wrecked by smoked sow-belly dined here on seethed kid with herbs, and became better citizens.

By 1860 there were several land barons of Italian birth. Drovers from the Campagna and the Tuscan marshes had purchased land at low prices from the Spaniards, and settled down to farming on farms already made. In the warm, flat valleys of Livermore, Bantas, Monterey and the San Joaquin were the vast haciendas of the pastoral families of Trisconi, Bordellini and Schiappapietra. Less than twenty in each hundred could sign their own names. In that pioneering age such culture was no asset. Muscle and a hard-headed shrewdness in money matters went further. Trisconi, the cattle-raiser, whose 40,000 beasts ranged over a quarter of a million acres, did his reckoning with tally sticks. Maestro Gagliardo, a Mariposa shopkeeper, whose sales grossed $5000

daily, likewise kept books by the intricate system of notch entry. Surface mining had already declined, and the diggers became squatters, and more prosperous than hitherto, for they grew olives, rice, chestnuts and figs for a virgin market.

It was fortunate for the three hundred Italians in the roaring city that somebody raised these comestibles, else they had gone without. These urban Italians were doing pretty well. They dominated the fisheries, pulling up their nets on the pebbly strand of North Beach, where the colony first began, and they raised garden truck on the dunes where the Civic Auditorium now stands. It is pleasant to think that half of them were musicians. They played the fiddle, the harp and also the large Calabrian bag-pipe with the resounding bass key, than which nothing more effective could have been devised to distract the attention of patrons from the badness of the cookery.

No self-respecting Italian came to the city, it seemed, without considering the possibilities of the fruit business. This affinity for the trade, visible at the outset, exerted an influence on the fortunes of the State secondary only to the discovery of gold. In the East the retail vending of fruits was an ignoble calling. But in California it partook of romance, like pulling things out of a cornucopia stuffed by a Ceres more prodigal than elsewhere. The trade developed, not grimy hucksters or the pallid warehousemen of London's Soho, but a group of curiously intelligent and enterprising merchants like Sbarboro, the banker Fugazi, F. N. Belgrano and the scholarly Marco Fontana. A decade before the railroads put ice-boxes on wheels to haul fruits overland Fontana preached conserving them, and with such eloquence that the monopoly of Crosse and Blackwell, the Widow Lazenby and other Quaker *épiciers* who sold the tinned stuff on the Coast was broken.

Macaroni factories and grand opera appeared simultaneously in the régime of President Franklin Pierce. Biscaccianti ravished the general ear. A consignment of divas and tenors, relayed via the malarious ports of the Spanish Main, gave in the year 1853 a performance of "La Sonnambula." It was a rather good performance despite the combined, and obvious, effects of arterio-sclerosis, quinine and *aguardiente*, and it was also historic. White gloves, making their first appearance on the Coast, were split in the fervor of the applause; females in the audience swooned from ecstasy; the odors of ylang-ylang and garlic and the yells of appreciative miners testified to the wide appeal of this massive form of art.

Grand opera remained highly expensive until the nineties, when it got cheaper because of the frequent revolutions in Central America. Whenever one impended, the Señor Presidente of the afflicted republic cabled a rush order to Naples for an operatic company, and the mobs at the capitol were allayed, if not with *panem* then with Verdi *circensis* at next to nothing. The troupes usually made a long sojourn in San Francisco on the way home. Tickets were a dollar. Happier times, for the auditors, came in 1917, when opera, hot and tumultuous, was purveyed at two-bits a head in the Washington Square playhouse. Mimi Aguglia had played Goldoni's comedies in it.

The impresario, Camillo Porreca, had two stars, Ismael Magagna and Luigi Poggi, the latter a delightful man, whose inability to read music was more than recompensed by his quick wits. Once, while singing the clown in "I Pagliacci," he discovered that he had forgotten the poniard for the fatal thrust. So in the lethal scene he clutched his windpipe and roared all over the stage like a half-throttled bull until he dropped. One night, when he was singing in "Fra Diavolo," the *carabiniere* who leveled his gun to shoot the bandit chieftain missed fire. The gallery jeered, and the *carabiniere*, breathing oaths of vexation, tried his luck with the other barrel, which also was mute. Poggi gave up hope, raised his arms, yelled

"BOOM!"—and toppled with a crash that roused the patrons to the heights of enthusiasm.

"Aïda," with the renowned Poggi, was scheduled for five consecutive performances. But success had gone to his head, and he became exorbitant in his demands. The second night he demanded seven dollars instead of five, and got it. The third night he extricated ten from the management, but when he requested fifteen for the last performance, "Aïda" was stricken from the répertoire of the Moderna Opera company, and Poggi embarked in dudgeon for parts unknown. Magagna, *il fenomonal tenore Messicano*, had great difficulty in making his appearances on time. A thrall to Morpheus, he would sleep twenty hours at a stretch, hidden beyond finding in the cellar, like a dormouse. A quarter was a pathetically small sum to pay for the privilege of witnessing human dignity at its apotheosis in Magagna as Don José. It was dented only once, when a child in its mother's arms began to wail in the midst of Magagna's set-piece. The audience hissed at the interruption, and the sounds reached the tenor's ears. He paled, drew himself up, and addressed the house thus:

"*Signori e signore:* I have sung the world over, from La Scala to Buenos Aires. I have been cheered in London, and the critics—*si*, the highest critics—of Madrid have deigned to praise me. I have been applauded in Berlin and Belgrade, and—" Tears rolled down the grease paint. "But this is the first time I have been accorded the incivility of a hissing."

The audience got up and shouted, "No, no, Ismael— See, we applaud! *Ha cantato bene!*" Thus appeased, Magagna made a profound bow, did the aria all over again, and retired to the cellar to sleep.

Another hero was the Cavaliere Cesare Gravina, the buffo comedian, notable for his rare pantomime, his ox-eyes, and a voice like a funeral bell. The cinema and his theatre holdings in Brazil have since made him rich, but at this period the delicacy of his art shielded him from the contumely of popular acclaim. He made a luscious rôle of Baron Ambrose in "The Chaste Susanna," and one night in this part was the cynosure of all eyes when a chorus man backed on to the stage, wielding a broom against a large rat, and usurped all the attention. The broom came down with one despairing thwack, and the rat leaped into an open piano and evoked a hellish discord from the strings. Director Serantoni fished it out, to the keen joy of the audience. He held it up by the tail.

"Friends," he said, turning about, "it is merely the mascot of La Moderna. We shall proceed."

Maestro Serantoni, a self-effacing little man, is still the high priest of all San Franciscans who have a reverence for the classics of the pianoforte, and his recitals of Palestrina and the composers of the Fifteenth Century are yearly events to the staunch handful of the esoterically inclined. He was the whole orchestra of La Moderna, playing with one hand and directing with the other. His recompense was less than nominal, a dollar a night, I believe, which was the pay of the professional members of the chorus, who were chosen less for their virtuosity than for the lustiness of their singing.

"Maestro," said a coy American charmer to him one night, "I am glad you have only the piano. We can hear the voices all the better."

"In that case," he said gallantly, "we shall dispense with the piano, so you can hear more. Perhaps we shall have to, for the installment agents will be around after the show."

The pay of the laity in the chorus was a bottle of wine apiece, served between the acts in the green-room, with a platter of crisp, aromatic fennel. Great is the virtue of fennel: one bite of it and week-old claret tastes no worse than cobwebbed Montreux. Its consumption has increased fifty per cent in the Latin quarter of San Francisco. "Two-bit" opera is no more, and the home of La Moderna has become a cinema sink.

IV

Italian journalism sprang up in California in 1859, when Federico Biesta, a Genoese monarchist and glass of fashion, arrived to couch a free lance for the House of Savoy. He was not perturbed, visibly, when he learned that of the 300 of his nationals in the city less than half were literate. He became at once distinguished for his dress and walking sticks. In a European city his reserve and air of preoccupation would have made him suspect as a spy, or a Jesuit *à la robe courte*. Though his monocle flashed aristocratic gleams, his coat showed symptoms of fraying, and his compatriots set him down as an eccentric. He cultivated the friendship of M. Derbec, editor of *Le Courier*, a French sheet that was strong for the Bourbons. After dining with him for a month he became eloquent and appealed for funds to establish an Italian organ.

Response was generous, and soon there appeared *L'Eco della Patria*. Biesta, the flaneur turned journalist, wrote and printed in one dingy room cluttered with a cot, type-box and hand-press a four-sheet weekly of high literary flavor. It contained a résumé of the week's choicest murders; some poems of Leopardi and Virgil; a list of ship sailings; advertisements of two midwives and an undertaker, with the woodcut of a hearse with prancing mare and plumes; a lyrical appeal for more funds, and an inevitable broadside against Garibaldi.

The subscribers, most of whom were Ticinese and sworn foes of the monarchy, read it with the keenest anguish. At least once a week they heaved cobblestones through his windows. But what else was there to read, except Secchi di Casale's New York daily, which was yellow with age when it got to the Coast? The unpaid henchman of Savoy wrote on as unperturbedly as if his bombarded cell were an ivory tower. A contemporary cartoon depicts Editor Biesta sprawling in his seat, with one leg thrown over a chair arm; a top hat on the back of his head, and writing with the copiousness that hints always of genius. On the table is a scattering of cravats and *objets d'art*. A dish of *maccheroni* and an elbow of bread are indicative of slim faring. His aquiline features look emaciated, but the smile, if saturnine, is jaunty.

Presently he could no longer pay for exchanges, and was forced to rely upon his own dialectic resources. At this period he was writing the best Tuscan prose in the country, and some of his sketches bear comparison with those of Ugo Foscolo. Now and then he turned a dollar by printing off playbills for a rowdy burlesque theatre down the street. The gonfalon of the House of Savoy came perilously near being lowered, but acquaintance with a French chef, who contracted with him to supply daily printed menus, averted the calamity.

The Ticinese waxed more indignant. The colony was now much larger, and the ablest man in it was Angelo Mangini, a partner in the imposing chocolate firm of D. Ghirardelli, which had become a power in the affairs of the city. Mangini, a man of affairs, an orator, ruthless but suave, and yet an idealist, had been exiled for taking part in Mazzini's first revolutionary movement. Biesta—*la bestia* he termed him—was a thorn in his flesh, so he started *La Cronaca*, which he edited himself. It was not written half so well as his rival's paper, but its simple and violent language was well within the grasp of the readers, and within a year it reached a weekly circulation of 5000.

Biesta, printing his 100 copies weekly of counterblasts against the liberals, encountered further disaster in 1865, when Lincoln was assassinated. His shop was wrecked by the mob, but he managed to get his edition out on schedule the next week. Two years later, when Italy sent her first consul to San Francisco, fortune again smiled on the starved, but still doughty, monarchist. Consul Cerrutti bitterly lamented his appointment. He had been rudely dug up from effete Zanzibar to

officiate amid "savages" in a town that was a "morass of squalor, saloons and sprawling tenements and fighting Irish and even more litigious Calabrians." Ill from nostalgia, brooding over the loss of his satrapy, his sedan, his arrack-punch and his corps of Mohammedan servitors, he dragged his enormous frame upstairs to toil over shipping manifests and dry reports of no consequence to anyone, breaking off at intervals to do battle with the rats that disputed his tenancy.

"Are we so degraded that the government sends out a bellowing, coarse Afrit to look after our interests?" thundered *La Cronaca*.

The consul had at least one fiery partisan in Biesta. He rounded up twenty-five subscribers for him, at ten dollars a month, and somehow the journalist managed to struggle along, though the Cause was lost, until the seventies, when, broken in body and unrewarded by the Savoyards, he betook himself, a ghost, to Italy.

La Cronaca became *La Voce del Popolo*, a leading organ these days. One of its early editors was Giorgio Norton, a genteel young Briton of Florentine birth, very much under the thumb of his aunt, the Signora Blücher-Paganini. The lady ran the business office, and being a large, metallic personage who wore bombazine and steel beads, and never forgot she was the niece of the Blücher who won Waterloo, she tolerated no nonsense from anyone, and had a small opinion of the colony. After a few months she and Giorgio left the colony to its fate, and the paper in the hands of two printers, Dondero and Cevasco, Mazzinians both. An error of judgment, for the next year the last spike in the transcontinental railroad was driven at Promontory, Utah. In the year 1869 began the stream of Italian immigrants that was unbroken to the passing of the Alien Quota Act. They bore with them gifts of spirit and talent that blossomed genially in an isolated and tolerant land and created a milieu not remotely Anglo-American, and one uniquely favorable to the cultivation of the arts.

La Voce, in the end, reflected the collective mind of 130,000 Italians in the central portion of the State. It equaled the New York *Eco* in the quality of its writing. The economist Agostini, the engineer Paride Canessa, the pathologist Doctor Rottanzi and the ablest viticulturists in the West contributed to its pages. Its present editor, Ottorino Ronchi, brilliant and astute, a Bolognese of technical training, finds time to dash off columns of criticism on music and painting that is sound enough to give one pause. His writings on Theodore Dreiser, with whose popularization in Italy he has had something to do, are the work of a fine, skeptical mind.

Its competitor, *L'Italia*, being more conservative, has greater pretensions to gentility. Its editor, the dreamy-eyed and erudite Ettore Patrizi, first brought Leoncavallo and Tetrazzini to San Francisco. He meditates further musical conquests, and re-reads "The Gadfly," that charming and poignant romance of the Risorgimento. The other paper glorifies the prowess of one athletic club; this glorifies another. Both print sanguinary telegraphic items from *la patria*, and the feuilletons of Georges Ohnet and Carolina Invernizio.

Italian journalism in San Francisco, as elsewhere in the land, is in twilight. The day of its apostolate was over in the late nineties, when the old distrust of the Latins, fostered by stupid politicians, and the vague unfounded terror of the Mafia diminished in ratio to the rising power of the Italians in finance and the arts. The leading men of the colony are among the highest in the esteem of all citizens.

Civilization, Will Durant remarked yesterday, restating a truth now worn to an indisputable axiom, cannot exist without the stimulating and consoling wine. The comparatively high state of civilization in San Francisco, without doubt, derives largely from its Latin element, and there is yet hope. The Mutual Benefit Society of Coopers and Vat-makers were forced last month to move into more commodious quarters.

EDITORIAL

CAN it be that the Republic, emerging painfully from the Age of Rotary, comes into a Coon Age? For one, I am not above believing it. The colored brother, once so lowly, now bursts into the sunlight all along the line. In New York City he has made such astounding progress, all within a few years, that he now ranks, socially, next after English actors, and elsewhere he has gone ahead almost as fast, relatively if not absolutely. Fifteen years ago or even ten years ago the Confederate States vied with one another in rolling up lynching records, and the champion each year was awarded a silver cup; now the leading editor of Alabama, Dr. Grover C. Hall, of the Montgomery *Advertiser*, is publicly boasting that not a blackamoor has been butchered in that State since noon of January 1, and even arguing that the closed season ought to be continued until January 1 of next year. There was a time, as everyone knows, and very recently, when the Ku Klux Klan, led by the Baptist clergy, sallied forth every night, flogging, branding and tarring the dark brethren; now it is worth 72-point headlines in the *Nation* if the town boomers of Jacksonville so much as chase a colored Bolshevik out of town. These must be sad days, I venture to guess, for such pessimists as Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Once so many tales of Anglo-Saxon atrocities rolled in upon him that they bulged the covers of the *Crisis* every month; now, wherever he goes, he sees Aframericans prosperous, successful, happy, safe, well-fed, full of sound gin, made much of. The Jim Crow car, true enough, still survives in such remote sinks of barbarism as Mississippi, but what enlightened colored man ever goes into Mississippi, save perhaps to get materials for a comic article for the Pittsburgh *Courier*—the *Vogue*, *Times* and *New Republic* of what it calls Our Group? Elsewhere Our Group is moving ahead steadily. It has not only wrung recognition from the haughty Nordic Blonds; it has actually clambered up to cultural equality with them, and even begun to force its culture upon them.

I point to the department of the fine arts, and to the sub-department of music: if there is any autochthonous American music today it is obviously jazz—and jazz is as indubitably African as corn-pone, despite all the efforts of Dr. Isaac Goldberg and his fellow Elders of Zion to prove that it is Jewish. Rotary has still only an insecure lodgment upon the bleak Belgian coast, and in all Europe there is not a single Elk, but everywhere in Christendom jazz is heard—and wherever jazz is heard the Aframerican is representing the Federal Union before the world. More, he is dominating it at home. The Marine Band, once consecrated to the Sousa marches, now plays jazz when an ambassador is gorged with ice-cream and cake at the White House, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra follows suit. No dance invented by white men has been danced at any genuinely high-toned shindig in America since the far-off days of the Wilson administration; the débutantes and their mothers now revolve their hips to coon steps, and to coon steps only. Turn, now, to the allied arts of the palate. Has America ever developed any indigenous dishes worth eating? It has, but they are all Aframerican. The white cooks of Puritan New England invented apple-pie, a fodder fit only for hired men and the rev. clergy; the black cooks of the Chesapeake littoral invented stewed terrapin, chicken *à la* Maryland, fried soft crabs and panned oysters,

not to mention strawberry shortcake and crab soup. These are the delicatessen that a Nordic Americano orders when he is in the mood for feasting, and has money in his jeans; these are what a civilized European thinks of when he thinks of America kindly. All are procyonic, culturally pigmented, coonish.

And drink? Ten years ago gin was drunk only by what were then called darkeys: no virtuous white woman in all this Christian realm had ever tasted it. But now it is the common beverage of American youth, and the daughters of the white *noblesse* carry it to parties as they used to carry smelling-salts. Gin, indeed, becomes the cornerstone of American civilization. It is at once the tipple of statesmen, the inspiration of artists, and the agent of concord at the domestic hearth. A hostess in any of our great centers who omitted it from her service to her guests would seem as outlandish as a hostess in the Bible Belt who omitted toothpicks. And gin is as thoroughly Aframerican as 'possum *en casserole*—nay, as fried catfish.

II

But I am still on the edges of the story: the new bar sinister casts its chief shadows in far more significant regions. I allude to those of language, of social custom, and of religion—the three bulwarks of hegemony. Did it remain for a mere professor of philology—a man tremendously learned, and hence of no standing or dignity in American society—to discover that, in an immense area, the blacks have forced their linguistic peculiarities upon the whites, so that it is quite impossible for even a trained observer to distinguish, *viva voce*, one from the other? The professor is Dr. George Philip Krapp, of Columbia, and you will find his proofs in the first volume of his massive work on "The English Language in America." Therein he shows that the speech of the Southern whites and that of the Southern blacks, class for class, is identical: put a white Ku Kluxer and a colored roustabout behind a screen and set them to quarreling, and not even the most accomplished phonetician can distinguish one from the other. Well, what have we here? Does anyone allege that this common Southern dialect is a white dialect? If so, then why haven't white men ever spoken it elsewhere? Nay, it is obviously Afroid, if not African—and the dark Southerners have forced it upon the sub-Potomac Nordics just as they have forced corn-pone upon them, and gin, and jazz. In the speech of even the most refined and sophisticated Southerner some trace of it is to be found. To the extent of that trace he has succumbed, in the very citadel of white supremacy, to the stealthy influence of the theoretically lowly Ethiop.

In the matter of social custom that influence now permeates the whole country. I have mentioned the rise of gin. With it has come a complete overhauling of American society, and of its underlying amenities. There was a time when Americans of any social dignity entertained one another at formal dinners and decorous dances, with the band behind the palms playing Vienna waltzes. Now they go to cabarets and night-clubs. In other words, now they go to places essentially African in character, there to dance African dances to music by African musicians. Ten or fifteen years ago the cabaret was still a honky-tonk, and scarcely more respectable than a fancy-house; now it is patronized by the gentry of all our great cities, and sets the mark for entertaining in homes and country clubs. The typical American private party of this age, in all essentials, is indistinguishable from the sort of thing that used to be staged, in the last age, only by the bawdier type of Aframericans, in unpainted shacks behind the railroad tracks. There is the same music, there are the same dances, and there is the same gin. Thus the dark brother has triumphed. The proud Nordic Blond, pushing always, has pushed at last into colored society.

And in the ghostly realm there is the same tale to tell. The religion now dominant in the United States, *i.e.*, the Method-

ist-Baptist voodoo worship which now colors all American legislation and has declared a war of extermination upon the more urbane sects and creeds, is obviously African from snout to tail. It arose in the South during the early days of slavery. The Southern planters, desiring their slaves to be dissuaded from cannibalism and grounded in Christianity, but being fastidiously disinclined to take them into the Church of England, employed Methodist evangelists to operate upon them. These evangelists were mainly extremely ignorant men, and the theology they preached was already very barbaric in character. But the black converts, adding voodooism to it, made it even more so. Thus debased to savagery, it spread to the poor whites, who were also unwelcome in the Church of England, and presently it was the dominant faith south of the Potomac. Since then it has extended to the Middle West and even penetrated the North, and the whole country sweats under its oppressions, and is made ridiculous before the other nations. What must an intelligent Aframerican think when he observes Congress taking orders from the incredible Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, and Dr. Coolidge leaping docilely through its hoops? If he has humor in him—and humor goes with pigmentation—he must often permit himself an ironical snigger. The greatest Christian country in the world is not only Methodist; it is A. M. E.!

III

I come now to a delicate matter—perhaps almost too delicate to be discussed frankly in a great public journal, designed for reading aloud at the domestic hearth. I refer to the matter of social contact between the races, and its probable consequences on some not distant tomorrow. As everyone knows, the old social barriers are rapidly disappearing in the larger cities of the land, and especially in New York. There is no longer any aristocracy there, in the old American sense; anyone is free of society who has suitable clothes and agreeable manners. The colored brethren of the town now enjoy all the benefits and usufructs of this new amiability. They enter into society freely, and their characteristic ease of manner makes them welcome guests. Class for class, they may go almost anywhere that Anglo-Saxons may go. It is only in the circle of former Confederates, and among certain highly exclusive groups of movie artists, old Long Island whaling families and Sephardim Jews that they still find the doors closed against them, and even those doors they occasionally penetrate as musicians, chiropractors or bootleggers.

This new cosmopolitanism, obviously, is bound to have somewhat disconcerting fruits in the tender sphere. Where the bars are down, there Cupid is bound to do his work. Only lately the whole country witnessed the agonies of a haughty old father, the head of a family stretching back into the mists of the 70's, whose daughter married a gentleman from the East Side, formerly engaged as a waiter. Later on another proud family was plunged into grief by the elopement of a daughter with a man from the wilds of West Virginia. The girls of the *haut ton*, indeed, appear to tire of the young men of their own class, whose thoughts dwell incessantly upon golf, gin and the Follies. They prefer chauffeurs, young lawyers, automobile salesmen, policemen, song writers, aeronauts, High Church Episcopal curates, and other such he-men. And their brothers, when intelligent, leap the barriers similarly. One of them, of late, married a girl of the Canadian forests; another, a scion of the princely Rhinelanders, took to wife a worthy colored girl. What I predict is that the end is not yet. What I predict is that, on some near day, not here formally named, the heiress to one of the great New York fortunes will run off to Union Hill, N. J., and there marry a dark sheik from Harlem. I could go further and name names, but enough is enough. H. L. M.

NOTES FOR A COMIC HISTORY

BY GEORGE SEIBEL

If it had not been such a tremendous tragedy, that War for Democracy, it would have been the most uproarious of farces. As hatred is commonly born of ignorance, perhaps the virulence of the hatreds engendered can be accounted for by the depth and density of the ignorance displayed so proudly on every hand. Even the omniscient editorial writers of the United States, in those days, had not yet been educated by the cross-word puzzle and Answer These columns. In the editorial sanctum of one considerable American newspaper, during the first week of August, 1914, Serbia and Siberia were thought to be one and the same! Maybe that, after all, was excusable: both were remote and barbaric regions; therefore, no doubt, contiguous and probably identical. Reference to an atlas might have cleared up the confusion, but even the meticulous consultation of reference books, when it is done in newspaper offices, may prove a snare, as was shown by the report one of the big news agencies made about a naval engagement in the Adriatic. "The Austrian squadron," it said, "withdrew when the *gros* of the French naval forces appeared on the scene." The conscientious telegraph editor added a note in parentheses: "The French naval registers do not mention any such vessel as the *Gros*."

But it was after our own entrance into the holy crusade that ignorance became one of the chief of patriotic virtues. Cato never hated Carthage with so fierce a fervor as those who demanded that Germania must be *delenda*. The process of extermination began with the saloons, Teutonic strongholds since the Gallic War. Overnight Dutch Henry was transformed into Yankee Henry, and the façade of his emporium was freshly redecorated in red, white, and blue. The Klostergloecklein was turned into the Liberty Bell Inn. Hotels that had flourished under names like Bismarck or Kaiserhof were translated into something unhyphenated, and even the *Speisekarte* was purified of every Hunnish flavor. Sauerkraut, we all know, became liberty cabbage by executive order, and some other treasonable dishes were violently anglicized. I remember scanning a menu, and asking the *garçon*, quondam *Kellner*, "What's good?" "Try those Kingsbury clubs!" "Kingsbury clubs? What are they made of?" He leaned over, and guiltily whispered into my ear: "It's *Koenigsberger Klops*."

Naturally an attack on the culinary supremacy of the Teuton struck his most vulnerable spot. But there was also another art in which Germany had excelled, and so the battle also raged about music. On one occasion the Department of Justice launched an attack on both positions at once. A formidable gentleman called upon a music-teacher, who happened to be a Spaniard without a drop of Prussian blood in his Castilian veins. "Complaint has been lodged against you that you teach your pupils German pieces, and that you eat lunch every day in a German restaurant." The culprit admitted his guilt, and with a solemn warning to discontinue these treasonable practices the formidable gentleman took his departure. As other people ate at the same restaurant, and other piano-teachers still taught Schumann, the ingenious hidalgo concluded

that it was his dual transgression, gastric and aural, which had stamped him as a traitor.

Everything German, in those heroic days, was regarded with suspicion and abhorrence. Even German measles brought consternation into many households. One satirical physician told a humiliated mother that her offspring's un-American visitation might be due to her study of Storm's "Immensee" in the days she attended a woman's college. But music was the worst outlaw of all. The little German band was driven into exile, and the police began to censor concert programmes. After Leopold Stokowski had to reduce his symphonic repertory to Tschaikowsky's "Pathétique" and Dvořák's "New World," the more discreet managers took their programmes to the Department of Public Safety for approval. A Chilean pianist was booked for a recital. The lady who was his *impresaria* went to police headquarters with proofs from the printer. "Before I have the programmes printed," she said, "I want to be sure no changes will be required."

The captain of police savagely scrutinized the scrap of paper.

"Who's this here *Batch?*" he demanded grimly. "A Hun?"

"That's Johann Sebastian Bach. He was a German, but he lived two hundred years ago, and had nothing to do with this war."

"Cut him out!" snapped the inexorable guardian of the public safety. "And who's this here *Beet-oven?*"

"That," explained the trembling lady, "is Ludwig van Beethoven. He was born in Germany, but some of his ancestors were Belgian. Besides, he lived over a hundred years ago, and was a great admirer of Napoleon."

"He was a German, wasn't he?" roared the patriot in brass buttons. "Cut him out! And who's this here *Chop-in?*"

"That's Frédéric Chopin," explained the lady. "He was born in Poland, but he lived most of his life in France, in Paris."

"Um, he's all right," was the verdict. "He can stay in, but nothing doing on them other ginks."

The police had valiant auxiliaries in those music critics, especially in New York, who rushed into print to demonstrate the tediousness of Bach, the blatancy of Wagner, the cacophony of Richard Strauss, and the Flemish inheritance of Beethoven. "*Los von Berlin!*" was the slogan. Native music would triumph over Bayreuth's beery bacchanal! As the only wedding march then considered matrimonially binding was from "Lohengrin," sometimes varied by a composition of another Hun named Mendelssohn, the late Reginald de Koven (educated in Vienna!) was commissioned to write an American wedding march. Another great American composer wrote a stirring martial air, "Over There," which thrilled me with delightful memories of the "Prenez Garde!" ballad in Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche." But then Boieldieu belonged to an Allied nation, and the Christian peoples had pooled their interests! The Germans and their allies were taboo, and even after the armistice patriotic club-women in the Bible Belt boycotted Fritz Kreisler, as if to verify Darwin's observation that cats with blue eyes are deaf.

II

Just as music came under the ban, so literature did not escape. In this field I had a thrilling personal demonstration. About a year before that Good Friday when the Prince of Peace was crucified again, I had arranged to deliver a lecture on "Shakespeare in Germany" before an Academy of Arts and Sciences. The lecture was scheduled for the week of Shakespeare's birthday, 1917, but meanwhile we had plunged into the war. To my amazement and amusement I received a letter from the chief of police of the town that if I attempted to deliver the lecture he would send a cordon of bluecoats to keep me out of the hall. At the same time a patriotic newspaper began

to clamor for my deportation. While I was wondering to what place I might be deported, for I had been born in America, where both my parents and grandparents are buried, I received the crushing intelligence that I should never again be permitted to speak in that hall on any subject. My treasonable designs thus frustrated, and even my sojourn upon this planet rendered problematical, I let Shakespeare remain in Germany. But some day I am going to deliver that lecture, and I earnestly hope we may not be at war with England when the time comes, for I'd hate to call it off again.

Other conspirators were balked in the same efficient fashion. One high-school teacher was threatened with internment because she let her class sing "Die Lorelei." Meantime, editors who did not know ten words of either German or French were writing learned editorials to prove the superiority of the polished and precise French language over the rusty and raucous German guttural. And the German text-books were finecombed for the propaganda of *Kultur*.

One day a wild-eyed man rushed into my office with his tale of woe. He was teacher of German in another high-school, and had been dismissed by the board of education because he had recommended as a text-book, two years before, Wilhelmine von Hillern's "Hoeher als die Kirche." "What's the objection to that?" I asked him. He showed me the heinous passage:

> Schoen, gross und edel, wie man sich die Hoechsten der Menschheit denkt, ein Kaiser—ein deutscher Kaiser—vom Scheitel bis zur Zehe; zugleich ein Dichter und ein Held in wahren Sinne des Wortes, Anastasius Gruen's letzter Ritter—Maximilian I.

"Why," I said, "the story is laid in the year 1511, as it tells on this very page. Couldn't you explain to the board of education that this Kaiser lived over four hundred years ago?"

"I did," he replied, "but they told me that didn't make any difference."

When boards of education were thus carried away by patriotic fury to disregard chronology and damn the dust of the dead, there was no need to wonder that the august and astute Department of Justice was equally oblivious to time and history. Here is an incident in which again I played a subsidiary rôle. There happens to be in New York City a Thomas Paine National Historical Association, of which Mr. William M. Van der Weyde is the president. Somehow or other I had come to be its corresponding secretary, and my name was printed on its stationery, though I have no recollection of ever signing a letter to justify my title.

One morning there was a rap at the door of the studio in East Fifteenth street where Van der Weyde was in business as a photographer. Mrs. Van der Weyde went to the door, and encountered a Mysterious Stranger.

"Is Mr. George Seibel in?" he asked in suave and solemn tones.

"I didn't know he was in the city," replied the lady.

"You are sure he's not in?"

"Certainly not, but if he's in the city he'll be sure to call up in the course of the day."

"Well, is Mr. Van der Weyde, president of this Thomas Paine Association, in?"

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Van der Weyde is not here either—he's out doing some photographic work."

"You're sure neither Mr. Seibel nor Mr. Van der Weyde is in?" persisted the Mysterious Stranger.

The lady was sure.

"Then," demanded the M. S., "where can I find Mr. Thomas Paine himself?"

By this time Mrs. Van der Weyde had made a shrewd guess as to the quality of her visitor, and she answered:

"I shouldn't like to tell you where to go to find Thomas Paine, but some clergyman might. Paine died in 1809. He's likely to be wherever Washington and Jefferson are. Step in, and I'll tell you more about him."

The agent of the Department of Justice stepped in, and took copious notes about

Thomas Paine. It seems that the association had published a pamphlet entitled "Thomas Paine on War and Monarchy," and some patriotic soul had sent the department a copy of this, and the slaves of Mr. Palmer at once scented in Paine a dangerous pacifist and virulent pro-German. Who else would write that "war is the faro-table of governments, and nations the dupes of the game"? Who else would write that "the idea of having navies for the protection of commerce is delusive"?

But a greater pacifist than Thomas Paine was put under the taboo. This is the strangest tale of all. It was my daily custom to walk five blocks to a *Stammtisch* where I could discuss battles and sieges amicably with a Frenchman and a Scotchman. One day, walking down the street with one of my friends, we saw there was craning of necks and smiles of amusement among the crowd. A man was walking slowly along the sidewalk. We craned our necks and also smiled with amusement. A paper band was about the man's hat. On one side was painted, "God is love"; on the other side, "Thou shalt not kill." Another poor imbecile with a screw loose, was our thought, and we passed on, ate our luncheon, and forgot all about it.

Three days later a mild-mannered man strayed into my office.

"I have been outrageously treated," he announced in plaintive tones.

"That's nothing," I consoled him. "Lots of people are being outrageously treated nowadays. What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything, but they put me in jail for forty-eight hours, and wouldn't let me communicate with my friends."

"That's too bad," I sympathized. "But you must have done something to give them a pretext. They wouldn't put you into jail without some reason or excuse."

"I didn't do anything," he insisted doggedly. "I just walked down the street." His hands dived into his pockets. "I only had these on my hat."

He brought forth two paper bands, inscribed "God is love" and "Thou shalt not kill." Then I recognized the man I had seen on the street at the lunch hour three days before.

"I had these on my hat," he continued plaintively, "and they arrested me, and put me in jail for forty-eight hours, and said I was a spy and a pro-German."

"Well," said I, looking at the hatbands, "it certainly sounds like it. Those are dangerous doctrines. You might have been crucified. You got off easily. How did they come to let you go?"

"Oh," he declared, "they said I wasn't a spy or pro-German—that I was just crazy!"

"There are so many crazy people about," I told him, "that mistakes are bound to happen."

III

But why should we censure the poor police for such patriotic alertness when a man was put under arrest in Philadelphia for distributing copies of the Declaration of Independence, an anti-British document? Well might Senator Hale of Maine ask the question, "Has it come to this, that the word 'liberty' may no longer be uttered in the halls of Congress save in a whisper?" The word "peace" soon acquired a similarly ominous reputation, and was expunged from the bright lexicon of patriotism. The War Department even advised a religious society not to print a tract containing the Sermon on the Mount, which was defeatist propaganda of the most insidious type! Beside, there was the damning suspicion, fostered by Houston Stewart Chamberlain, son-in-law of the notorious Richard Wagner, in a book which had taken in even Theodore Roosevelt, that Jesus was not a Jew, and therefore presumably a German. The theory seemed to gain etymological support from the name of Galilee, which certainly was not a Jewish province, and must have been populated by the Gauls that overran the Eastern Empire; Galilee and Gallia are related

words which can be traced to the same root by any ingenious philologist. To counteract this vilest of all heresies, an erudite patriot by the name of Fischer produced irrefragable proof that Jesus had not been crucified either by the Jews or the Romans, but by heartless German mercenaries in the Roman legions.

All these things, in those days of high patriotic endeavor, were propounded with the utmost gravity and swallowed with the greatest gusto. It was so with every absurdity, however absurd. Aside from the salient and indisputable fact that the Kaiser had started the war, there were innumerable theories as to incidental details. At least 10,000 American scholars were convinced it was all due to the terrible teachings of the atheist Nietzsche, and an editor suspicious of the Pope wrote many furious editorials contending that the war had started because the Emperor Francis Joseph had tried to force the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina into the Roman Catholic church. But a still better *casus belli* was discovered by the conscript who answered on examination that Alsace-Lorraine was a lake lying between Germany and France, and that the war started because the Germans would not permit the French to fish in the lake.

Did any one dare to doubt such tales? That was treason. I recall hanging to a strap in a street-car one morning while a friend told me what had happened to a younger brother of his. The lad, aged about twenty, received a summons to appear at the headquarters of the Secret Service in a down-town office building. Pale and trembling, he reported at this bureau. A severe-looking personage was seated at a desk, busy opening communications, and fifteen minutes passed before the boy received any notice. At last the official looked up.

"Well, young fellow, you got in wrong, didn't you?"

"I don't know anything about it. I got a notice to come here, and here I am, but I don't know what I've done."

"We'll mighty soon tell you what you've done. What's your name?"

Having got the name, the official proceeded to ransack his files.

"Aha, here we have it! You made the public statement that you do not believe everything you read in the papers."

The young man turned paler.

"Maybe I did say something like that," he admitted. "I *don't* believe everything I read in the papers."

"What!" thundered the man at the desk. "You've *got* to believe everything you read in the papers. That's put in there by the government for the information of the people, and the government wouldn't put it in if it wasn't true. You've *got* to believe it!"

"Everything?"

"Certainly! If it wasn't true, the government wouldn't let it go in."

"Well," gulped the young man, "if I've got to believe it, I guess I've got to believe it."

"You bet you've got to believe it," the inquisitor told the scared skeptic. "We'll let you off this time, but don't you make any such wild cracks again. You've *got* to believe it!"

"Tell your brother," I told my friend, "that he doesn't have to believe everything in the paper *I* run."

The veracity of the current news was indeed frequently in need of the government stamp to make it pass current. One morning the headlines in a city far inland announced that "Prussian Spies Poison Water Reservoir!" Fortunately, Prohibition was not yet in force, so no evil consequences were reported. A few days later I met the head of the municipal water department, whom I knew well, and asked him whether the spies had been caught. "Do you know how that story started?" he said. "There's a firm sells spring water, and their publicity man thought the spy story would boom business. Anyway, we put on a dozen extra guards, and they'll swell our majority on election day."

The spy was everywhere, of course, ply-

ing his nefarious arts. Now he would be seen putting ground glass into the oatmeal of an orphan asylum; again he would be caught liberating potato-bugs to devastate the war gardens of some patriotic community. How did he get here? The perennial legend of the sea serpent was revised to mark the appearances of the ubiquitous submarines, which visited every point on the Atlantic coast, spoiling business for the Summer resorts. The spies, supermen, swam ashore.

To thwart and foil these monsters, the mob was usually ready to anticipate the police. Any little mistakes of the mob, due to excess of pious zeal, still had a wholesome tendency as showing the true pentecostal fire. Such an incident occurred in a park at a band concert when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played, and one stolid listener did not arise. A score of sturdy patriots seized the German sympathizer, and ducked him in the near-by lake. It turned out later that he was a loyal British ally, who did not know and could not be expected to know our national anthem.

But the mobs were usually right. The heroic exploit of one Illinois town, for example, has never been duly recognized. Here the embattled Anglo-Saxons stormed a German Catholic cemetery, and threw down every tombstone with a Hunnish inscription. This was short-sighted, for how could the Devil on Judgment Day now find his own? Kissing the flag was the favorite form of ordeal imposed by the mob—whether intended as a test of loyalty or as a punishment of perfidy.

Allusion to his Satanic Majesty brings to mind the wicked witticism of a woman with a serpent's tongue, who was invited to a tea by some friends, and discovered it was Empire Day and that she was celebrating the nativity of Queen Victoria. "I am thrilled," she said, "to pay this honor to the Devil's grandmother!" There was horror on every countenance as the oscillating tongues froze into silence. Before they could thaw into denunciation, the guest continued, in tones of saccharine malice: "Of course, you understand that my allusion is to the Kaiser, who is the good Queen's grandson!"

German family connections and German names proved a great source of mortification to many worthy folk whose souls were 100% American. How could any one with a patronymic like Schwartenmagen or Sauermilch look any *Mayflower* descendant in the face or sing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"? The courts had plenty of work authorizing the camouflage of Haerings who became Herrons, Schneiders who became Taylors, and Hohensteins who became Houstons. There was a good deal of surreptitious anabaptism besides, as in the case of a dog owned by a friend of mine. This unfortunate animal had been called Kaiser, and of course no self-respecting dog of 1917 would come if called by such a name. My friend hit upon the strategy of pronouncing it as if it were a French word, and so the dog became known as Casey. A similar instance was that of a German club which debated the advisability of changing its name to the Sherman Club to escape the surveillance of the patriotic police.

IV

The valiant deeds performed by the police can never be adequately chronicled without an Iliad of their own. In one park stood a statue of Alexander von Humboldt; his name on the front of the pedestal, and the title of his great work, "Kosmos," chiseled on the back. A patriotic Italian-American merchant of the luscious banana and the nutritious peanut was seized with a berserker frenzy against the Prussians. Armed with a bucket of yellow paint, he daubed Alexander von Humboldt in the hues appropriate for a Prussian. "Look," he exclaimed to the crowd, "the word 'kosmos' means 'universe,' and shows the Prussians want to rule the whole world!" When he had finished smearing the statue with yellow paint, the police came along,

arrested Alexander von Humboldt, and interned him for the remainder of the war.

Unconscious humor put forth fragrant blossoms in many unexpected places. There was the lady preacher and suffragette who announced she was going to do her bit toward winning the war by eating only one egg at breakfast instead of two, as had been her custom. The extra eggs, presumably, could be stored for use as ammunition against the Kaiser's four-minute men. Even greater determination was displayed by that actress, heroine of five or six divorces, who organized a Woman's Defense League, the members of which indulged in regular rifle practice, in order to be able to defend their virtue whenever the lecherous Prussians invaded Ohio!

Miraculous conversions were as common as June-bugs at the end of May. Sometime anarchists heading Liberty Loan drives; preacher pacifists blessing flags and consecrating cannon; humanitarian ladies bidding their sons give their bayonets an extra twist in German vitals—how the sardonic gods must have laughed as they viewed the performance from Olympus or Valhalla!

Then there were the less truculent folks who circulated petitions pledging the signers never again to buy or use anything made in Germany. No cuckoo clocks, no tin soldiers, no vocal dolls, no Dresden china or Solingen cutlery, no Berliner *Pfannkuchen* or Würzburger beer should ever again be permitted to displace wares produced in America under democratic efficiency experts. This programme entailed some discomfiture upon the patriots, when the flags of a parade caught in a rainstorm also ran, and the manufacturer explained that he could not get any good dyes. But such petty annoyances were patiently borne until the war was over—and then everybody stormed the five-and-ten-cent stores, the bargain basements, and other places where newly imported novelties from Nuremberg or Krefeld were on the counters. And thousands of those club women who were so violent in their abhorrence of all things Teutonic now have maids from the Rhine and cooks from the Neckar. Their pledges, alas, are become as scraps of paper.

Among the amusing manifestations of the popular vertigo was the Woodrow Wilson cult. Statesmen began to hail him as a great historian, and historians as a great statesman. It was lese majesty not to leap to your feet when his picture was flashed upon the screen in the movies. One artist produced a plaque in which Woodrow's profile was sandwiched between Washington's and Lincoln's. Nearly everyone joined in the orgy of adulation except Theodore Roosevelt. As Teddy was also a statesman and a historian, yearning to be a new Hannibal as well, his attitude was imputed by the Woodrovians to professional jealousy. If it had not been for the worshipers of Wilson, the Rough Rider would have fought Armageddon single-handed. If it had not been for the cohorts of Bwana-Tumbo, Wilson would have been deified. But Teddy's friends would not crook the hinges of the knee before Woodrow, and Owen Wister even wrote the red-hot line: "Truth, if she touched you, would become untrue!" Truth, in fact, had gone into hiding till the dawn of peace, so it was in no danger of contamination. It was the business of the elders to lie, and of youth to die; of preachers to pray, and of others to pay.

Conscription brought forth a number of minor comedies to mitigate the major tragedy. Many people were rudely awakened to the realization that the war was their war. Among these was the Italian laborer who was asked why he did not volunteer, and replied: "Me digga de ditch for de B. & O. and getta fiva dollar a day; me digga de trench for Cadorna, getta no pay and de cannon knocka my block off." Among these also was the well-meaning citizen who was notified he had been drafted, and sent in his resignation, informing the War Department that he was very busy.

Another effect of conscription was to

counteract the Malthusian propaganda of Mrs. Sanger. A joke became current that was not altogether a joke. "What do you call your new baby?" "Oh, I call him Weather Strip, because he kept his father out of the draft." In other families, however, the draft was considered an undisguised blessing. Two sisters were talking about the enrollment of their husbands. One was regretting that her husband had to have any part in the bloody business. The other sister was a proud patriot, and enthusiastically exclaimed: "I'm glad my Jim is going; I'm so glad I could dance with joy!" At this the colored laundress, who had been listening, chimed in: "Dem's my sentiments 'xactly. You'se a woman aftah my own heart. I'se glad my son Uriah went. Sence de day he was born, I knew he took arter his old man, an' never was no darn good. I'se glad he went. Glory to God!"

Volunteering was greatly stimulated by the Conscription Act, on the theory that the volunteer was more of a hero and also could choose a safe branch of the service. The quality of this volunteer heroism was in some cases peculiar. One patriot got a commission as a major, and immediately rushed to the secretary of his Sunday-school, to demand that his name and rank be emblazoned on the Roll of Honor back of the pulpit. Then he started for the war, in which he unflinchingly superintended the laundries of several training-camps along the Potomac. Ah, but he was a martial figure when he came home between washdays! Pro-Germans crept into sheltering alleys as his uniform paraded boldly down Main Street.

Laundries were needed, as many unclean parasites swarmed into the light of popularity from every obscure corner of society. I remember a kilted Scotchman with an asthmatic bagpipe who gave a more melancholy imitation of the melancholy Harry Lauder. He was touted and toted from school to school; his grimy knees were admired at scores of women's clubs; he was solemnly introduced as a distinguished successor of Bobbie Burns and Sir Walter Scott. He would tell his audiences the tearful tale of his two brothers—braw young men in the prime of life, now sleeping under the heather because the treacherous Hun had sent a Zeppelin to scatter tuberculosis bacilli over peaceful Scotch villages. When his poor brothers had succumbed to the galloping disease, Sandy swore vengeance, took up his deadly bagpipe and started for America to rally the school-children against the Kaiser. It never occurred to any one to ask him what his valiant brothers were doing in a peaceful Scotch village when they should have been on the Somme or the Meuse, repulsing Attila's hordes. Sandy suddenly disappeared from view, and there were rumors that his fondness for everything Scotch had impaired his usefulness. He had Sir Walter's imagination and Bobbie's parched throat.

V

The country was infested with such *problematische Naturen*. Every insurance office produced its Demosthenes to spout four-minute philippics; while every Paul Pry and Mrs. Grundy joined the terrible *Vehmgericht* which listened in on their neighbors' telephones, smashed Victrola records of "O du lieber Augustin," and did not even hesitate to stone dachshunds. The fertile brain of the hundred percenter was particularly fecund in methods for boosting the Liberty Loans, but the prize in that department should be awarded to the committee which proposed to stamp a bloody hand upon the front door of every house whose inmates were slackers. "A quarter a day keeps the Kaiser away!" shows that even the poets were enlisted in the patriotic jehad.

To exhibit common sense in those days of high altruism was a risky business. Without vanity let me tell of an uncomfortably flattering tribute to my own parts. The newspaper I was connected with had been marked for persecution by

Mr. Burleson's incredible Post Office Department. Convinced that the annoyances were aimed at me, rather than at the paper, I offered to resign, but the board of directors loyally refused to consider my resignation. "No," I was told, "if we let you resign it will look as if you were guilty of something, and matters would not be improved anyway." Accordingly, I decided to go down to Washington, and beard the lion in his den. I may have been lured somewhat by a subconscious thirst, Prohibition having come in, mitigated by rumors that the Department of Justice was regaling its witnesses with champagne cocktails and other persuasive fluids in star chambers at the New Willard.

Descending upon the metropolis of the swivel-chair patriots, I sought out a friend upon the Democratic side of Congress. "You've got to do me a favor," I said. "You've got to go over to Mitch Palmer's Hall of Fame, and find out what they have against me. Whatever it is, I want to know it, so that I can meet the issue squarely. You've got to find out for me."

"Come back tomorrow afternoon," said my friend the Congressman, "and I'll have all the dope for you."

I came back next day, and he looked dubiously amused—a bit sheepish, it seemed to me.

"Out with it," I said. "What high crimes and misdemeanors have I been guilty of?"

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you or not," he replied.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse," he said. "You don't need to worry. They told me over at the Department that they have nothing against you, but that you're a very clever man and for that reason very dangerous!"

"Wouldn't they put that in writing?" I asked. "That's a testimonial worth having!"

So I went back home, and tried to look stupidly innocuous during the remainder of the war. But I'm afraid I could not altogether live down my past reputation. One day during a Liberty Loan drive, I was going home in an open street-car, one of the Summer cars. At a street-crossing the car stopped. At the opposite corner a Liberty Loan orator was haranguing the sidewalk crowd from the seat of an open automobile. I looked and listened while the car stopped. Then he turned around in his pulpit, and I recognized him—a well-known lawyer, politician, and legislator. He recognized me, too, and as he caught my eye he winked brazenly. Then he turned round again, and told the patriotic multitude that their dollars were needed, that they must give till it hurt, to make the world safe for democracy.

I had to think of the Roman haruspices who couldn't pass one another in the streets without smiling. I had to think of Mark Twain's arraignment of the war-makers: how the statesmen "invent cheap lies" and inaugurate a course of "grotesque self-deception." And today, when I pass some of our hideous war memorials, such as a shell inscribed with names and pointing heavenward like a huge phallic symbol, I have to think that the most appropriate war monument would be Liberty winking. For it would have been the most uproarious of farces, that War to Abolish War, if it had not been the most tremendous of tragedies!

PRINCES OF THE PRESS

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

Of all journalists, the American journalist is believed to be the most clever at the general all-round work of his trade; of all American journalists, the leader in ability and position is popularly thought to be the Washington correspondent; and of all the Washington correspondents the men who form the Inner Circle, the members of the Noble Inside Guard, are those who belong to the Gridiron Club.

Aside from managing editors, European correspondents and a few gaudy special writers, such as Arthur Brisbane, Dr. Frank Crane and Bugs Baer, the Washington Bureau men are the Big Men in American journalism. Frequently, it is true, their journalistic duties are so simple that they could be performed efficiently by a twenty-year-old cub reporter. Quite often there is little to do but collect the "black sheets" or carbon copies of stories that other correspondents have written, change a few *ands* and *buts* for purposes of disguise, and put new "by-lines" over them. Any schoolboy reasonably skilled at snitching information from a seat-mate's examination paper would be ashamed to take pay for work like this. But the Washington correspondent has other duties, too, and some of them are far more complex. At times indeed, his job takes on the serious complications that used to attend the functioning of a high-powered wine salesman. He has Cabinet officers to call upon, and Senators and Congressmen to take lunch with, and occasionally there is a President with whom it is his great good fortune to exchange smart cracks. Sometimes he is even invited to take a trip on the *Mayflower*. So the Washington correspondent cannot be a mere twenty-year-old cub reporter, given only strong legs, prodigious industry and great ambition. His delicate and important office must be filled by a person obviously of some body, substance, maturity and success in the profession, and he must not be a sloppy eater.

In this clan of great ones you will find, if you look for them, a smaller group of unmistakable Big Horns. They are usually verging upon or have reached middle age, carry walking sticks, sometimes sport long-tailed morning coats during working hours, and almost always wear in the buttonholes of their coat lapels, where lesser men wear Elks' horns, Shriners' scimitars or Rotary steering-wheels, a curious little gold device like a miniature gridiron or broiling utensil. The wearer of this mysterious badge becomes so accustomed to having people tap it with their fingers and ask foolish questions about it that he is always ready with a reply, and, indeed is not a little hurt if you fail to notice it.

"That?" he will say, when the inquiry comes. "Oh, that! That's the badge of the Gridiron Club."

The inquirer, if he is more than ordinarily impressionable, will cover his face with his hands and step six paces backward, or he may prostrate himself, banging his forehead on the ground three times. Neither genuflexion will shock nor even surprise the wearer of the badge of the Gridiron Club. It will be no more than he expected.

For of all American legends, the legend of the Gridiron Club is among the most grandiose and romantic. To the average

citizen who knows Washington only as a huge photographic studio operated for the benefit of the picture postcard industry, the club is an organization of superjournalists at the fillip of whose smallest finger the greatest statesmen quiver like victims of the alcoholic shakes. The Capitol and the White House are their playgrounds; they are Bachelors of Science in government, with the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court of the United States and the Cabinet conference rooms for their laboratories. When, twice each year, they give their famous dinners—famous for the incomparable wit, the unmatchable satire, the unparalleled courage with which they lampoon Presidents, Senators, Ambassadors, and Big Business—the grade A statesmen and civic leaders of the nation fight each other tooth and nail for tickets to hear themselves handed the raspberry; while Americans of Grade B and under shudder and weep, for they know they will never see a Gridiron banquet. They know, as humble men, that they shouldn't want to, but they can't help it. When they hurry down to their front doors in their bare feet and nightshirts to snatch the papers from the hot hands of the newsboys next morning, they thank the Lord that he permits them, at least, to read guarded and discreet accounts of the great night—accounts in which the reporters have good-naturedly reproduced some of the more harmless songs and jokes, leaving the intelligent reader to guess at the amazing utterances, the world-shaking truths, the vital international plans and policies discussed at the table by all the speakers, from the President down. For the tradition is that on these Gridiron nights a statesman may speak his mind freely to the reporters, and no word of what he says will ever reach the public.

This is the Gridiron Club of American legend. What is more interesting, it is also the Gridiron Club of the imagination of its own members. For forty years now it has held its historic feasts, two of them each year. One simple ethical principle insures the quality of all of these dinners—the Gridiron Principle, handed down from generation to generation of members. That principle is, "Reporters are never present; ladies are always present." It is enunciated impressively and oracularly at the start of each banquet at the New Willard, just at the close of the march by the orchestra, poorly concealed by palms and rubber plants, the guests, meanwhile, having finished looking for their places with the aid of a complicated set of maps, lists and key numbers. The first clause means that a speaker at one of these great affairs may say what lies nearest his heart—may, indeed, unburden his soul and babble unrestrainedly of the starkest realities of government and politics in Washington—without the slightest fear that the faintest hint of his words will appear in the press on the following morning or at any other time. The second clause means that while ladies are not physically present, a guest of pure and delicate mind may eat his milk-fed squab without the sickening fear that at any moment some speaker or stuntmaster may get off a lot of the lewd stuff that is always so popular at stag dinners given by the common run of hosts. Thus the Gridiron Club furnishes the country an example of that fine American manhood which can appreciate a joke even when it is not dirty.

As a matter of fact, no word of any speech by any statesman at a Gridiron banquet has ever appeared in the papers except once, and that, by a curious coincidence, was the only time any speaker actually said anything worth printing. The loosing of lightnings, the drawing of bare blades, the unburdening of bosoms that is popularly supposed to take place at every banquet is, I fear, just another of the juicy myths upon which the American public loves to feed. It has been so for forty years, and it will probably continue to be so as long as the Gridiron Club lasts. No President but one ever has said anything in a Gridiron speech that he couldn't have said in an address of welcome in the East Room

to the members of a Boys' Corn Club from Iowa. No foreign Ambassador ever has told a Gridiron Club in semi-annual convention assembled anything he wouldn't have told his butler. No Senator ever has said anything at these dinners that he couldn't have said to—but as to the Senators, one exception must be noted, and this involves also the one President who ever let himself go at a Gridiron dinner.

Roosevelt was the President and Joseph B. Foraker was the Senator, and the story of their tilt is told by J. Fred Essary, the well-known Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, in his recent book, "Covering Washington." Foraker had always been a strong Roosevelt supporter, but had broken with him when Roosevelt attempted his railroad rate legislation. Their mutual hatred flamed up when, after the Brownsville affair of 1906, Foraker stood by the dismissed Negro soldiers, demanding and securing a Senatorial investigation, and made the whole thing a national issue.

Roosevelt and Foraker were both guests at the Gridiron dinner of 1907, and the President, sore as a bear, talked testily about his relations with the Senate and bawled out the Ohio Senator to his face for his attitude in the Brownsville matter. When Roosevelt had finished, Samuel G. Blythe, then of the New York *World* and president of the club, introduced Senator Foraker. Foraker was one of the most eloquent men in the Senate, and he got up and raked Roosevelt fore and aft; he read him as hot a curtain lecture as Teddy ever had to listen to. The Gridiron boys, far from being accustomed to that sort of thing, were as upset as parents watching their offspring throw bread-pellets while the minister is at dinner. Several times, while Foraker was replying to Roosevelt, the latter tried to jump at him, but Blythe held him down. When the Senator had done, Roosevelt hopped up, mad clear through, and hissed his imprecations at Foraker through his clenched teeth.

The ancient principle of the Gridiron Club, "Reporters are never present," was dumped into the ashcan, and next day all the papers carried the story. This fact and the fact that never before or since has anything occurred at a Gridiron dinner that would be worth a stickful of type in the weekly Middletown *Valley Register*, shears something from the splendid self-restraint of the correspondents at these affairs. Any reporter who found it difficult to restrain himself from dashing off a full and accurate report of any ordinary Gridiron speech would rush into print to the extent of two columns with a story about a Chautauqua lecture on missions in India.

II

The pride of the club, next to its guest list of great American and European statesmen, is its programme of songs, skits and take-offs on these guests and their affairs. The night of a Gridiron dinner is one of the few nights in a Washington correspondent's career when he looks down upon the Washington bureaucracy instead of up to it. For the rest of the year he approaches the office doors of the transiently mighty manipulating his hat with the same arm that holds his malacca stick. In plenty of cases, no doubt, he might with justice and propriety tweak the great man's nose instead of reverently shaking his hand, but so strong is habit and tradition that he goes to his doom thinking that all Grade A Washington officials are really great men, and Washington officialdom drifts to decay really believing that it is rather noble of it to have had anything to do with reporters at all.

The Gridiron men, therefore, approach their famous stunt programmes with the sort of fearful delight that youngsters feel on Hallowe'en with their pockets full of tick-tacks and false whiskers and their hands full of flour bags. Yet this is not entirely accurate, for there is actually much more alloy in their thrills than in any youngsters'. They have no pleasant fears, for instance, that anybody is going to

chase them with shot-guns or clubs, or sic watch dogs on them, because, in the first place, they really aren't going to hurt anybody, and, in the second place the great men they are about to razz are sure to regard them and all they do with good-humored condescension. The relationship thus achieved between the press and the leading public men of the nation is, in fact, nearly like the relationship between faculty and students that shows itself in a college annual, wherein, once a year, old Prexy and all his yes-men are pictured and hymned as an aggregation of horned demons, to their own mild amusement and the great delight of the student body.

Sometimes the skits, parodies and stunts staged at a Gridiron dinner are quite funny; again they are not. But everybody always laughs heartily. The guests include friends of members of the club, and friends of their friends, and since there are fifty members, representing newspapers in every section of the country, there will be found at the tables some of the most gullible and impressionable gentlemen the country affords. Say a correspondent's managing editor out in the Middle or Far West has some leading village Rotarian or department-store advertiser whom he wants to grease: at once he is invited. Scores of the precious invitations fall into the hands of men of that stripe; they furnish notoriously good audiences for horseplay, and the poorer the horseplay the better they like it. When great saints like Coolidge, Bryan, Wilson, Roosevelt or Pierpont Morgan are its victims the Rotarian from the Gridironer's home town fairly bursts with excitement, and goes home with his eyes popping to tell his fellow vestrymen of the dread miracles he has been permitted to look upon and live. Thus is the grandeur of Gridiron kept green.

A couple of samples will be enough to show how harmless all this wicked stuff really is. Mr. Essary tells us that in 1900, the late William Jennings Bryan was a guest of the Gridiron Club for the first time, just before his second nomination. Did the astute, disillusioned and fearless Washington correspondents put him in his place? They did. He was introduced with the following scurrilous song:

Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Oh, where have you been, Silver Billy?
I have been after delegates, and I have got most all the States;
Bet your life Silver Billy is a winner.

If the country was shaken next morning by reports of that disrespectful familiarity with Mr. Bryan, how much greater must have been the shock after a Gridiron dinner in 1924, when President Coolidge, the guest of honor, was openly taunted about his electioneering while he was in the White House and had free access to the pantry and the ice-box! While the asparagus vinaigrette was being served (all the stunts are performed while the dinner is being eaten), a chorus of Gridiron members in mortarboard caps and gowns came out and sang to the tune, "It Was My Last Cigar," this ribald and shocking song, printed in all the papers next day:

The Grand Old Party had a campaign method that was rare,
It captured votes by feeding folks on White House bill of fare;
And when the actors came to town the President to see,
They saw him at the White House and the sandwiches were free.
Chorus
The White House bill of fare,
They'll never from it part,
They gathered votes for Coolidge by campaigning *à la carte*.

Upon the *Mayflower* Mister Coolidge took them all to ride
They stood upon the quarter-deck and then were fed inside;
O'Connor brought the labor leaders down to Washington
For luncheon in the East Room and the labor vote was won.
Chorus
The White House bill of fare,
It helped to swell the vote;
They gathered them for Coolidge by campaigning *table d'hôte*.

There were many more stanzas and choruses to this ditty, and in the Gridiron Club's history of forty years there have been many more hundreds of songs on most

of the public men who have come and gone in Washington. But not one has ever overstepped the bonds of deferential regard to any greater extent than the verses quoted above, and not one song or stunt ever made the high public official who was its subject any easier to approach next morning, nor put a Washington correspondent any more at ease in approaching him. According to popular belief, the backslapping and kidding which the members of the club do *en masse* at one of their banquets is carried right on into the everyday contacts between great statesmen and the individual Washington correspondents, but popular belief in this respect is in error. At their banquets the correspondents feel an awakening of the courage of the herd, but at their daily job of gathering news they use, perforce, all the carefully calculated diffidence of the individual who must uncover secrets quietly and alone, and keep the patronage of royalty.

Since the members of the Gridiron Club are the undisputed leaders among the Washington journalists, it is upon them that responsibility usually falls for planning and executing important ceremonies that shall officially represent "the Press of the Nation." For not only are they presumed to possess a thorough knowledge of the proprieties; they are also supposed to be particularly adept at expressing great thoughts and feelings upon great occasions. Thus, when Colonel Lindbergh was on his way home last June, and the programme for his welcome was published, it became known that the chief public event on his first evening in Washington would be a reception at the National Press Club, the big social club of the Washington correspondents, to which many of the Gridiron men belong.

Tickets for this historic event were at once in great demand, for the affair, being staged by such astute fellows, would doubtless represent the very acme in receptions, and there was soon such a rush for cards that the scene of the festival had to be changed to a larger hall. It was held at the huge Auditorium at Nineteenth and E streets, and about 6,000 Washingtonians were there to see Lindbergh face to face with the one group of Americans to whom heroes are all in the day's work. Would their eminence dwarf him? Or would these blasé veterans of heroic home-comings, inaugurations, national conventions and congressional sessions be themselves swept off their feet—perhaps moved to heights or depths of feeling and expression never before attained by man?

Of one thing everybody was virtually certain: whatever the correspondents felt or did, they would feel it and do it with a certain air that no one else could show. Where others had merely rung the bell the National Press Club would give it a clang that would resound from coast to coast. This had to be true. It was in the very nature of the men and their training. Thus it is a little discouraging (though in keeping with past performances) to have to report that the Lindbergh welcome staged by the National Press Club, with Gridiron men in some of the leading rôles, was scarcely distinguishable from one of the regular Wednesday luncheon gatherings of an advertising club. The two principal differences were that there was nothing to eat and no drawings of numbers out of a hat for prize cigars and cases of mayonnaise.

It is also discouraging to have to report that the audience of government clerks lapped it up and thought it was great, although from the Washington correspondents' own personal viewpoint it was dispiriting to observe that the parts that audience liked best, next to the appearance on the stage of Colonel Lindbergh himself, were the condescending yawps of a popular radio announcer and movie house proprietor, the music of the Marine Band, and the singing of an artist consecrated to high-class phonograph records. For the virtuosity of the Washington correspondents with the peculiar tools of their trade—words and phrases—the crowd apparently had not much taste.

III

In honor of the great night the correspondents had decided to unbend and become just folks. When the managing editor who acted as presiding officer introduced the president of the National Press Club he said with the folkiest sort of air, "You know we of the National Press Club almost never let one of our presidents make a speech; the right to do the talking is reserved for all the other members, but he pleaded so hard, and anyway, there are ladies here tonight, so we decided to let him talk." He then introduced that pontiff of journalistic *belles lettres*, the president of the National Press Club, a man upon whom the benison of Gridiron had not yet fallen.

It was almost immediately evident why the others seldom let him make a speech. His stuff was simply over the average Washingtonian's head, and he seemed to realize the fact, so he mumbled it. But one caught snatches of phrase about "this winged Mercury" and "thunderbolts of Jove," and one full sentence that went:

> The thirty-three hours and thirty minutes from New York to Paris was a period of tragic suspense when the whole world poured forth in a myriad of mystic ways its admiration for the incomparable aviator.

This had some of the ring of the word-artist about it, especially the "myriad of mystic ways," but not until one read the full text in the New York *Times* on the ensuing Sunday did one soak up its full beauty from such paragraphs as this:

> Courage was his woof and fibre and it is not difficult that the stern fate inspired by this peremptory challenge of her inexorable decrees lifted her beetled brows and was touched by the very sublimity of his heroism, for she gave him a sporting chance.

Any reader who finds it difficult to make head or tail of this fine passage should remember, first, that it was uttered by a Washington correspondent from the depths of a full heart and rather soon after a heavy dinner, and second, that it is here quoted verbatim from a newspaper report which may have contained more typographical errors than sense. For instance, two or three woofs may have been omitted.

But most of the other correspondents' orations on that great night fell just as flat. Slowly the bitter realization dawned darkly on the crowd that, Washington correspondents or no Washington correspondents, they had heard the stuff before. The celebrated originality was just not there. Occasionally a bureau chief of one of the leading metropolitan dailies would get up in his dress suit and give a mighty heave and grunt for the honor of the dear old National Press Club. One such potentate, a past president of the Gridiron Club, hurled himself into the oratorical breach by shouting at the amplifier:

> The whole world was carried off its feet by an accomplishment so daring, so masterful in execution, so superb in achievement; by the picture of that onrushing chariot of dauntless youth flashing across uncharted heavens straight through the storm's barrage.

The trouble with this masterpiece, of course, was that it was constructed entirely of second-hand and third-hand materials. Nearly every word in it had been used over and over again in roaring for the same young man and the same accomplishment. Perhaps the fault was with the English language. But the thing I am discussing now is the flop on this tremendous occasion of the men popular opinion credits with a capacity for getting more out of this barren language than any other class of people, the men everybody really expected to do the thing up right.

As for the rest of the evening's programme, as arranged by these Grand Dragons of journalism, the best that could be said for it was that a bunch of Elks would have apologized for it. True, Secretary of State Kellogg and Postmaster-General New made speeches, but they were no forensic bargains, and by the time the Imperial Wizards had read their expert editorial selections from the mass of congratulatory telegrams to Lindbergh, and various gifts had been presented, the audience not only had forgotten that Cabinet officers ever

had been present, but had almost forgotten the guest of honor and would not have been surprised to hear an address by a Washington realtor on the value of owning your own home.

The phonographic baritone, one Werrenrath, concluded the programme with two songs in his most velvety manner—all scratching eliminated and no getting up to change records. Most of the audience was too stupefied with platitudes and the heat by this time to know whether he was singing or talking, but a few of the more sensitive almost fell out of their chairs as he sang the last one, and Lindbergh stared at him unbelievingly as though seeing a man swallow a whole steak. The song, announced by the radio man with his friendliest smirks and rendered by the baritone with many noble flourishes, was "They're Hanging Danny Deever In The Morning!" This seems to have been the National Press Club's idea of the last word in "Welcome Home" stunts!

It would be unfair to neglect to state that the average Gridiron banquet is handled much more expertly than was this National Press Club welcome to Lindbergh. Some of the Gridiron men, indeed, sensed the false notes in that affair. At their next dinner, if Lindbergh is invited, they will make it up to him—they will show him what the Washington literati can really do when the best of them get down to it. They will have a Lindbergh stunt, with a member, as Lindbergh, sitting in an airplane, all plastered with telegrams and lecture contracts, and another member representing President Coolidge, pinning a pie-plate medal on him, while a tuneful male chorus sings:

> Our Lindy got the nations' goats
> But Cal goes flying after votes.

This, of course, is not official. The next Gridiron dinner is still some weeks off, and everything is always planned in the strictest secrecy.

THE BROADWAY MIND

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

WALL STREET once meant a gut of a street that ran from Trinity Church to the East river. It is now a generic term for the moneyed interests of America: it connotes the Beast of the Apocalypse to the vestal souls of the Farm Bloc, and Paradise Regained to the far-clambering spirit of the ninny-wit bank messenger. What was once a street has become a state of mind.

So with Broadway. From cowpath to street; from street to a state of mind. The Bowery is now a legend and Fifth avenue is rapidly transforming itself into a Suit and Cloaka Maxima. But Broadway persists, grows, ferments. A definite chunk of matter has now become a definite state of mind—the Broadway Mind, the antithesis of Main Street, a world-scoop, an outpost of the cis-Atlantic wisecracker.

The Broadway Mind is not indigenous to Times Square. It is far-flung over the five boroughs and its nuances lap over into bucolic Nassau and Westchester. Its psychological sparkle is up-to-dateness. You are ultra-Broadway if you have heard a smutty joke that has not yet penetrated into the speak-easies, if you have been present at a private dress rehearsal of a smart play, if you heard Raquel Meller in Paris or Madrid before she came here, if you know where the Scotch is to be had that only millionaires drink, if you have the low-down on Washington, if you could discuss "Elmer Gantry" before its release, if you can whisper the next move in General Motors, if you know—"Got it straight, kid!"—why the second curtain of "Tristan" at the Metropolitan was delayed a half of an hour in rising, if you are always a ringside man at the big fights, if you have never yet been touched in a Broadway night-club—"Hell! those boys know me too well, Charlie!"—and, finally, if you can slap Roxy and Karl Kitchen on the back.

But these things are mere bubbles on the surface of the mind that Scotch cannot wither nor erratic libido stale—or stall. Let me tap deeper. The Broadway Mind is intensely serious. Behind its mask of flippancy there crouches the cunning of the pioneers. You may play between its great paws, but don't fool with its money-maw, or you will get a sudden vicious downstroke or be slain by a Sam Hoffenstein epigram. In this respect the Broadway Mind is as human and as moral as any other type of mind. To the Broadway Mind money is a spiritual thing, as Don Marquis says. Here, then, is the deep tapping and substratum of the Broadwayite's soul—money. The rise and fall of the box-office (a term which I use generically) is the barometer of the man. What the Broadwayite talks about and what he is thinking about are two different things. He can be glib and epigrammatic (delightfully so) on Mussolini, Ruth Synder, Geneva (not the gin, but the disarmament fraud), Coolidge, Al Smith, McNary-Haugen, Ford, Einstein, Kluxery, three o'clock closing, Bobby Jones, Lady Astor, sea-floundering aviation nuts, or Mexico; but what is really nibbling at his cerebrum all the time like the undying worm is the box-office. It is his preëstablished Platonic Idea. Before Abraham was, Box-Office am. The Broadway Mind is thus profoundly American. It is as patriotic as the Sub-Treasury.

The Broadway Mind exudes a form of

cynical optimism and ironic enthusiasm which are a combination of Old World disillusion and New World Pike's-Peak-or-Bust hardihood. The Broadwayite's Dionysiac Evöhé is "It's a wow!" "It's a sell-out!" "It's a clean-up!" But his salutation to Success is always tempered by the meditative biting off of a long cigar or a significantly derogatory flipping of the ashes from the end of his cigarette. It is the murmurings of the backwash of the eternal vicissitudes of the Great White Way. It looks like the Great Yellow Way to the outsider, but the Broadway Mind has called it white because those lights also reflect the bleaching bones of those who didn't reach Pike's Peak. He may be next. This ironic enthusiasm and cynical optimism flood the Broadway Mind at all points on the cow-path from the Battery to Kingsbridge. It is an old European mind that is not quite sure of the miracle-money of the Western World. It senses a diabolistic and smiling Houdini behind all the phenomena of wealth and luxury.

II

The Broadway New Yorker is, therefore, intensely concrete in his philosophy. He is unimaginative, literal. Pigs is pigs. He wants the low-down on everything. "Come to cases," "Where do I come in?" and "Show me" are his stepping-stones. The granite and the asphalt have passed into his hide and hair and bone. No star-shooting, no Cockayne rhetoric for him! He is gay, Rabelaisian, generous; but he plants his bottle of Scotch right above the dotted line. Drink—but sign! Here's a Corona-Corona, old man—but don't waste my time; if you're broke, take it out with you and smoke it after dinner. How's the wife? —but his twinkling eyes say, How's your bank account?

Broadway Man believes everybody should be Somebody. Democracy's aspiration to aristocracy is embodied in being Somebody. This Somebody should appear somewhere, somehow, some time in the daily prints. If Somebody's photograph has appeared once or twice, this person passes into the Pantheon of the Broadway Mind. Publicity is the key to a seat in the Astor grill-room at lunch. Publicity admits you to hypostatic union with the supra-Broadway Mind that flows and bubbles and squirts around the tables in the main Algonquin lunch-room, where every face is a mirror of Fame, fame in its Broadway *Gloria in Excelsis* incarnations—amazing publicity stuntists (any obscure being sitting in this room, calmly nibbling his olive, may be called and anointed for the rotogravure section at any minute), the Sainte-Beuves of the weekly book-review sections, the dowagers and the dilettantes of dramatic criticism, the Victor Hugos and Flauberts of the scenario, famous hog-the-close-ups, pontifical Brahmins of the pen who syndicate the doings of the Broadway Mind to the *gobe-mouches* of the sticks, the crême de la skim of sophisticated column writers, the Westchester branch of the *Saturday Evening Post*, pale hang-overs from the old Forty-second Street Country Club, playwrights who have made vast fortunes dumbing up Ibsen and Sardou, actors and actresses who played in "Sam'l of Posen" and with Clara Morris, and the younger generation who are preparing to burst the cocoon of obscurity and flit away into the empyrean of a four-column picture on the Sunday theatrical pages. The very Valhalla of Broadway Somebody!

The Broadwayite *de rigueur* must be a member of the Lambs, the Friars, the Greenroom, the Newspaper, the Players, the Jewellers' or the New York Yacht Club. Naturally, he is eligible to all night-clubs. He may belong to anything but the Union League. There are cenacles for the ladies, too. For the Broadway Mind is gregarious, group-proud, and often freely co-educational. Nothing is farther from it than the aloofness of Saint Francis of Assisi. If it has secrets, they are more Rotarian than Rosicrucian. It has a Big Brother air in its unsophisticated moments and a gay minstrel, well-Mr.-Bones expression in

its more expansive and sophisticated hours. For a Broadwayite to pass through *the* District—or even Madison Square—and not to shake twelve hands and get three back-slaps a block causes a lowering of vitality and cardiac palpitation. For a Broadwayite to pass through Longacre Square, march north and be utterly unslapped, unsaluted, un-howd'd or un-whistled-to, might cause cerebral congestion. It has occurred to me so many times since Prohibition that I no longer consider myself a Broadway Mind. It is for this reason that I am now silently cultivating my own garden in Gramercy Park—*outside* of the Players' Club.

When Little Rock or Natchez thinks of the Broadway Mind it naturally connotes Gayety (and then spits a large, contemptuous spit nor' nor'-east). Gayety is right. It is one of the elements of the Broadway Mind. But it is a hectic, febrile gayety. It is a gayety that feeds on memories, of which more anon. It is a gayety that always seems to be covering up something—a fence, a mask, a mockery of spontaneous joy. Life in these ghastly funnels called New York is brain-battering and nerve-shredding. New York would be an eyeful for Argus. It is a neurotic Octopus. Father Knickerbocker is gangliopathic. On this physical basis what aberrant flowers of gayety blow! When I try to connote the gayety of the Broadway Mind I think naturally of the flowers of Gaugin and Odilon Redon or the panels of Bob Chanler. It is an alcoholic, a shrieking, a morphinated, an hysterical gayety. It is shoddy dyed to look like gold, like almost everything else in America.

By extension, the term Broadway Mind might cover all of sophisticated, artistic, literary, Ritzy New York. But here also there is no joy found. Life and personal experience do not stimulate its laughter. Speed, noise, alcohol and smut are rammed into the hides of persons at parties, in the theatre or in the jazz-bedlams with gigantic syringes. They all want to be doped. Conversation and wit are gone. Some one cackles an epigram into somebody else's gin-glass. Songs are hiccoughed. They stamp the floor and roll off of lounges, turn nympholeptic flip-flops, bawl at one another from table to table, and hurl chicken-bones at the simpering host or hostess ("high-tea") to convince themselves they are alive. They pinch their consciousness with the monkey-wrench of alcohol, squawk and speed till it screams. Belly-born and brain-born gayety—not a vestige. The Broadway Mind is a camp-meeting of Furies when it lets loose.

III

Ah! but there was a different kind of Broadway once upon a time! (Yes, this is now a Palmy Days wheeze—make the most of it!) There was, in consequence, a different kind of Broadway Mind. Because, I suppose, there was a different kind of America. The New York I first came to live in, in 1899, and the New York of today show the difference between Shanley's restaurant and a Nedick nookery. The former had not become, as yet, a giant cash register with the "no sale" card torn out. Its motive was not money, but a gay *laissez aller*, a five-cent-beer-and-pretzel joviality. Machinery had not yet conquered. Those garbage transporters, the subways, were unknown. There were beer picnics in Central Park. The sea-going night cab was as mysteriously enchanting as a trick cabinet. Fifth avenue was Bohemian up to Madison Square (the Brevoort, Fleurot's, Wallace's—conversation and wine that are no more!). Tom Platt kinged it in the Amen Corner in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, while old Dave Grey bounced us out of the Hoffman House bar with a nosegay in his coat and "McCarthy's Daughter" on his lips. Instead of sky-scrapers, a *table d'hôte* with free red ink. The confidence man was delightfully conversational. Family beer gardens on the Bowery. Seidel-drinking contests in Lüchow's between Jim Huneker and Anton Seidl. Open barouches up to the Metropole, where you might see Edgar Saltus leaping

from the second-story window. God was on his throne. All was well with the Constitution.

The hard-boiled face was not known in New York in those days. The New Yorker loved his city with the same fervor that a boulevardier loves his Paris. Today the New York air is gone. It is not distinguishable from the Chicago air or the Philadelphia air. No one now ever hears a New Yorker say "I love New York." His face has become ashen and sober. He tolerates New York. It is no longer Little Old Bagdad, but a stern mother-strumpet, an eater of men, Moloch. It is now the City of Dreadful Necessity. The evolution of New York has been from a gay, free, easy-going city to a chilly city of stone and steel, where loitering, sauntering and skylarking are taboo, where "mum's the word" is printed on every face. The soft, beery eye has given way to the hard, cold eye of steel stuck in drawn faces poisoned by bootleg. Once civilized, New York is not even barbaric now. It is Yahoo-Land out of the brain of a Poe.

The Broadway Mind, before the war, was rather an unsophisticated mind, an honest mind. There was no bluff about it. It fought, it talked with bare knuckles. It was Life Abounding. It played the races and poured its winnings down its gullet at Manhattan Beach, Rector's, Shanley's and Jack's. It sang in the open. It looked on business as a means. To-day business is an end in itself to the Broadwayite. No one meets another casually. If it's lunch or an evening party it is because some one is going into some one's pocket or looking for a job. In old New York *camaraderie* was sufficient unto itself. Shake, and take a drink, and can the shop. It was a simple mind, an hospitable mind, a give-and-take mind in those days. It blew the coin, puked and laughed.

The old Broadway Mind came to its apogee in Jack's. In Rector's, Shanley's, Churchill's and other Broadway places there was always a medley of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Altoona. But Jack's was New York. Jack's was the Broadway Mind afloat and awash. It never closed. It never permitted music. It had no clock. For credit—I *know*—the sky was the limit. You could sleep there where you drank—I have. It was a nightly sanhedrin of wine agents, gamblers, actors, newspaper men, jockeys, celebrated writers, newspaper proprietors, painters, sculptors, opera singers, millionaires out of the Social Register, football heroes, prize-fighters. I have seen in one night in Jack's Edgar Saltus, William Randolph Hearst, Diamond Jim Brady, Booth Tarkington, Harry Thaw and John Barrymore. In those olden, golden days I have heard every subject under the sun discussed—New Yorkers argued in those days and had convictions. The Broadway Mind spilled all it knew. The rising generation of New Yorkers simply cannot visualize Jack's (I was a constant attendant at those all-night services for over twenty years). My one hope is constantly to whet the appetites of their malleable minds to the point where the Boy Scouts will rise *en masse*, toss their radios into the Hudson, and cry to the Fathers in Washington, "Give us back the Broadway Mind that flowered in Jack's!" Catch 'em young! says Mother Church.

IV

A reflex of this Broadway Mind of today is the tabloid mind. The tabloids are the preparatory schools for the vulgar sophistication of the Broadway Mind of tomorrow. The girls and boys who devour these sewer-rags in the subway by the million will be the Broadway wisecrackers of another year. Their literature, their drama, their epigrams, their knowledge, their cynicism, their ideals (if any), their very mode of dressing will come out of these neo-penny-dreadfuls. Forth from this tabloid gutter will come the publicity lunatics, the shoddy intellectuals, the smart Alecks, the have-you-seen-mes? the "good showmen," the first-night exhibitionists of tomorrow —a further decadence of the Broadway Mind. Live and verify what I say.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

THE learned chief editorial writer of the Pasadena *Star-News:*

> Newspapers are to be thanked, for the most part, for the heightened intelligence and stabilized judgment of the people on things political.

NOTE on the state of American civilization from Hollywood:

> There seem to be a great number of people in the United States who do not read newspapers, according to numerous letters being received at the offices of the United Artists Corporation, asking questions about the late Rudolph Valentino. The mail is still so heavy that it has been necessary to put a special secretary on the work. The letters include requests that Valentino mail the writers photographs of himself; many tell how much they admire his work and numerous others ask what the title of his next picture will be.

TRACT circulated in the same appalling town:

> SPOONING—PETTING
>
> The worst degeneracy known to the human family is the filthy act of spooning, and it has been truly said that it is an act universal. . . . Spooning is the vilest form of degeneracy known to mankind, it is dirty, it is nasty, it is filthy—and yet, even those who profess to be decent and respectable, and even the most religious, will resort to that vulgar act of spooning without any compunction of conscience whatever. The newspapers most everywhere will dwell on the subject, and it is occasionally discussed by women writers in our metropolitan dailies, regardless of the fact that no one spoons unless burning with lust.
>
> When the sex pervert is haled into court to be tried by a jury of men and women, they may bring in a verdict of guilty when they themselves (the entire twelve) ought to be ashamed, for the poor unfortunate brought before the bar of justice is put to shame by the very ones whose acts in privacy are just as depraved as the act committed by the so-called sex pervert. If the spooner is called respectable, and the sex pervert called *not* respectable, then God forbid!
>
> REV. AMOS BINNEY

COLORADO

THE REV. DR. J. C. MCILHENNEY, pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Denver, as reported by the *Rocky Mountain News:*

> God is the greatest advertiser and He blazed the way in outdoor advertising.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

PORTRAIT of an American worthy in the celebrated Washington *Daily News:*

> Dr. Joseph G. B. Bulloch, 2700 18th street, N. W., has an unusual place among men with long organization affiliations. It is pretty generally agreed that he has founded more patriotic and historical societies than any other Washingtonian. Secondly, he claims the record for membership in these organizations. Dr. Bulloch founded or helped found the Order of Lafayette, Order of Washington, Order of Pulaski, Order of the Secret Pact, Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, Order of the White Crane, Sons of the Revolution of Georgia, and the National Genealogical Society. He also belongs or has belonged to the Society of Colonial Cavaliers, Order of the Barons of Runnymede, Georgia Medical Society, Florida Medical Society, Arizona Medical Territorial Association, American Public Health Association, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

FLORIDA

THE art and science of municipal government in the great city of Madison:

> PROCLAMATION!
>
> The continued drought in our county is becoming a serious and an alarming problem to our people—
>
> If continued, the results will be a failure of our crops and as a consequence much suffering to many—
>
> There is *One* who has never failed us when called upon by his faithful followers in the right spirit—
>
> A mass meeting is called to assemble at the First Methodist Church in Madison on *Monday*, at 10:30 A.M., to offer up our petitions to the Giver of all things for relief from the prevailing drought—
>
> Lay aside your pleasures and your business and come with meekness prepared to offer up your prayers to our Heavenly Father at this time.
>
> The Fire Alarm will be the signal to gather.
>
> If a season of rain should intervene we will assemble for thanks.
>
> *All places of business are requested to close for this hour.*
>
> E. J. HARRIS, *Mayor.*

GEORGIA

INCIDENT of the Christian life among the Aframerican devotees of Dahlonega, as reported by the eminent *Nugget:*

> The dark complected black man, who appeared in Dahlonega about a month ago, and got up in the colored church, claiming to be a North Carolina preacher one hundred and thirty miles from home, remained around about a week, till they raised him a right nice little purse of money, saying he would return the 4th Sunday of last month and give them another and better course of his religion. Notwithstanding the old chicken roosters went to sleep on a high limb every night during his stay here. Although there was no danger for them, but they didn't know it, because the sisters had their acting good man three meals a day, with ham and steak, streaked gravy and eggs cooked on one side. Well, the day arrived, but no Negro. The people of Dahlonega, both white and black, have been imposed upon by strangers who claimed to be overloaded with religion before.

EFFECT of the Al Smith propaganda in the capital of the Invisible Empire, as revealed by an ecclesiastical notice in the eminent Atlanta *Journal:*

> "I WOULD RATHER BE A ROMAN CATHOLIC THAN A MODERNIST, UNITARIAN, OR CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST"
>
> *SUBJECT 7:30 P. M.*
>
> ALSO
>
> *Cotton Belt Quartette*
>
> BAPTIST TABERNACLE
>
> WILL H. HOUGHTON, *Pastor*

FROM the Rules and Regulations of the State Normal School, the jewel of Statesboro:

> 14. "*Dates.*" "Dates" or calls from young men will be allowed only with the permission of parents and the approval of the President or Dean of the College. Arrangements must be made separately for each caller and no caller may stay longer than one hour and a half, nor come oftener than twice per month.

IDAHO

WANT AD in the *National Miller*, of Chicago:

> POSITION WANTED—Boomer miller; 46 years of old age; have family, poor eyesight, deaf in one ear, hard hearing in the other, know very little about milling, been in the game 25 years, and have spent much time in oiling and sweeping. Reference not worth anything to you or me either. I will take a chance. Are you game? W. V. Miller, P. O. Box 793, Nampa, Idaho.

ILLINOIS

ITEM in the glorious history of the Chicago cops, as revealed by the Spokane correspondent of the Tacoma, Wash., *Times:*

> Chicago's police officials Monday wired local authorities: "Is the reward for Isadore Edelstein still good? We have located a man positively identified as Edelstein, Spokane robber. We know where he is." "So do we," was the wired answer of Chief of Police McDonnell. "He's in jail here at Spokane and has been for two years."

WHAT people talk about and are envious of in Decatur, as disclosed by the *Review:*

> Mack VanDeventer of Westfield, N. J., who is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. VanDeventer, and his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David H. Patterson, was one of the many who saw and greeted Col. Charles A. Lindbergh when he arrived in New York. From Mr. VanDeventer's New York office on Wall street could be obtained an excellent view of the bay. The entire marine parade of more than 200 ships was easily seen by Mr. and Mrs. VanDeventer and the latter's sister, Miss Helen Patterson of Decatur. Later they had a glimpse of Lindbergh.

EXULTANT gloat of Capt. Melville Mucklestone, past commander of Woodlawn Post, No. 175, American Legion, in *Hob-Nails*, the weekly publication of the local organization:

> The time has already arrived, and rightly so, when civic matters, to receive consideration and acceptance by the public, must have the stamp of Legion approval.

KANSAS

ECCLESIASTICAL news from Fort Scott:

> A colored woman harangued on religion at Wall and Main streets Saturday night, swinging a three-pound carp on a stringer in one hand and a gallon bucket in the other. Yesterday afternoon she held a service all by herself at the same intersection, beginning about three o'clock and continuing until the Salvation Army drowned her out around eight o'clock last night.

LITERARY news from Lawrence:

> The Shakespeare Club had an unusually interesting meeting with Mrs. J. E. Wilson. The members responded to roll call by giving quotations from Kansas authors. The study of "The Comedy of Errors" was begun. Two papers were also given, one by Mrs. C. A. Lane on "Walt Mason" and the other by Mrs. Hewitt Taylor on "Edgar Guest." . . . On next Wednesday evening this club will entertain the husbands at a seven o'clock dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Ruchty.

KENTUCKY

HUMAN progress in the Bible Belt, as set forth in an advertisement in the eminent Louisville *Times:*

An Unusual New Life Insurance Policy Insures Your Church the Biblical "One-Tenth"

This is called the "Tithe Policy." For fifteen years it pays the church, or any other institution you may designate, $10 per year, per thousand dollars of insurance. (For example, if the amount of the policy is $10,000.00 the annual payment would be $100.00.)

These payments are made annually for fifteen years. Upon death one-tenth of the principal ($1,000.00 if the policy is for $10,000.00) is paid to the church. The remainder goes to the beneficiary. . . .

The "Tithe Policy" was originated by the Inter-Southern Life. It is an example of how this Company is serving you better through new and practical ways of using life insurance. Any agent of the Company will be glad to give you full details about it.

Inter-Southern Life Insurance Company
CAREY G. ARNETT, *President*
Home Offices, Louisville, Ky.
Capital, Surplus and Reserve for the Protection of Policyholders
$13,563,462.03

MARYLAND FREE STATE

The Hon. Fred P. Adkins, former president of the Delmarva Eastern Shore Association, as reported by the Baltimore *News:*

I say it reverently, when anyone asks me who started the Delmarva Eastern Shore Association, I answer, God.

MASSACHUSETTS

Dithyrambs sung to the tune of "My Rosary" by the Men of Vision assembled at New Bedford in the annual conference of Rotary's Thirty-First District:

Come, come, I love you, Rotary!
My heart is true.
Come, come, my life was lonely till I met you.
Come, come, naught can efface you.
Everyone's longing to embrace you.
Thou are for me.
Come, come, I love you only,
My Rotary.

MICHIGAN

Patriotic doings in the great city of Detroit, as reported by a spy serving the eminent *Nation:*

You and your readers may be interested to know that the Michigan Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution has appointed its committees for the coming year, and that on the Committee on Public Welfare and Defense are Truman H. Newberry and Edwin Denby, and on the Committee on Americanization and Patriotic Education is Charles Beecher Warren.

Humane ukase issued by the commander of Camp Custer:

HEADQUARTERS
Camp Custer, Michigan

Circular No. 3

Par. II. *Serving of Onions at Meals.*

No onions will be served at any mess of the Regular Army, Organized Reserves, ROTC, or CMTC on dates on which scheduled dances are to be held for the respective components.

By order of Colonel Sheldon.

D. A. Stroh
Captain, Infantry, (DOL)
Adjutant.

MISSOURI

Religious news from Cape Girardeau:

Continuing his series of sermons on "Automobile Religion," the Rev. H. C. Hoy at the Centenary Methodist Church Sunday night will speak on the subject, "The Filling Station." His opening sermon of this series on "A Flat Tire" drew a large crowd to the evening services last Sunday.

NEBRASKA

Return address on the business envelope of a Louisville idealist:

THE HOLINESS SHAVING PARLOR
S. W. Ball, Proprietor
Louisville, Nebraska
HAVE FAITH IN GOD

NEW JERSEY

Patriotism comes to the aid of the judicial arm in Atlantic City:

"Join the Navy or go to jail for six months," was the ultimatum imposed in court by Recorder Cono upon Dan Maloney, eighteen, a bellhop in a beach front hotel, when the youth was arraigned a third time to answer a charge of disorderly conduct.

NEW YORK

News imparted to a palpitating world over the sign manual of the Hon. Arthur Brisbane:

The Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton, the New York Fundamentalist, says Christ's coming will eclipse even Lindbergh's reception.

From the Clip-Sheet of the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.:

Trial for neglect of duty is faced by teachers in the public schools of New York City who absent themselves from school in order to marry or to take a wedding trip. Such action, according to a recent general circular to the

schools, is regarded by the superintendent of schools and the board of superintendents as inexcusable and a neglect of duty.

MIRACLE reported from a branch office of the Christian Scientists:

THE MISSION YACHT ASSOCIATION, INC.
411-415 Thirty-sixth Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

During the month a steamship blew up in the Erie Basin. She had been supplied with Christian Science literature, and not one of the sailors on board was injured. A miracle, said the shore people; the protection of Divine Love that comes through Christian Science, said the sailors. One of the sailors, however, that was on the pier was injured. He regained consciousness in the hospital after the cuts in his face had been sewed up. He declined their medicine and a few days later came to the Home Port. That morning, he said, he neglected to read his "Unity of Good" which he received in his Christmas Comfort Kit. The scars on his face was hardly noticeable and he was grateful for Christian Science, and said his limited knowledge of which saved him from being blown to pieces. All his clothing was gone and we supplied his need, including a new Comfort Kit with another "Unity of Good."

Very sincerely yours,
CAPT. BENN, *Secretary.*

NORTH CAROLINA

OATH exacted of candidates for the schoolma'm's office in the swamps of Eastern North Carolina, as reported by a correspondent of the eminent *Nation:*

I promise to take a vital interest in all phases of Sunday-school work, donating of my time, service, and money without stint for the uplift and benefit of the community.

I promise to abstain from all dancing, immodest dressing, and any other conduct unbecoming a teacher and a lady.

I promise not to go out with any young men except in so far as it may be necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work.

I promise not to fall in love, to become engaged or secretly married.

I promise to remain in the dormitory or on the school grounds when not actively engaged in school or church work elsewhere.

I promise not to encourage or tolerate the least familiarity on the part of any of my boy pupils.

I promise to sleep at least eight hours a night, to eat carefully, and to take every precaution to keep in the best of health and spirits in order that I may be better able to render efficient service to my pupils.

NORTH DAKOTA

SINISTER public notice in the Devils Lake *World:*

WARNING: Flanie Peterson. You are forbidden to come on the Munig farm home and also keep your nose out of the telephone leading to the farm home. You must respect this notice. If you don't, you will respect the buckshot.

(*Signed*) JOHN MUNIG.

OHIO

LITERARY news from the progressive town of Howard:

The Browning Literary Society gave its semi-monthly programme Friday afternoon. A splendid paper on the origin of baseball and a reading entitled "Casey at the Bat" were interesting features of the afternoon's programme.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE worship of God in Philadelphia, as reported by the eminent *Record:*

As soon as it was clear to the audience of nearly 3000 who crowded Grace Baptist Temple last night that the pastor, Dr. Alonzo Ray Petty, was going to answer a thunderous "No" to his topic, "Should His Religion Bar Al Smith from Running for President?" about fifty persons arose and walked out as if on preconcerted signal, while one woman shouted hysterically, "Have you kissed the Pope's toe yet?" As the persons, whom Dr. Petty later characterized as strangers and not members of his church, were walking out, the pastor called to the organist, Frederick E. Starke, "Play the Funeral March." Then, turning to the 3000 who remained, Dr. Petty said: "I see most of you knew when a fellow needs a friend." He was greeted by a roar of applause.

THE REV. MICHAEL EARLS, vice-president of Holy Cross College, speaking before the Wilkes-Barré Rotarians:

More than even the colleges, which are sometimes theoretical, the service clubs are the guards of American culture.

NEWS item in the distinguished Sunbury *Daily:*

C. C. Fisher is confined to his home with illness at the corner of Fourth and Hanover streets.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SOLEMN notice to both the damned and the sanctified, by the Hon. Marvin R. Reese, "lawyer and character analyst" of the rising town of Greer:

We are living in the very last days before the second coming or reign of Christ. The race has been run and all the prophesies concerning man have been fulfilled. MARK THIS PROPHESY AND REVELATION: THIS EARTH WILL MOVE INTO ANOTHER CLIME WITHIN TEN YEARS AND CHRIST WILL BE HERE TO RULE, REIGN, JUDGE, SENTENCE

AND FREE. These truths are not only shown by the numerous revelations in recent months all over the world for they are also in line with all the history of the world. Every insincere and stony heart shall crumble, melt, confess and repent and every knee shall bow. This is the most momentous year since Christ. The world needs men of vision, revelation, thinkers and men of truth as it never has. The world has not been living; it has been only existing upon the mere physical. Men and women still dread, fear and try to avoid the whole truth. But alas! It is coming with great speed. The "I told you so's" will soon be in abundance. Closely observe the events of the 25th day of December, 1927.

TENNESSEE

ADVERTISEMENT in the Nashville *Tennessean:*

A kiss will last but a day, ten pounds of candy she will eat and forget, the roses you send will fade with the dawn, but a Persian kitten or a police puppy is an hourly reminder of you. Write us for prices. Mc's Eden Kennels. Franklin, Tenn.

TEXAS

NEWS item from the celebrated Houston *Post-Dispatch:*

Following some criticism by Confederate veterans, the newly designated name of the Abraham Lincoln school was changed to Sidney Lanier, and that of the Theodore Roosevelt school was changed to Albert Sidney Johnston, at an informal meeting of the school board.

DIVERTISSEMENTS of the he-men of Galveston:

Approximately sixty Kiwanians and ladies attended the ladies' night cabaret-vaudeville programme given at Gaido's. At the conclusion of the programme a handshaking contest was staged, wherein all men were required to shake hands with as many ladies as they could in the space of one minute. J. M. Parke won with a total of seventy-four handshakings.

SPORTING news from the rising town of Bryan:

A unique and novel entertainment feature of a recent Sunday-school class social here was a talking contest between Mrs. H. S. Locke and Mrs. H. L. Durham. The judges were compelled to declare the contest a tie, as neither contestant paused a moment or showed the slightest sign of weakening during the time allotted to the contest.

VIRGINIA

ECCLESIASTICAL circular widely distributed in the lovely town of Scottsville:

READ, READ, READ!

State District Sunday School Convention, to meet at *Sharon Church,* in Albemarle county, on Sunday, at 10:30 A. M. Be on time and hear the President unfold the Bible. It contains 3,566,480 letters, even number; all these letters spell 773,746 words, even number; all these words make 31,173 verses, odd number; all these verses make 1189 chapters, odd number. The odd verse and the odd chapter are both found on the same page, and written by a man who walked with God; the odd line is found on a different page and contains only six words, one for each day in the week, and in my Bible has the meaning written in small letters at the end of the line, meaning made bright or made new. The words in the odd chapter represent the number of years Christ lived and preached, commencing with praise and ending with praise.

The President is a man named John, raised in Buckingham, and never made a speech in his life, never got further in education than the sixth grade, has been married twice, and is a plug horse trader. He went to a convention in 1926, heard fine speeches made, but he did not know enough to speak on. In the afternoon John was nominated president of the Convention for 1927—the presiding president at that time stated we always nominate two or three and vote on them, but they refused to nominate anybody but John, and gee, what mistakes people can make, but there must have been some cause for this. John had his vision before this, took his teams and men, cut logs and hauled lumber, and helped to build the church where moonshining and hunting on Sunday was being conducted. That church lives and John helps in teaching Sunday-school in this church. The first meeting ever held in regard to building this church was held in John's home, and whenever you take the church into your home the Bible will unfold itself to you. I am fully convinced that God hands down to the man that hands up. John was a name brought down by the angel Gabriel from Heaven before John was born, and he said "his name shall be called John." So was Jesus' name brought down by the same angel. John and Jesus were cousins on their mother's side. Where does the Bible say this, "Let John tell you at the Convention"? John will first talk on evolution and then show what the Bible said about it. You certainly ought to hear this. John expects to talk just forty minutes, will talk from four texts, the first text, "Ye Are God's Building"—the second, "We Are His House"—the third, "We Are His Spiritual Temple"—the fourth, "Jesus Christ Being the Chief Corner Stone." Where are John's texts found in the Bible?

Talk about Sam Jones, D. L. Moody, and Billy Sunday, you ought to hear John, the uneducated man, who wants to talk to five hundred people the first time he talks from the pulpit. Bring the children. Lo, children are an inheritance of the Lord (Psalm CXXVII, 3). Where there is no vision the people perish (Proverbs XXIX, 18).

Meet me at the Convention—

JOHN R. ELAM,
Box 4, Scottsville, Va.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the grand old town of Norfolk:

Last year the Four County Fair Association, which annually holds a county fair at Suffolk, had a hog-calling contest. This year the association is arranging a husband-calling contest and inquiries indicate the announcement is creating wide interest. The contest is to be open to all married women and the decision of the judges will be based on the persuasive qualities of the call, the language in which it is couched, and the amount of endearment or command put into it.

WASHINGTON

PSYCHIATRICAL discovery in lovely Yakima, as revealed by the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer:*

The source of man's wickedness was disclosed today by Leon D. Green of this city, in an address before a luncheon meeting of the Christian Brotherhood. It comes, he said, from a "torrid zone" in the brain, an inch and a half thick from the ears up. Persons who commit suicide are soft behind the ears, he said.

FROM the catalogue of studies of the celebrated State Normal School:

SOCIAL ETHICS

2. Camp Fire Leadership Training Course. 2 credits. This course will include lectures on the principles and theories of Camp Fire, girl psychology, leadership, and citizenship; laboratory work in the form of practical demonstrations in homecraft, campcraft, healthcraft, handcraft and nature study.

3. Scout Leadership Training Course. 2 credits. This course will include the principles and theories of the Boy Scouts, boy psychology, leadership, and citizenship; laboratory work in the form of practical demonstrations in campcraft, scout craft, handcraft, and nature study.

POLITICAL advertisement in the Tacoma *News-Tribune:*

LIVED HERE SINCE 1888

Paying taxes for thirty-six years. I trimmed lights for seven years, from 1889 till 1906. I voted here when it was a territory. I have six children and the oldest one is not eighteen yet, and all are girls. Their mother died five years ago; and I put my name in for constable. I would like to have one term. It would help me. I did not get cards out. I need what I have instead of spending money to get a $100 job, and I would be thankful to the people of Tacoma if they vote for me. Yours truly,

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

7031 Park avenue.

WEST VIRGINIA

ANOTHER reason why this great State is internationally famous for its educational standards, as revealed by the Shepherdstown *Register:*

The incoming board of education of Opequon district in Berkeley county will not tolerate school teachers who wear short skirts, according to an announcement made by the Rev. William Hesse, a retired Lutheran minister, who was elected to membership on the board last Fall. Sixteen teachers will be needed in the district, and Mr. Hesse has informed them that if they want to teach in the district they must sign a contract that they will wear dresses "reaching from their Adam's apple to their ankles."

WISCONSIN

PROFOUND deliberations of the apostles of Service in the town of Waukesha:

A much heated discussion by way of debate is to come up at a joint meeting of the Waukesha Kiwanis Club and the Waukesha Rotary Club on Thursday night. The question is, "Resolved, That the use of the old fashioned night shirt is more beneficial to the health of the community than are pajamas." The Rotary Club will uphold the pajama while the Kiwanis will defend the night shirt.

WYOMING

REFINED item from the society columns of the Meeteetse *News:*

Miss Elberta Pickett, a denizen of the town of Manderson, is enjoying a visit here, inhaling and exhaling this bracing mountain air and inhaling the hospitality that abides in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Harvey.

THE PHILIPPINES

WANT AD in the Manila *Daily Bulletin:*

WANTED: Sealed bids for life size oil paintings to portray "A Congressman in Action"; two canvases to show (1) Congressman defying imperialistic colonel at a social affair; (2) Congressman defying dictates of decency by dining with Governor General in shirt sleeves, knickers and golf sox.—Sign painters will please not apply. P. O. Box 2776, Manila.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

CABLE from Berlin:

"The most important task of science is to invent a machine which will register rays of mutual sympathy between a couple who want to get married," declared Karin Michaelis, noted author, to an audience here tonight in a lecture on "Happiness in Marriage."

THE PASSING OF VAUDEVILLE

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

Two mammoth movie palaces stand side by side in Chicago's Loop section. The blaze of electric lights on one announces that Paul Ash "and his mad, merry gang" are presenting "Harem Hokum," followed by Marie Provost in some movie or other. A score of attendants dressed up like comic opera chorus-men handle the dense crowd outside. Inside, the house is full to capacity. But the throng is patient, sheeplike, waiting its turn to gaze on the wonders of "Harem Hokum"—and the fair face of the celebrated Marie Prevost.

The columns run snake-like to the corner, where there is a break just sufficient for those who have business to do to get past. Round this corner follow more columns, officered as before by the comic opera ushers. They move slowly, these hundreds, thousands. The other night I timed the parade and found folks who waited in line an hour and a half for a chance to see "Harem Hokum"—and the picture.

This first crowd was lined along the north half of the block. The other theatre was playing a picture called "The Naked Truth." "For Women Only—Over Twenty-One Years of Age" said one electric sign. "Men and Children Barred Because of the Delicacy of the Subject" said another. The inference was plain enough. Women of all ages, many of them evidently less than the required twenty-one years, were here battalioned by another crew of ushers, receiving and transmitting their signals, moving and halting their troops in the slow approach to the doors and the ultimate squint at "The Naked Truth." These women occupied the lower half of the block—easily fifteen hundred of them, waiting by the hour for seats.

"I didn't know there were so many dirty-minded women in the world, never mind Chicago," spoke a man loudly as he gazed at the spectacle. But instead of being offended, those who heard him laughed.

Mr. Paul Ash is a large, husky man who wears his hair in the style made famous by Tom Powers in the days when he drew cartoons of the dove of peace laying its eggs in the hind locks of William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Ash has a big orchestra which plays all the latest tunes. While it does so he stands in front of it, shaking himself after the manner of a Western butter-and-egg man taking a well-liquored fling on Texas Guinan's dance-floor. As he leads his musicians he indulges in intimate conversation with members of the audience. He borrows candy from the girls who sit in the front rows and either eats it himself or throws it at one of his players. How the seat buyers love his elephantine antics. With what, in Joe Miller's prime, was a snappy quip and jest he introduces the occasional hoofers and ballad singers. In honor of the title of the current show, "Harem Hokum," he is dressed up as a sheik. Next week he will do the same thing, but probably arrayed as a gondolier and calling his act "A Night in Venice."

Before Mr. Ash appears on the stage an organist plays popular songs to a colored slide accompaniment, exactly as was done in nickelodeons twenty years ago. As the words are placed on the screen the audience joins in. If the response is weak, other slides are inserted to demand a pep-up. In so many words these cash customers are

old that they are not working hard enough. From noon till midnight Chicago jams the theatre to the doors. Mr. Ash has been harem-hokuming at this stand for over a year. Folks must like it, for there he stays at a salary which would bring a thrill of envy from many a movie star.

Two blocks up the street is the Bigtime Vaudeville house. No line-up there. No army of comic opera ushers. Seats a plenty all the time. Just fourteen such houses are left open over the length and breadth of the land. The public wants "Harem Hokum" and a picture and has so emphatically informed the vaudeville magnates. After long doubt and lingering they have at last grasped the sorry fact, and now, at the eleventh hour, they have taken a leaf from the books of the movie men. Henceforth it's going to be pictures and hokum versus pictures and more hokum. The victory will be to those who hokum best—or is it worst?—on the screen and before the footlights.

So Bigtime has brought about a $250,000,000 merger which joins up the Keith-Albee Vaudeville Circuit—the original Bigtime; the Orpheum Circuit—Bigtime with combination pictures and vaudeville; the Stanley Company—a picture house chain, and the Moss theatre chain—pictures and pop vaudeville. Into this pot has been thrown the Pathé Exchange—producer and distributor of short length films and a news reel, and the Producers' Distributing Corporation—a feature making and selling company which started off a few years ago with much fanfare of trumpets. Along with the latter company comes the spectacular Cecil de Mille, whose latest masterpiece, "The King of Kings," provides two things at which to wonder. One is the re-writing of Holy Writ so as to take away the blame for the Crucifixion from the ancestors of the movie magnates. The other is the selection by a man of de Mille's presumed sagacity of the foxy-faced H. B. Warner to play the Galilean Carpenter.

Into this expeditionary force will be thrown, in all probability, the producing organization and theatres of the First National Picture Corporation, which was ace-high not so long ago, but has been slipping. This company is controlled by the Stanley theatre chain, already a member of the new combination.

Here, then, are the materials with which Bigtime prepares for its last desperate battle with the movies.

II

In the old days, when most of the present movie barons were buttonhole makers, pants pressers or glove salesmen, Bigtime Vaudeville, fat, prosperous and contemptuous of the movies, had as its chief competitor one Marcus Loew. It was dollar-and-a-half vaudeville against twenty-five-cent stuff, with the difference in price about equal to the difference in the material offered. Loew prospered exceedingly, doing business on the sound principle that there were more people with a quarter to spare for entertainment than there were with a dollar and a half. His was the same argument that was once advanced by a famous employé of the Hearst newspaper organization, when asked by another brilliant editor why he did not endeavor to lift up the tone and style of its publications.

"We can write down to far more folks than we can ever write up to," was his answer.

Loew was among the first to see the possibilities of moving pictures. He did not at the beginning go into production, but I have cause to remember the great help he gave to a movie company—not so financially solid at that time as it is today—of which I was for a period production manager. We specialized in blood-and-thunder serials, and had it not been for the cash and the prestige of the Loew bulk bookings we would surely have gone under. As a matter of fact, small-time vaudeville, as exemplified by Loew and William Fox, practically bottle-fed the movie infant. Fox, as shrewd as Loew, but more of a chance taker, jumped into picture production with the early ones

and is still among the leaders—aggressively a lone wolf, disdaining combinations and amalgamations, and doing very well.

It is not the purpose of this article to write a history of the picture business. That has been done by closer observers than I have been, though I believe their accounts have usually suffered from prejudice for or against. But a few paragraphs must be given to the hurley-burley of what the industry is pleased to call its construction period, during which time high-class vaudeville watched the scramble complacently, giving it a dignified ha-ha and never dreaming that the despised movies would one day rout and swallow it.

For several years before the war and during the war there came into being a horde of picture companies. Some rose to might. Some were knocked to their knees, but managed to scramble up and keep going. Some had the count called on them and were thrown out of the ring. Some made their chunks of money, got cold feet and ran away while they still had the cash. It is a significant commentary on the bloodiness of the battle that only two of what one might term the really old ones remain in the vanguard today—the Fox and the Universal companies. Of those that have disappeared one recalls the Vitagraph (absorbed by Warner), the Lubin, the Selig, the Essanay, the Gaumont, the Eclair, the Eclectic, the Melies, the Pathé (now absorbed by Bigtime), the KayBee, the Keystone, the American Flying A, the Imp (fore-runner of Universal), the American Distributing, the Associated Producers, the Associated Exhibitors, the World Film, the Equitable Film, the Select, the Selznick, the Realart, the Reelcraft, the Wid Gunning Corporation, the United Theatres, and the International, a Hearst offspring which still exists, but not in the ambitious producing and distributing form of its first days.

Among the above and deserving special mention was the Triangle company formed by Harry Aitken, which went down in a crash as a penalty for looking too far ahead. Mr. Aitken's ideas were always in advance of others'. It was he who dug into his pocket for the money to complete "The Birth of a Nation" when all his partners' feet had frozen over the production expense. His idea—evinced in Triangle—of super-productions playing in the company's own theatres, with "presentations," special orchestras and vaudeville headliners is bringing in the shekels nowadays, and is what has made Bigtime jump in alarm into the movie pasture. Aitken was just about ten years too smart—and suffered accordingly.

All the above-mentioned companies were of the big, ambitious sort, with plenty of cash. There were easily a score of others, some plain fakes and others with honest intentions. All went under. Surviving today—and, with the exception of Fox and Universal, all hatched after the ground had been broken—are the following: the Famous Players Lasky Company, better known by its releasing name of Paramount; the Metro-Goldwyn Company, controlled by Marcus Loew; the United Artists Corporation, owned by the Pickford-Fairbanks-Chaplin-Talmadge-Swanson crowd and administered by Norma Talmadge's efficient husband, Joseph Schenck; the Film Booking Offices, better known as F. B. O.; and the Warner Brothers Company, owners of that money-making abomination, the Vitaphone. The Warners could be classed among the pioneers, but they were knocked off their feet several times during the grand rush and only succeeded in getting a solid grip after the war.

The First National Pictures Company, though supposedly still in the open and on its own, is, as I have already said, in close working agreement with Bigtime's new combination, and is expected, with a reorganization of its producing facilities, to furnish that combination with a regular stream of feature pictures. When discussing this matter of supply one must never forget Mr. de Mille. He still has both the Old and New Testaments and the Koran: their surfaces he has so far barely scratched.

III

The first of the picture men to build and purchase theatres was William Fox. More properly, he went from theatres to movie making. For that reason he was not in those early days looked upon as anything of a menace by the hundreds of independent picture-house men. But in reality his was the star that pointed the way to their disaster and extinction. He operated and continues to operate low-priced vaudeville houses into which he puts his own pictures, in addition to selling the latter to other houses. Of late, always able to take care of himself and with both eyes open, he has gone in for the gaudy movie palace sort of thing.

It was Paramount that made the really big splurge and first changed the happy dreams of Bigtime Vaudeville into nightmares. In adopting its theatre-building and buying policy, it announced that it was compelled to do so in order to obtain a fair return for its product. The prices—the fair prices, Paramount was careful to say—which it sought for its pictures were not forthcoming from the independent chains and individual picture house owners. That may or may not have been true. Suffice it to say that amid wailing and gnashing of teeth by the picture theatre men the company went on buying, renting and building until today its houses number nearly six hundred—practically as many as Bigtime and its auxiliaries have just succeeded in running up. Paramount's theatres spill over the Atlantic and crop up in the British Isles and on the Continent.

Treading a measure in time to the evolution of the movie house from a reconstructed table with undertakers' chairs, showing "The Perils of Pauline" ten times a day, to a gaudy horror that its New York owner calls "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture," Paramount has formed its theatre operating and "prologue" and "presentation" producing subsidiaries, rifling the ranks of the minor vaudevillians for the latter. But what really awakened Bigtime in a cold sweat was Paramount's incursion into the realm of vaudeville headliners. To Sime Silverman, editor of *Variety* and the inspiration of most of the New York columnists and dramatic critics, should go the credit for prodding Bigtime into a proper appreciation of this new menace. For years he warned the vaudeville magnates of what was coming. At the same time he shouted from his columns to every two-a-day actor or actress to "get on to this picture racket before it's too late." In his arguments with and uncomplimentary editorials upon the Bigtime dignitaries he came off second best in the financial sense, for he lost their advertising. But not one whit deterred, he moved his picture news to a preferred position in his paper and continued to play John the Baptist to the vaudevillians. Finally, he predicted the complete disappearance of Bigtime.

No doubt the recent hurried amalgamation has repaid him, at least in the coin that prophets take, for his losses in his advertising columns. Some editors are built that way. As he had predicted, the vaudeville men eventually found themselves without pictures, short or long, feature or news, good or bad. The theatres gradually amassed by the movie companies were taking care of practically all their available product. It was no time to haggle. Thanking God that a bankroll was still in their pockets, the vaudeville moguls went out and made their above-described picture affiliations—paying good and plenty for the accommodation. But it was probably too late.

Many of the principal vaudeville performers and producers, heeding the advice of Silverman, went over to the movie barons long ago. True, Paramount, at the start, could not offer them many playing weeks, but it was prepared to pay big money, bigger money than Bigtime. At the beginning of last year it could offer such a standard vaudeville headline act as that of Van and Schenck almost twice as much cash as it could get in vaudeville, with a guarantee of twenty weeks. That was as much as the

already depleted Bigtime could do for it. Since then the two-a-day season for high-priced performers has dwindled to fourteen weeks, while Paramount is said to be in a position to give such acts forty weeks—with the time growing every day.

Against Paramount's theatre-buying orgy the Universal Film Company found that it would have to protect itself. The kindly old Jew who is its president has always declared himself an independent, relying for his living on the independent theatre-owners. Knowing him as I do, I believe he would rather buy a man a new movie house than try to ruin him by building a competitive hall across the street. But by whatever route, his company has now acquired some three hundred houses, mostly parts of small circuits, purely, it declares, to keep an open market for its films.

Marcus Loew, already a theatre owner in a big way before he fortified himself against a film shortage by acquiring the Metro-Goldwyn Company, has about two hundred houses. Sitting so, he does not have to worry. The United Artists, the "class" company as far as its roster of stars is concerned, is now building and buying theatres throughout the country. Here will be shown the films in which appear the Fairbanks family, Charlie Chaplin, the Talmadge sisters and the marchioness of whatever the place is that Gloria's husband is said to hold in fief.

Warner Brothers still term themselves the exhibitors' friends, but have also gone in for considerable theatre buying. Their Vitaphone adjunct at present gives them entrance into houses of opposing groups which otherwise might be closed to them.

The "squeeze" which has been brought into effect against the independent theatre owner who relies on the big producing and theatre-owning companies for entertainment material was illustrated only a few weeks ago when the Federal Trade Commission started a movement to enjoin the Paramount Company from using the Block Booking System when renting films to the little fellows. Paramount puts out its pictures in groups. These, the one-theatre man contends, run in quality all the way from excellent to rotten. The renter wants to pick and choose, declaring that the punk stuff which he must take in order to get the good stuff rips away the entrance shekels he can pocket on the latter. His logic seems sound, but Paramount sticks to its stand of all or none. And in the offing, should the little fellow turn down the group stuff, always looms the shadow of a new house across the street to be built by Paramount, to be run by Paramount and to carry Paramount pictures. I don't for a moment say that Mr. Zukor or Mr. Zukor's salesmen ever hold out such a threat to the kicker. But such a thing as the new theatre over the way has happened more than once. Paramount has waxed indignant at the conclusions of the Federal Trade Commission, and suggested that such a decision, if adhered to, would drive out of business every wholesaler of every commodity peddled. It cites the methods of Henry Ford as a shining example of the rectitude of block booking.

IV

The Orpheum Circuit, Keith's Western ally in vaudeville matters and now its partner in the new defense against the movie assault, woke earlier than Keith to the need of pictures and the necessity for meeting cheap vaudeville competition with vaudeville that was just as punk or punker. Its combination of vaudeville and movies has been running for a considerable time, and in the majority of its houses. Orpheum's main reason for entering the new tie-up was because the picture companies, scattering theatres over the country as rabbits are scattered over Australia, were leaving it, as a non-film-making concern, without pictures to balance its programmes. The organization still maintains a few two-a-day houses but the majority of its theatres are now showing pictures, with a little vaudeville to help.

As a scarcity of films thus brought the

Orpheum Circuit into the new line-up, so scarcity of vaudeville acts of any "class" t all at last opened the Keith people's yes to what was coming along. Taking nto consideration the length of time they ook to make up their minds, the deal hey have made with Pathé, the Producers' nd—in all likelihood—First National is a ood one. But it means the passing of high-lass vaudeville forever. No longer will ne be able to go to a two-a-day house and ce there in one afternoon or evening half dozen famous performers. Instead, to see he topnotchers, one will have to tour the novie houses and see one of them at a ime—and this at the cost of having to ndure a seventy-five piece orchestra led by he claimant to some dukedom, a couple of xponents of the towel-waving school of ance, a saxophone solo, and, last and vorst, the feature picture. The other five of he vaudevillians one used to see at one ime, before Bigtime took its bitter medi-ine, will be scattered around the other 'cathedrals of the motion picture."

In order to compete with these movie alaces, the new and denaturized Bigtime vill have to give their sort of shows. Ad-issions will be scaled down, and the style f entertainment will be changed to suit he morons trained by the cinema. For nstance, the Paul Ash buffoonery described t the beginning of this article. It is such n enormous success that it has already pread to six other theatres of the Para-nount chain in Chicago. It is "Flaming outh" stuff. The dying Bigtime realizes hat it has got to have theatres of that sort nd must hunt up Paul Ashes.

Bigtime, indeed, must now go the whole og. It must abandon its old ideas com-letely and get into "the Cathedral of the Motion Picture" game. These are the novie palaces which, as Tad Dorgan would ut it, "stink with class." In them you ave the super picture, the super vaudeville eadliner swiped from Bigtime during its ong doze, the super orchestra, the super olist, the super "presentation," the per-onal appearance of the super movie star.

Adolph Zukor, the presiding genius of Paramount, has erected and is engaged in erecting such mammoth sinks of movie imbecility all over this land and Europe. In them his super pictures glide over the sprockets to the music of super orchestras. His audiences loll in armchairs while mellow lighting effectively rests their eyes. George F. Babbitt and his family are lulled into something akin to a hop dream without the pernicious after-effects. The titles tell just what is coming. If there happens to be somebody close by who will read them off, so much the better. Personally, I think the one thing overlooked in the movie cathedrals today is a soft-voiced and beautiful title reader for each row of seats. Think of the added somnambulistic effect if they were all to chant the titles together, soft and low! I make a present of the suggestion to Mr. Zukor.

Well, there sits George, the missus and the kids, while the kaleidoscope glides in perfectly blended colors before them. They see nothing that makes the slightest strain on their minds. "Truly," as George Bronson-Howard cried, walking out of a movie scenario department to commit suicide, "truly and damnably the obvious." Into this peaceful scene there is gradually inserted a raising of tempo that begins, as it were, by gently tickling the almost comatose fan. Like Mother softly kissing Booful's toes. Baby's eyelids flutter. She chortles softly. Tiny fingers open and close. She wriggles in ecstasy. Mother croons. Baby's eyelids droop. She is off to sleep again. The news reel is on.

The short, blissful waking interlude that makes the sinking back into coma such a pleasure is provided by the specialty. This is the spot for what was once the high-priced straight vaudeville performer. He or she must be simple and easy to understand —but always the artist! Van and Schenck trilling ditties in their own voluptuous and inimitable way. Ted Lewis and his band. Softly, softly! Gradually it rises to a crescendo. Then it diminishes again, down to nothing at all.

V

There is also the combination vaudeville and movie house, apparently to be the last refuge of the former learned profession. Bigtime, especially where the Orpheum is concerned, has gone into this matter thoroughly. For two seasons now, it has tried to bridge the gap between the two-a-day reserved seat house and the three-four-and-five-show-a-day place in an effort to buck Loew, Fox *et al.*

To do this it has gone in for an elastic sort of unit show which may be stretched or condensed as is deemed necessary. Such actor-producers as Harry Carroll, Jean Bedini, Herman Timberg and Gus Edwards have put on revues carrying specialties and eight or ten girls. These latter work through the whole show, adding volume and flash to the singles and doubles. Such a man as Carroll can, with this minimum number of people, play a combination house as a complete vaudeville bill of five acts. Or he can go into a movie house with a little more condensation and put on a "presentation." Or he can, by hooking up with such an act as Joe Frisco's and adding a stable of trained dogs for an opener and a pair of hand-balancers for a closer, stretch his show into what has been passing of late for two-a-day Bigtime. This sort of elasticity has carried Bigtime along for two seasons. But the rapid disappearance of two-a-day stands would seem to indicate that it has not had any marked success.

Thus Bigtime, brought to the wall at last, must meet the movie men on their own ground. It must present "Naked Truth" shows, and it must go all the way down the line to the grind joint with the sprockets of the projector run on the double, to empty the folks out and fill the place again. It must take on all the several horrible degrees of movie culture. The leisurely presented two-a-day all-star vaudeville bill has gone forever. There may be a pretense of keeping it up a little longer as in the rubber unit show that I have described. But that fools very few in the show business. The movies have so badly punished Bigtime that Bigtime has had to come down to the movies.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

BY FREDERICK BAUSMAN

It is a sorry day for a country when the control of its public opinion falls into the hands of foreigners. This is occurring in the United States, just as it befell the French between 1905 and 1914, when, as has been proved by the publication of the horrifying mass of checks, vouchers and letters that then passed between Paris and Petersburg, the public opinion of France was so corrupted that it misapprehended the political conditions existing in Russia and the purposes of its rotten court. The people of this country now have to do with an insidious, dangerous propaganda in behalf of a foreign power which they are carefully taught to underrate, as a possible enemy, but which, through its control of the seas, is still the most formidable on earth, and which, if it should ever have a clash with this country, could easily count upon the assistance of well-equipped allies.

The foreign policy of Great Britain has not changed in three hundred years, and an Englishman would be a fool who would propose to change it. It has had perfect success in conquering the four great rivals that have, during successive generations, appeared to dispute the preëminence of England either in maritime power or in trade. In her relations with our country, Britain, it is plain, must accomplish several things. First, she must keep our navy inferior to hers. Second, she must own the bulk of the raw materials of the earth. Third, she must have the greatest merchant marine in the world, both for the profits of its business and for its use as an auxiliary navy in time of war. The three foregoing spring from maxims of ancient policy, and to them must be added a new, immediate cause of intrigue: her necessity to shake off what she borrowed from us to conduct a war which, it is now plain, was not so much necessary to her existence as it was to her world domination.

There are four kinds of pro-British propagandists among us. First, there are those Americans who hope or have bargained for compensation should the British debt be cancelled; second, the social sycophants; third, what may be called the National Sacrifice Association, made up of well-meaning and ill-informed persons herded and inflamed by the clamors and intrigues, and sometimes by the money, of the other two classes; fourth, the exceedingly numerous British-born element among us, who are upon the whole excellent citizens, but who, exercising a very considerable social and financial influence, naturally feel no more alarm at British gains, either military or financial, at our expense than most of us would feel at American encroachments should we become immigrants in Australia. Their behavior is natural and is to be expected.

The English are in many respects a fine people, but unlike Americans they look to their foreign interests with silent, unflagging vigilance, trusting to the affection of no other people on earth. They are, of course, no better on the whole than we are. The trouble is that we have among us an appalling number of our own citizens who, aside from any pecuniary interests they may have, regard it as a sort of impiety to criticise these very successful islanders, and who do not realize that the overwhelming mass of the British people

thoroughly dislike Americans. The writer of this article, by accident, happened to be taken for a Canadian two or three years ago in Great Britain, and he then discovered what the natural politeness of the English commonly conceals. He heard enough! Last year there broke out in Great Britain a furious tirade and mockery of our country, its citizens, and its world purposes. If there were some journals which did not join in this outrageous clamor, it would at least be difficult to find any which took our side. It was at that time that the United States was first dubbed "Uncle Shylock," now the favorite epithet of British contempt.

II

Was ever a country so bedeviled as ours? Has there ever been one in all history in which the class most powerful in controlling government and public opinion was determinedly bent on giving away enormous sums of the country's money to nations already heavily armed and openly expressing contempt for a sacrifice which they would accept only as their due? These Americans are tireless in making cheap all that we once rendered to powerful states, though we asked not a penny of compensation in aiding them. It is an actual fact that in many circles of wealth and fashion in this country one who takes his country's side in these debates is put to shame at dinner tables. Let him say a good word for Senator Borah! This man, if a Frenchman or an Englishman, would be toasted in any company for his patriotic views, but it is the habit of our own bejeweled class to sneer at him. Nor is it only the rich among us who are given to this kind of talk. In our literary class as well there are many who hope for soft recognition in trips abroad, and long for nothing better than to bring back to these shores the polished stupidities and languid adjectives of Pall Mall. It is, in truth, impossible to conceive the nonsense that is proposed. Not long ago a lady near New York, at the close of an international peace meeting, advised the audience that there would not be sung, as theretofore had been the custom, "The Star Spangled Banner." That anthem contained, she said, several expressions hostile to the kindly and harmless John Bull. Americans therefore should sing it no longer. Thank God, an old soldier rose to his feet, exclaiming that he had shed his blood under the Star Spangled Banner and had been inspired in battle by this hymn. It is enough to say that the meeting broke up in confusion, and it may be added that there probably does not exist in all England or Scotland a British woman who would have dared the same thing as to "Rule Britannia" or "God Save the King." If she had, her acquaintance would have been cut by every gentlewoman in the country.

A most astounding thing was recently undertaken. By some finesse there was elected president of the American Library Association one George Locke, of the public library of Toronto, Canada, a gentleman possessing the distinction of having been at the head of the Canadian Propaganda Department during the war. What this good man had to do with the thing will never, of course, be quite known, but it so fell out that Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, of Princeton, was presently called upon to contribute to a set of pamphlets labeled "Reading with a Purpose," little books intended to provide patrons of public libraries with short lists of good works on various topics. Thus there floated out into the American sea of library readers last Winter a pamphlet called "The Europe of our Day," edited by Dr. Gibbons. He recommended six books, of which three were about as valuable as could be imagined to persons who adored the Thames, Piccadilly and Cheapside. Among those selected by this American was one by Dean Inge called "England." How any American could recommend this work to our public and use our library facilities to diffuse it passes understanding.

The reverend author, who is Dean of St.

Paul's, is of course one of those spiritual bureaucrats who, fed from the treasury of Great Britain, are ready to defend every act of its imperialism from the earliest times to the present day. Besides giving a gloomy, exaggerated picture of English industrialism, intended to soften our hearts toward the cancellation of the debts, the Dean boldly argues,—as, for that matter, does Dr. Gibbons too in public addresses,—that this country should give away billions of dollars to countries which took all the spoils of the late war and made themselves more powerful in a military way than they had been in two generations. The one-sided war against the Boers, that abominable act of British imperialism, the Dean stoutly defends. He complains of our public-school books concerning the Revolutionary War, which he would have Americans believe had little provocation, and as to the War of 1812, he asserts this to have been a "stabbing of England in the back" while she was fighting France. Finally he calls England's surrender of Ireland to the Irish a "shameful event." He charges us with the desire to take over Canada, perhaps as infamous a lie as could be uttered. Finally, he exclaims that our treatment of his beloved island is so unfair that the nations of Europe may have "to combine to draw Uncle Shylock's teeth." All this, in a book of trivial literary merit and of no merit whatsoever in data or economics, is injected in a cunning way into the American reading public! The passages that ought to irritate us are abundantly counterbalanced by doleful pictures of a country waning while it is still an immense creditor of the world and excellently armed at sea.

The heads of our public libraries, as fair and patriotic a class as can be found, were evidently unsuspecting of any such use of their facilities. It is all most interesting, this course of reading recommended by Dr. Gibbons under the presidency of the late head of the Canadian Propaganda Department. Dr. Gibbons's pamphlet is a thoroughly prepared, pro-British propaganda of innocence in everything, covered by the harmless name of "The Europe of our Day." Listed as useful and instructive to Americans is Sir Edward Grey's "Twenty-five Years," which even Dr. Gibbons has had to concede passes over a number of incidents that ought to have been explained. With his next selected book he is not so candid: the work of an American professor whom he privately admits to be biased, but of whose bias he does not in his preface utter a single word, an omission more exasperating because the subject upon which the professor is most notoriously biased is the causes of the Great War, and it is on this subject that Dr. Gibbons particularly recommends it! Even the New York *Evening Post* had to condemn the book, but Dr. Gibbons boldly recommends to the uninformed a work which he privately admits to be biased on the principal question, and which is so unfair as to omit even from its bibliography two of the most recent works on the origins of the wars, one by Ewart, the eminent lawyer of Canada, and the other by the famous English scholar, Lowes Dickinson. The authors of these books unhappily do not agree with the American professor about British innocence.

III

I have enumerated the three ancient maxims of policy which Great Britain seeks to impose upon the United States, but that of the debts is the most immediate, since if she be successful in that she will be in funds to carry out the others. In effect, the British are determined to have us pay Germany's war debt to Great Britain by the indirect process of our cancelling what Great Britain owes to us. The propaganda is intended to catch also the German-Americans, who do not perceive that the French and the English, should they succeed in shaking off their debts to America, will not permit Germany to make on that account the slightest argument for leniency toward her. One has only

to reflect a moment to see that they will laugh at Germany in such a situation. They will remind that country that Britain and France never really owed the United States a penny, that all arrangements looking to payment to the United States were temporary expedients, and that in escaping their debts to the United States they gained nothing except our final acknowledgment that we were blackmailers who had no right to collect anything. However, it is noticeable that no German official or leader of German opinion utters a word on our side of this question. Germany does not yet see that her captors will arm themselves all the more out of what they save from us.

Those Americans who are behind the British propaganda in this country do not seem to reflect that Great Britain is still the most powerful country in the world. The war has enormously strengthened the Empire. In point of fact, its rearrangement and apparent dissolution into several dominions has been a most decisive strategic gain from the military point of view. Take the case of Canada. So long as it was wholly subservient to England we might have seized it as a prize of war. Today, should we get into a war with Great Britain, Canada could simply declare herself neutral.

If, now, we turn to Europe we find that Great Britain has for the first time in thirty years a rear absolutely secure. The whole of Northern Europe except France is at her mercy, since all that vast region must send its ships to the Atlantic through the waters of the British Isles. Germany once had a fair-sized navy, but Germany can have a navy no longer. There is not now a statesman from the Hague to Helsingfors, not excluding those of Germany and Poland, who would dare to criticise Great Britain or to show any marked approval of anybody who did criticise her. Take the case of Holland, which Great Britain some years before the war denied the privilege of fortifying her own harbor of Flushing. Holland cannot for a moment argue with Great Britain, for her shipping passes to the Atlantic through the British Channel. What is worse, if she quarrels with Downing Street, she may lose Java the next morning. As for Germany, she is the absolute prisoner of Great Britain. Her mercantile marine is growing only under the sufferance of a great power, and may be stopped at any time.

Not long ago we were startled when Sir Auckland Geddes, late British Ambassador at Washington, made the astounding statement that the ill humor of the Chinese toward Britain came of a dislike acquired through their scholars in the United States. (In point of fact, we ourselves learned more from those scholars about Britain's grasping treatment of China than the Chinese ever heard from us.) At first sight Sir Auckland's statement seemed to be exceedingly impolitic and likely to provoke us, but the late Ambassador knew us Yankees better, for he took pains to say that the bad impressions the Chinese got of England here were from our lower classes only. A wise man, offending nobody that he was afraid to offend; on the contrary, pleasing the powerful sycophants who were sure to be on his side no matter how much he might damn this country! The fact is that he reinforced their energies. It was the low, nasty, patriotic sort of Americans who had been saying ill words about Great Britain to the Chinese! Nice Americans had never been guilty of telling the truth about the Opium War of 1842, or discussing the fact that the British still hold Wei-hai-wei, though they promised about the time of the Peace to surrender it in five years.

What is there in British sentiment that shows any reciprocity in this kind of servility? In the whole of Great Britain there are not a dozen people who would set up an argument on behalf of the United States in anything. If we had as many people shouting for us over there as we have shouting for Britain over here, it would be a very happy situation and peace might issue from it, but there is no well-informed traveller who believes that the

English have anything but contempt for us. Since the days of Rome no nation has ever had a more deep-seated contempt for all other races than the English have today, singularly differing in this respect from the Scotch. How often do we hear of an Englishwoman of the upper classes marrying an American? But our social climbers are all the while aspiring to the glory of wedding their daughters to seedy English aristocrats with walrus moustaches. The amusing thing is that a great number of Americans still apparently imagine that the English peerage is made up of what are called aristocrats. They are, in fact, simply aristocrats created out of trade; the country long ago lost its real landed aristocracy in a flood of speculators, manufacturers, and international money makers.

IV

It would be strange indeed if the English propagandists should not be spending a great deal of money among us. When people are engaged in shaking off a debt of several billions of dollars, it is plainly good business to set a few millions to work where they will do good. What could a sensible Englishman better aim at than success in this matter of the debts? There are two ways in which you can conquer a country, one by armed force, the other by controlling its public opinion, and he must be blind indeed who does not see that in an infinite number of ways the English are doing the latter in America. To pay the debts is the last thing in the back of their heads. Their true policy was lately expressed frankly by the London *Daily News* (as fair as any of the British press toward Uncle Shylock), when it advised the government to argue as little as possible about the debts and to wait until opportunity afforded an escape. "There are a thousand contingencies," said this journal, "any one of which will ultimately and inevitably make hay of these neatly adjusted arrangements extending into dim futurity."

Thus, with indefatigable industry and apparently inexhaustible money, a propaganda is conducted among us to make us cancel these debts. Not long ago a Massachusetts lawyer started merrily on the task, and his method is a good illustration of what is going on. So eager is he to make our claims worthless that he even belittles the courage of our soldiers. Not fair enough to mention that France borrowed, *after* the Armistice, nearly two whole billions from us, he goes on to quote unnamed colonels in the American Army who have advised him that we really did nothing in a military way because the Germans were "on the run,"—surely a pretty compliment to our brave soldiers who helped to force the Germans back! The statement that the Germans were on the run is of course a contemptible exaggeration. There are few American officers indeed who would make such a statement. The Germans were conducting a well ordered retreat back to intrenched positions on the soil of France, and what helped to force them back was the enormous contribution of fighting men from America. But these propagandists will stop at nothing. They are willing even to cheapen their country in their eagerness to give away their country's money. Here they take their cue from Field Marshal Haig, who has just uttered a semi-official judgment on the uselessness of our soldiery in the late war which, he is clear, his country "would have won in the end all the same." Still another reason for not paying the public debt to the United States!

Both at home and abroad, the British are busy in making such converts. Consider the case of the Rhodes scholars, who during last year's storm of abuse of the United States in Great Britain, began to herd by themselves and so avoided contempt by retreat. Of a sudden that charming American noblewoman, Lady Astor, gave them a reception, in which she placed the Prince of Wales among those conspicuous in receiving them. Just about the

same time their British Majesties were attracted by the private hospitality of three or four American peeresses with synthetic accents, whom they covered with distinction by dining in their private houses. The American beldames thus exalted became more Anglophile than ever, and better armed, besides, to make converts. On a rude reckoning these dinners will cost this country, in the long run, about ten million dollars a plate. Does the owner of a chain of newspapers in the Middle West happen to turn up in London? Our American peeresses will see that he meets Lord Brewbeer, or that he goes home fascinated with a bag of game from Sir Harry Hiccough's shooting-box, the whole adventure affording him a fund of talk in Kankakee. Of a sudden Miss Lizzie Giggle, of Boomville, Indiana, is presented at court because her father employs thirty or forty thousand men in the Giggle Brothers soap factory. Miss Lizzie returns enraptured with the British. She becomes the leading lady of the Blush-for-my-Country Club, tells all her acquaintances that the English are perfectly lovely about this debt business, and that for her own part she fairly sank into the floor for shame when she thought of our ignobly forcing foreign peoples to pay their bills after they had got all the spoils of war.

Speaking of the Rhodes scholars, one will find, in the first volume of Michell's biography of Rhodes, the first draft of his will creating the Rhodes trust. In creating that trust for Americans at Oxford, he assigned, as one of his prime objects, his desire to recover the United States for the British Crown! Sagacious counsel, in drafting a later will, undoubtedly pointed out that he could achieve his purpose without using such infelicitous language, so it disappeared in the second will, though no sensible person can doubt that the purpose remained. The Americans are invited to Oxford for a British purpose and in the requirements for selecting them one thing is to be noted: scholarship is not named first. Far from it. The qualities that are emphasized are those which tend to give a student "influence among men." In point of fact, there never was a more skilful bit of pro-British work than this scheme of Rhodes scholarships. Little did Rhodes care whether a candidate might show any capacity to write a work of value in the sciences or the arts. Oxford did not need that kind of Americans. What she needed was a man from the United States who was called in vulgar parlance a good mixer, and could make friends for England when he got home.

V

The American ignorance of or disregard for the policy of Great Britain is positively dangerous. Nothing is clearer than that at the present time England has only to combine with Japan in order to inflict upon our commerce losses almost incredible, and Americans are not yet awake to the fact that our overseas commerce, while it is but a small part of our internal commerce, is nevertheless positively gigantic. It does not require the export of a large proportion of our stupendous annual production to make a terrible hole in the commerce of foreign nations. Between Boston and Chicago there are about a thousand miles of factories. These have been kept busy during the last few years by what? Europe, after the war, began to buy our manufactures on an extraordinary scale, and as she bought we lent her money to buy still more. Thus for the first time in our history the manufacturing interests went merrily along while the farmers were weeping. But let this foreign commerce once be interrupted and there will be distress in the United States beyond example.

On the question of cancelling the debts the people of this country would probably vote ten to one against it, but the minority which is trying to bring the thing about is compact and of inordinate wealth. It is to be hoped that in the present crisis also there will arise, particularly out of the West and South, leaders able to cope with

the resolute and unblushing phalanx which in the neighborhood of New York has drafted into its cause the banking wealth, the clergy, and even a considerable proportion of our scholars.

It is not a trifle that I am discussing but a serious situation. The alliance between Great Britain and Japan, in the view of many sagacious men, has never been broken, but simply suspended. Great Britain and Japan have indeed points of friction in the Far East, but in great matters of policy they have a common interest. First, they wish Russia kept out of the Far East; second, they wish China divided; and third, they want the Yankee flag expelled from Chinese waters. One of the British dominions, to be sure, has been uneasy about Japan, but she will be quieted as soon as Great Britain completes the great naval base at Singapore, after the completion of which John Bull will make his Asiatic dominions an independent foundry of war. In India he is creating gigantic steel works to supplement Singapore.

All this goes on while the Ashamed-of-my-Country societies in the United States are waxing more vigorous. As to our navy, the exasperating thing is that even if we make it strong, which we should do, it will have no bases in Europe. All the money that Andrew Mellon is supposed to squat upon in Washington could not buy so much as a naval station in the Azores, for if any European Power should dare to give us a few acres for such a harbor, Great Britain would the next morning declare war upon that country. She is the absolute master of Europe in anything which concerns the seas. The strategic position of the British Isles, now that the German Navy has passed away, is beyond all challenge, and Britain controls also the outlet of the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and can with a minimum of expense impose upon every Mediterranean State doing business with America the necessity of doing the greater part of that business with the British Isles. All of Eastern South America can be brought into the same net. As for ourselves, Great Britain can easily attack us, for she has in front of us Halifax, Bermuda, and Jamaica, all near our coast. We have no naval stations in Europe and cannot get any. In consequence Great Britain could attack us, and we could not attack her.

Nobody is inviting a war against Great Britain, but no rational man can fail to see that she is keeping herself in such a situation that, in the event of war with us, she could crush us immediately without resorting to invasion. At the end of the Great War we had a powerful navy, created, it is most provoking to relate, at the very request of Great Britain, for she needed its assistance in the war. But no sooner was that war ended than she notified us, through Secretary Daniels, as he himself relates, that further building must stop. According to the good Daniels, this communication was made to him in no uncertain tones! He evaded it, but the British followed us up until, at what is called the Washington Conference of 1921–22, they induced us to send to the bottom of the sea more than 800,000 tons of ships!

Another magnificent sacrifice by this country to the Allies! The sinking of those ships accomplished without the firing of a gun the greatest British naval victory since the days of Nelson. In vain will we try to overtake her now in new building. The country which first gets the lead in naval equipment retains it. There is one thing, though, that we need not do; we need not, by cancelling her debts, make Great Britain a present of the money with which to complete her predominance.

Yet while our representatives at Geneva strove vainly to regain part of what we lost, or to arrest at least the prodigious additional tonnage claimed by Great Britain, our citizens abroad weakened them in foreign opinion in every journal and at every banquet. For instance, Bishop Manning of New York lent a hand at the Pilgrims' dinner in London with: "Nobody in the United States cares the least about the proportionate strength of the British

and American navies." This was news to most of us on this side of the water, and especially to our own press, which devoted immense space to the Geneva Conference. In what country was Bishop Manning born? In "Who's Who" he has forgotten to state.

VI

As Great Britain is not a country of large and extended continental solidity, but a curious woven web of varying possessions and dominions, she has been driven, in order to maintain her power, to the arts of intrigue beyond any other nation on earth. What is good for her today is not good for her tomorrow, and what will work well for her in one climate will be a failure in another. The result is that the British give themselves over to the invention of plausible arguments and to persuasive, ambiguous talk among foreign nations beyond any people who have ever existed. Their very dominions demand two kinds of phrases. They are, beside, the best negotiators in the world, perfectly inflexible all the while, but not in the least excitable or moved to indignation by unexpected counter proposals. He must be indeed a clever fellow who sits down at the table with one of them. As the saying is, the man who will sup with the devil must eat with a long spoon. There is no use in raging against them, no use in denouncing them as vicious, conspiring and heartless. It is enough to estimate them as a shrewd people who have no faith in the promises or affections of other nations.

Their present business will reach its height when the great naval base at Singapore is complete. Great Britain will then control the sea absolutely against Japan, and, if necessary, in safe conjunction with Japan. As she went into combination with Russia, whom she feared and hated, in order to resist and destroy Germany, so she may at any time resume or make a combination with Japan, a power which she has reason at times to be apprehensive of, but which during a long time to come may serve her policy of asserting her preëminence over all mankind.

Meanwhile the British possess in this country a large share of our most influential press, our leading bankers, in seaport towns our leading lawyers, and in fashionable circles the bulk of those persons who most influence public opinion and abash opposition. It is a situation with which no other country has yet been confronted, and to say that it is dangerous is certainly not to overstate it.

You will find that nearly every American debt cancellationist is a small navy man. As a capitalist he has not yet paused to reflect, as he certainly some day will, that all these billions of money which we have been investing abroad have been placed *on the other side of a British fleet*. We have, in a word, prodigiously expanded our foreign commerce, both of exports and of imports, without taking the precautions which Britain has always taken.

Our position is exactly the one the English desire to see us in. They can blockade us by a line of cruisers from the Hebrides to Brazil, a line effective in closing to our commerce all Europe and all Eastern South America, while at the same time safely distant from our naval or aerial bases. This is the least that would happen to us. They are organizing every sort of body to oppose in this country a preparedness proportioned to our overseas commerce and investments. They stir up the clergy, they stir up the pedagogues, they circulate unfair and distorted statements of our purposes and our condition, and if any set of persons are willing to bleat in accord with them, abundance of money seems to come from some place to finance their lamentations.

Most members of Congress will tell you that when a bill is introduced which in the remotest degree affects British interests somebody is instantly on guard to further it, or, if it be hostile, to hamstring it. Who recalls the sudden, unexpected provision which stole into the Immigration Act of 1924? It is all a com-

plicated piece of business, but it seems agreed that under the new statute immigrants from Great Britain and her dominions will have a great gain in their quota over such very respectable countries as the one which produced a man like Lindbergh. To analyze the statute would take a great deal of time, and it is enough to say that nobody can tell just how it came about.

In conclusion, let us remember the charming description given by Sir Gilbert Parker of the manner in which the British executed their propaganda to draw us into the war—how every class among us, journalist, pedagogue, librarian, legislator, banker, clergyman, and petty capitalist, was catalogued, ticketed, put on a mailing list and deluged with literature conceived in England. It was a stupendous and successful propaganda, and every observing person can see that it is now being repeated with the great advantage of its being done in large part by American agents. Inasmuch as the defense of a country must begin long years in advance and be maintained through periods when there is apparently no reason for uneasiness, it is in the power of designing foreigners who have control of powerful and wealthy natives to defeat all real preparations for defense by pointing out with perfect truth that there is not a cloud in the sky, and that those who would take proper precautions are creating dangerous alarms. But wiser Americans will reflect on our experience in the Washington Conference of 1921–22. After we had made a prodigious sacrifice of ships and reduced ourselves from a position of superiority, our partners in the conference immediately fell to work to create, as they are still creating, a new sort of navy entirely to their purpose while we in good faith kept still. Their late demands at Geneva for an immense new tonnage were based on a shrewd knowledge of our people, for if they could get our consent at the conference to this immense increase they knew that their own Parliament would vote the money to make the increase, while our Congress would refuse it.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Drawing

THE DECLINE OF ILLUSTRATION

By Thomas Craven

During the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, a period dominated in American literature by the sedate Howells and edified by such respectables as Stockton, Cable, Bunner and Mary E. Wilkins, the graphic arts came swiftly into prominence among us, bringing to the native scene the baroque gentility of Victorian England. An examination of the files of *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and the *Century* from 1880 to 1900 reveals an astonishing amount of excellent illustrations—line drawings, woodcuts and etchings—all of which, aside from their artistic merits, were carefully engraved and printed, and in physical appearance much superior to the modern mechanical reproductions on coated paper.

It has become a habit among the sophisticated painters of today to dismiss the men of the '80's with a sneer and to refer to them as spinsters of illustration and servile imitators of the English tradition ending in Leech, Tenniel, Keene and Phil May, or uninspired disciples of the Pre-Raphaelites. Some of these charges are true enough: the outstanding Americans—Abbey, Vedder, La Farge, Blum and Homer—were admittedly more literary than pictorial; they were, to a large extent, academic, unimpeachably chaste, and thoroughly infected with the conventional chivalries of their day. But on the other hand, they were neither professional æsthetes nor illiterate theorists; they possessed a certain measure of intelligence and cultivation, and they were not afraid of life. In short, though their methods were borrowed, they were above cheapness and sensationalism, and they created an appetite for illustration which was, in the succeeding generation, to lead to phenomenal results.

With the turn of the century a scourge of bourgeois romanticism swept America. The historical novel became the rage, and such insufferable fictions as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Richard Carvel" captivated the popular fancy. Illustration, following a parallel course, increased enormously, and Norman Hapgood, with the prophetic vision of the publicity genius, set the fashion by publishing in *Collier's Weekly*, then under his editorial direction, the fabulous prices paid to artists whose work embellished his pages exclusively. For fifteen years illustration enjoyed unprecedented popularity and the income of the artist in many cases exceeded that of the author. But unhappily our young men of talent, in an excess of phrenetic greed, soon departed from the decent standards of the old school, and so debased drawing into the cheapest form of mechanical ingenuity—slippery, sentimental stuff designed for an audience which was, a few years hence, to feed its imagination upon the movies and the radio.

As connecting links between the old and the new orders, I may mention Charles Dana Gibson and Howard Pyle. Gibson, a literal descendant of Du Maurier, was inept and stilted in the rôle of satirist, but his famous Amazonian type became, at least transiently, a national symbol. Viewed from this distance, his immense vogue is somewhat puzzling: as an artist he was limited and mediocre, and despite the most valiant efforts was unable to learn the first principles of draftsmanship; but his

stiff, heavy outlines were easy to duplicate and for a while no American home was without its copy of "The Eternal Question." The real secret of his popularity is to be found, I believe, in his grandiose conception of the American girl. His strapping females, large, pure and commanding, were not only highly acceptable to the women of America, but flattering to the idolatrous males, who were proud to acknowledge the strength and independence of the superior sex. Gibson was the forerunner of a horde of pretty girl artists—Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher, Henry Hutt, the Lyendeckers, Clarence F. Underwood, Neysa McMein and Rolf Armstrong. The prices for heads in watercolor, oil and pastel mounted to incredible figures. The covers of the popular magazines were beslobbered with faces of every description—wistful seducers, pouting, dimpled rustics, virginal co-eds, metropolitan parasites with a flashing smile and a high-light on every tooth—all of them stupidly drawn and offensive to readers of any taste.

Allied with the red-blood novelists of the beginning of the century was a group of romantic illustrators of which Howard Pyle was the most significant. Pyle's "Robin Hood," a book written and decorated by himself, appeared as early as 1883 and received the praise of William Morris, who had declared that nothing good could come out of America. Pyle did other books distinguished for the same vigor and decorative skill, but he succumbed to popular evils, ended a prolific hack, and died regretting it, according to Joseph Pennell. He had many pupils and admirers, and his influence is perceptible today in such magazines as still use illustration. After him came the buccaneers—Frederic Remington, an independent black-and-white artist of the '90's, who was equally successful in paint when new processes in color printing were discovered, Henry Reuterdahl, Harvey Dunn, N. C. Wyeth and F. C. Yohn—whose pictures supplemented the current novels of adventure and added "pictorial art" to *de luxe* editions of classics such as Stevenson. Artistically, these fellows were of small importance: their sturdiness was superficial and they relied upon picturesque costumes and theatrical attitudes for their effects, but as a whole they were immeasurably superior to the high-priced slaves to the pretty girl fetish.

In addition to the blood-and-thunder tendency, the romantic yearning appeared in a lighter phase of illustration—the fairy tale and the fantasy. Maxfield Parrish, esteemed in his student days as a "child of genius," was the principal purveyor to this passing caprice. An expert carpenter, with a sound knowledge of inks and printing, he manufactured over and over again, in thin, glaring colors, his vaporous kingdoms in which epicene nudes and elves disported themselves by cardboard castles or gazed poetically aloft into piles of medicated cotton clouds. At one time Parrish was the American layman's ideal of the imaginative painter and reproductions of his pictures were sold in all the department-stores. Like every other artist, he eventually found his level, and today he is serving the advertisers.

It was, however, the realistic spirit, the spirit that produced Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser and David Graham Phillips, that raised American illustration to its greatest achievements. In the etchings of John Sloan, in the cartoons, portraits and social studies of Boardman Robinson, in the paintings and lithographs of George Bellows, and the drawings of William Glackens, Jerome Myers and George Luks, the life of the ripening Republic was depicted with scarifying irony, humor, sincerity and artistic intelligence. By artistic intelligence I mean keen, realistic conviction enforced by powerful draftsmanship, the union of which, as exemplified in the highest degree by Daumier, gives meaning and vitality to drawing.

But genuine graphic art has never been relished by Americans, and the men just named, though recognized by the small

minority, reached an audience which, in comparison with that of the literary realists, was almost negligible. Only editors of radical or subsidized magazines would risk their cartoons—the best cartoons since Daumier and Leech. The publishers of illustrated books preferred the safe and undisturbing performances of clever mechanics. It is true, of course, that Robinson, Sloan and Bellows were sometimes commissioned to illustrate books and that they succeeded in getting their work into print —to the great delight of European cognoscenti, who unhesitatingly pronounced it the finest illustration of modern times—but few publishers would venture to employ them more than once. This stupidity in the matter of illustration is beyond critical understanding. American publishers have been known to encourage authors and to nurse them to fame through several failures, but under no circumstances will they foster anything but the lowest pictorial talent.

The foregoing tendencies culminated, roughly speaking, in 1915, at which point America was supreme in every department of illustration. Then came disintegration, at first slowly, after the war precipitately, and today the bottom has dropped out of the market. The leading American magazines have discarded illustration; most novels are published without pictures; most political cartoons resemble comic strips; the drawings in the more popular magazines are so much boiler-plate; even the work of Wallace Morgan, one of the few good men who have managed to survive, is perfunctory and devoid of its old sharpness and movement; the humorous weeklies have affected the mannerisms of the French modernists; not a single black-and-white artist of any consequence has been discovered in the last fifteen years; in color there is the fashionable Dean Cornwell, a second-rate imitator of his Welsh master; and all our truly distinguished talent has been forced into painting. The causes? No one can be positive of those mysterious social fluxes which alter fashions in thought as well as in dress, but I submit two or three reasons which seem to me to be valid.

In the first place, photography. The camera has debauched the appreciation of drawing and provided a swift and inexpensive means of pandering to the growing demand for literal scenes, portraits and naked surfaces. Thus illustration, to be acceptable, must, if not actually made from camera records, conform to photographic standards of mechanical finish and cheapness, and no creative artist can descend to such practices. With photography I would, of course, include the moving picture and its attendant insanities—the mania for pictorial fodder of all sorts, but always in an unimaginative form—, and the tabloid newspapers, with their displays of domestic crimes and lubricities. The tabloid germ has spread to the baser magazines, some of which are illustrated with old "stills" purchased from the moving picture companies.

Next, the temptations of advertising. Most of the illustrators who, ten years ago, appeared in juxtaposition with pure reading matter are now represented in the pages devoted to the exploitation of merchandise. They seem to be a little ashamed of their removal and I have heard some of them cry that the only way to improve advertising is to lend it the talent of real artists. This has a specious ring, but why should only the graphic artist be inspired by soups and cigarettes? Why not the poet and the novelist? Conceivably our still-life specialists, with a little training, might be useful to seed catalogues, but what of our more ambitious men? What of Rockwell Kent, for instance? Mr. Kent was an admirable illustrator and an artist of considerable pretensions, but he has yielded to the lure of the Rolls-Royce. His drawings to celebrate this machine and his numerous designs made for dealers in pearls and silver are among the best things in the field of advertising, but artistically they are no more than mechanically competent. It is difficult to reconcile Mr.

Kent's commercial activities with his militant protests and agitations against academic art.

Last, the imported prejudice against illustration. The cult of modernism, in the beginning legitimately directed against photographic representation, has terminated in a denial of objective values and scattered the seeds of a "pure and unadulterated art." Such a notion has not only robbed painting of its fundamental interest in racial subject-matter but has left us with a large number of well-trained, and sufficiently talented, but utterly useless artists. I suggest that these lost souls turn their attention to illustration in the largest sense of the word—that they get acquainted with American life, and instead of promoting the "æsthetic emotion" set down their experiences on canvas and give us new commentaries on the evolution of our national scene. Indeed, the salvation of painting in America is also the salvation of illustration: a return to the native soil and an honest, concentrated, pictorial exposition of our character and manners.

Music

QUARTER-TONES—AND LESS

By Grace Overmyer

Music is a kind of mysterious mathematics, the elements of which participate of the infinite.—*Claude Achille Debussy.*

Persons who keep in touch with musical progress—or, as Paul Bekker prefers to call it, musical change—must for some time have been aware of murmurings from various quarters concerning the practicability, mechanical and aural, of intervals smaller than the half-tone. Ranging all the way from academic discussions to concert demonstrations, and embracing speculations upon and experiments with thirds, fourths, eighths and sixteenths of tones, the movement toward a more minute tonal division than is traditional has enlisted the respectful attention of many serious musicians. Others, equally as serious, are of the opinion that its practical realization lies far in the future and that such beginnings as have been made are somewhat nebulous.

About the beginning of the present century the Germanized Italian, Ferrucio Busoni, who is generally credited with having been the first European to experiment with divided tones, maintained that the interval which we call the whole tone could be divided into three tones of intermediate vibrations, perceptible to the average musical ear, and that a scale consisting of eighteen one-third tones was practicable. In support of this theory Busoni wrote a booklet, entitled "Sketch of a New Æsthetic." He also conducted vocal and violin experiments with third-tones. In 1906 Richard Stein, a Saxon theorist and writer, constructed a clarinet to play quarter-tones—that is, tones which, measured in vibrations, would lie half way between any two adjoining half-tones of the usual 12-tone scale. Stein also constructed a small quarter-tone piano and composed some 'cello pieces in which quarter-tones were used. In 1917 Willy Moellendorff, in Germany, built a quarter-tone harmonium, wrote a pamphlet about it, and composed several small pieces of quarter-tone music. The first European concert of quarter-tone music probably took place in Berlin in 1922. A quartette by Alois Hába, a young Czech composer who is at present a leading European exponent of the quarter-tone, was the only number on the programme; it was performed twice.

There are no records of fractional tone experiments in the United States earlier than 1924, but in that year the piano firm of Mehlin & Son constructed a quarter-tone piano for Dr. Max Stoehr of New York. In the following year two quarter-tone demonstrations were given in New York under the auspices of the Franco-American Musical Society, the programmes featuring a talk on quarter-tones by E.

Robert Schmitz; the performance by Robert Imandt of Hába's unaccompanied quarter-tone compositions for the violin; and the performance by Hans Barth and Sigmund Klein, on two pianos, tuned a fourth of a tone apart, of original quarter-tone compositions by Mr. Barth and Charles E. Ives, the latter a New York business man and an enthusiastic musical amateur. Mr. Barth was formerly a pupil of Busoni and is at the present time working on the construction of a quarter-tone piano.

Experiments in "ultra-chromaticism" of an even bolder nature were attempted in New York in 1926, when the League of Composers sponsored a demonstration programme at which not only quarters but eighths and sixteenths were introduced. The programme featured a sonata by Julian Carrillo,[1] a Mexican composer and theorist, who has been working with fractional tones since 1895. He designates the theory through which he seeks music's release from the conventional twelve-tone scale, "the system of the thirteenth sound." It received extraordinary recognition in March of the present year when the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski, played Mr. Carrillo's concertina, which has six solo parts written in the smaller intervals, while the orchestral accompaniment is in the usual scale. The uncommon tonality of this composition is not confined to the melody but also forms the basis for the harmony. For its performance, in addition to the regular orchestral instruments, three specially constructed instruments are required—a *guitarra*, for quarter-tones, which is shaped like an ordinary guitar, but is somewhat larger; an *octavina*, for eighths, which is described by Lawrence Gilman, the New York critic, as "a kind of towering double-bass guitar, with greatly elongated strings"; and an *arpa-cithera* (harp-zither) for sixteenths, which, in the vivid words of Mr. Gilman, "lies flat before the player like a cyclopean zither, and yields a delicate rain of tintinabulations, like the distant clamor of elfin gongs."

Comments upon the aural effects of these experiments in tonal molecules have been various. A critic for a Philadelphia paper, reporting the concert which featured Carrillo's concertina declared that "the greatly subdivided scale provided some of the instruments with a strange, ghostly, wailing tone, often more like nature than those one usually hears in a concert-hall. Many of the sounds, indeed, were like those that never were on land or sea, and the audience was pardonably dazed by the experiment." But of the first public demonstration in New York of quarter, eighth and sixteenth tones, W. J. Henderson, dean of the New York critical fraternity, drily remarked in his next day's comment in the New York *Sun* that "no doubt everybody knew just when he was listening to quarters and when to eighths, and if he sometimes thought it all sounded like half-tones, he knew it did not, because the programme notes said there weren't any."

The ordinary stringed instruments are capable of playing any intervals if the players are trained to sound them, while valve instruments now in use can be made to sound the new intervals through the addition of extra valves. The piano, however, and other keyboard stringed instruments must needs be overhauled if demi-semi tones are to be made possible. Various schemes have been applied to the building of quarter-tone pianos. Hába's piano, first introduced at the International Music Festival in Prague in 1924, has three keyboards and two sets of strings, one above the other—the first set for normal tuning, and the other one-fourth of a tone higher. The lowest and highest keyboards control the semi-tonic set of strings, while the middle keyboard plays the quarter-tone set. Hans Barth says that his quarter-tone

[1] Julian Carrillo was graduated from the Mexican National Conservatory of Music in 1899 and was granted a scholarship to study abroad. He has played in the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra under Nikisch and in the Royal Conservatory Orchestra under Hans Sitt. For some years he conducted the Mexican Symphony Orchestra. He is the author of several books of theory and of numerous compositions in the old and new forms.

piano, when completed, will have two sets of strings and two keyboards. The difficulty of rapid playing with a double manual is manifest, and Mr. Barth hopes in time to construct a one-manual instrument with small second keys (to play the quarter-tones) built immediately on top and at the back of the first keys. This will utilize what is now seemingly waste space on the keyboard and greatly facilitate performance. In writing music for quarter-tones Mr. Barth uses two sets of staffs, one above the other—the two upper staffs indicating the normal scale and quarters to be played by the right, and the lower, those assigned to the left hand. Mr. Carrillo has his own system of notation, which does away with staff lines altogether, employing figures instead of notes, and greatly simplifying what might be an impossibly intricate process.

To strike minute intervals on an instrument is one thing. To hear—that is, distinguish them—is quite another. With the layman, hearing is believing, and it is generally conceded that the average individual can hear quarter-tones. Even the non-musical will perceive, for instance, the delicate difference of tonal color when the familiar *c-e-g* chord and its minor are varied by the introduction of the quarter interval lying between *e* natural and *e* flat; or when the chord, consisting of *c*, *e* flat, and the quarter-tone between *g* and *a* flat is sounded, the result being neither a *c* minor chord nor the sixth chord of *a* flat. There are not many experts, however, who profess to hear ninety-seven tones in the compass of an octave, which is the number claimed by "The System of the Thirteenth Sound" when sixteenths are produced. Even so sensitive a musician as Mr. Stokowski confesses that he "must make a great effort of mental and aural concentration" in listening to compositions in eighths and sixteenths of tones or he overlooks much of the subtlety of tone combination."

It is frequently said that the Oriental nations have used divided tones for centuries, and one sometimes sees references to the employment of minute tonal intervals by the Greeks. But such statements apparently will bear some examination, since the subject of ancient and Oriental music is a vast and intricate one. While it is known that the Hindus have a theoretical scale of twenty-two tones and that the Arabs at an early time divided the compass of an octave into seventeen intervals, the authorities are generally agreed that there is a wide difference between the musical theories worked out by scholars in Oriental countries and those employed by the people of those countries in actual musical expression. Carl Engel's pronouncement on this subject in "The Music of the Most Ancient Nations" is probably as applicable today as it was when it was written, more than fifty years ago. "The executed music of various ancient and modern Asiatic nations," he said, "must have been and still is something very different from the metaphysical and mathematical music of their philosophers, whose theories, the result of mere speculation, must have borne little relation to the practice. I think we ought not to say the music of the Chinese, Hindus, Persians, Arabs, etc., but rather the musical systems (or mysteries) of their philosophers. Perhaps this also applies to the music of the ancient Greeks."

The Chinese today adhere to the pentatonic (that is, five-tone) scale, and tradition suggests a Chinese belief that the gods have indicated their preference for a scale of five tones by giving man five fingers. Modern Hindu music abounds in glissandos, slurs, and slides, and in these the subtly trained Oriental ear may hear many minute intervening intervals. From a perusal of *El Sonido 13*, the occasional publication of Mr. Carrillo and his disciples, one learns that "The System of the 13th Sound" has many followers in Central and South America. The new system is also officially recognized in Russia. The assistant director of the conservatory at Petrograd, one Rimsky-Korsakoff (a relative of

the distinguished composer of the same name) has trained a small chorus to sing quarter-tones. In Mexico Mr. Carrillo has given within recent years thirty concerts with seven instruments and eighteen voices performing subdivided tones.

Advocates of the new tonal systems think that the limit of distinguished creation with the twelve-tone chromatic scale has been reached. Possibly it has; possibly, again, it has not. But whether or not the old system has actually reached the end of its glorious accomplishments, there would seem to be in this day little to interfere with the acceptance of the new, if it is sound and if the time is ripe for its introduction to the world. Hans Barth believes that popular appreciation of the quarter-tone will come about through jazz. The little interval imprisoned between contiguous black and white keys of any well-tuned piano is wonderful for the sounding of the "blue" note, he says.

Fortunately for the advocates of quarter-tones (and less), their experiments have come at a time when the musical world is inured to innovation, and nothing is likely to be rejected merely because it has never been heard of before. Yet there are persons of distinguished authority who question altogether the validity of the quarter-tone system. Thus, arguments obviously based on sound theoretical knowledge are advanced by A. Wellek,[1] a Czecho-Slovakian composer, who complains that the quarter-tone "hinders the free play of the nuances without rising to an equality with the half-tone and living its own life"; that "there are in this system tones with a li of their own and others without, and thes latter vitiate the entire system." He als points out that "on the violin the mechan ical hindrances appear insuperable. Whe playing in the higher positions (say fro the sixth upwards) the fingers are brough together as closely as possible. In an a tempt to halve the distance the finge would get into each other's way." In more general way the same writer di credits the quarter-tone enthusiasts thu "True talent recognizes the value of limit tion and learns to love it. . . . Should w not have our doubts concerning a po who claimed to have ideas not expressib in any known tongue?"

But the disciples of quarter, eighth an sixteenth tones are an intrepid lot and is not likely that they will be easily pu down. They realize that theirs is a proble not alone in music, but in physics, acou tics and psychology. They are fond quoting Helmholtz, who said: "The sy tem of scales, modes and harmonic tissue does not rest on unalterable natural law but is at least partly also the result æsthetic principles which have alread changed and will still further change wit the progressive development of huma ity." On their side also are Busoni thoughtful and heartening words:

> We have divided the octave into twelve equidistant degrees, because we had to manage somehow, and have constructed our instruments in such a way that we can never get in above or below or between them. The keyboard instruments, in particular, have so thoroughly schooled our ears that we are no longer capable of hearing anything else. . . . Yet nature created an infinite gradation—*infinite!* Let us strive to draw a little closer to infinitude!

[1] "Quarter-Tones and Progress," by A. Wellek, in the *Musical Quarterly*, for April, 1926.

GOOD PALS

BY RUTH SUCKOW

All through the meadows of wildflowers, ever since they had come out from the canyon, Ray and the ys had been on the look-out for a camp-g place. At last Ray cried, "Ha, boys—ok there!"

He drove into a rough, tiny off-road and rked the car among the pine trees. The ys kept up a fire of "Where, dad? Are we ing to stay here, dad? Dad, is this the ace?" Ray let them know by his silence at the place was here. They sat looking out them at the great trunks and anches of the pines, the sunny, quivering immer of aspens and the wildflowers ong the road. The mountain stream made clear watery singing in the stillness. Ray ept his hands on the wheel.

"Hazel, how's this?"

The boys were already out of the car. Well, here goes again!" Ray slid out m under the wheel. Hazel got down eling stiff and suddenly exhausted. They started in to set up camp again as they id been trained, and under Ray's direc-ons. The dusty khaki bundles were tied from the running board.

"You fellows gather wood. Rustle ound, now. Mother, get out the grub."

Hazel heard this with resentment. Her gs ached and her hands were trembly as e set up the little folding table. She was ent, except when she had to ask Ray for is knife or to bring her some water. The ive through the narrow canyon along e very edge of the roaring water had en a torment. All the way she had been anning how, if they met a car and some-ing happened, she could get her hands both boys at once. She had braced her feet and kept still, because she couldn't bear to have Ray and the boys think that she wasn't a good sport. She was weak from the experience yet. And here was the everlasting old necessity of cooking again the minute they stopped! Building camp fires was fun for Ray, but cooking was no novelty for her. Ray didn't have to keep the boys in mind minute by minute—just step in with a voice of authority when they got beyond control.

"Oh, that fire's so slow tonight!"

"It isn't, either!" Ray protested indignantly.

He put on the wood that the boys had brought. The good smoke went up and curled among the pine branches. At the smell of bacon they all knew that they were famished. Stedman danced on one foot with impatience. "Oh gee, mom, when are we going to eat?"

They were so ravenous that they devoured their food in silence at first. A steam went up from the dark bright coffee that turned a smooth thick yellow when they poured in the condensed milk. They fished out tiny insects with their spoons and threw them to the air. "*Get* out o' here—you little fool!" They began to feel warm and relaxed and contented, although the mountain air was getting chill. "More toast, anybody? Hazel?" "Oh, Ray, I believe I do." Hazel began to see with wonder and amused shame that it was hunger and weariness that had ailed her. Why couldn't people ever learn that? She wanted to be here in the mountains. She sat with her back against a huge tree trunk and let Ray fill her coffee cup.

Faint friendly jeers came to them from a

car going past on the road. Ray answered, and the boys shouted joyously, "Hi, there! Hi!" until he had to tell them, "That's enough now. Don't need to keep it up forever." Having other people pass by made them feel more than ever that they were one family, one camp—off by themselves in their fine little place, but with other little camps scattered through the great wood rimmed in by dark mountains. Replete with good hot food, they sat around their fire. The whole family wore khaki.

"Golly, this is a fire!"

"It's going down, dad."

"Well, you kids rustle a few sticks. Let your old dad rest."

With happy jeers, the boys scurried off into the dusk. Ray said, "Come on, mommy, I'll help you stick things away." The two adults rose stiffly and, hobbling, folded up the table. Ray spread their old college army blanket in front of the fire.

"That's the boys! Now watch her burn!"

They all sat down on the blanket, Ray stretched out, the boys sitting up and hugging their knees. The red-gold of the fire shifted, and the boys lifted their heads to watch the smoke going up through the pine trees into the fathomless night.

"Dad, how far do you s'pose you could see our fire?"

"Oh, I don't know. Quite a ways."

Ray was humming. He rolled over on the blanket. Stedman told him, "You must feel good, dad."

"I feel musical. Songs are swelling in my throat."

"Dad," David pleaded, "sing that funny song you used to, when I was little. You know, about that goat."

Ray sang:

> A man named Wurts,
> A friend of mine...

He laughed. "What made you think of that? It's so far in the past I can't remember it. Mom'll have to help me out."

"Oh gee, mom! Go on. Help dad sing it."

They had forgotten Wurts too long. Besides, David was asleep. Sleep came down upon the boys as suddenly as the cold night upon the mountains. Persuaded and herded and commanded, they were stuffed at last into the new sleeping bags. They lay on the ground just outside the circle of the fire. Hazel could dimly see the little sleeping faces. She stayed on at the fire and Ray sat down beside her.

"Well, Hazel, how's this? Think you can climb a mountain tomorrow?"

"Certainly. If *you* can."

"You're a pretty good old sport."

Hazel leaned her head against Ray's arm, and they looked into the fire together. This was like their college days. No wonder they had taken to singing of that ancient friend, the man named Wurts. They used to drive out, then, with the famous old gray horse and the red-wheeled buggy from the livery barn to picnics at Maple Sugar Grove. Hazel made the sandwiches, Ray supplied the beefsteak, and after dinner they sat on this same army blanket near the fire, and Ray read Kipling.

"Well sir, pal, we're here!" he now said in exultant wonder.

Hazel's eyes shone up at him in the firelight.

This was their first real vacation since Stedman was born. They had just gone on little trips here and there with the car. The Bensons would only do things that they could all do together. Ever since Ray and Hazel were married they had planned to drive to the mountains. Ever since they were first engaged, their ideal had been to watch the sunrise together from a mountain peak. They had gone to college on the prairies. Now they were camped at the foot of Black's Peak. They were ready.

Ray said, "We might be back in school. This is great. This is living."

Hazel answered jealously, "But we wouldn't have the boys, then!"

She snuggled up to Ray, glad that he wanted to be with her. But it hurt her that he could seem to want, or even to imagine, life without the children. It was like leaving them out. It was too dark now to see the little sleeping faces, but they were there, just within the firelight.

II

The boys found out, of course, that their parents meant to climb Black's Peak, and that they were to be left behind. Then there was turmoil.

"You said I could climb mountains, daddy! You said if I let my heel be lanced, it was so I could climb mountains."

"Well, you are going to climb mountains. Didn't I say I'd take you up Lone Pine?"

"Lone Pine!" they both wailed in concert. Stedman scoffed, "That little bitty mountain!"

"Well, you're little boys. You can't go up Black's Peak. It's too high for you."

"It isn't, daddy! Why can't we go up?" Stedman sobbed. "That's why I got my big high boots!"

"Oh," Ray cried in exasperation at last, "we'll give it up! We won't any of us go! You can't climb it if we do take you along, but you just won't let mom and dad have a little fun on their own. We'll give up the whole thing!"

"No! *No*, dad!" they wailed now in despair.

Hazel pleaded and argued with the boys, pleaded and argued with Ray. She was torn between them. She knew that Ray had set his heart on this one thing, that she had promised him, and that she simply couldn't fail him. Besides, she wanted it herself. But half her heart was with the boys. She wasn't sure that, even to keep her promise to Ray and her own conscience, she could be hard enough to go off and leave them. But for the plan to be given up would have been too great a tragedy. The whole trip, then, would have failed. At last it was compromised and rearranged as usual. The boys were to go. They were all to go. But the boys were to stop—"willingly now, without any fussing"—when they got to timber line. They were to spend the night at the Halfway Cabin with Jack the ranger, and let their parents go on up the peak without them—willingly, and without any fussing, on Hazel's side, Ray stipulated.

"You'll do that, now, will you?"

"Yes, dad. We will."

The parents knew of old those wide-eyed, starry-eyed, ready promises. But it was too hard and cruel to doubt them.

And, after all, the thing worked out well, better than the other way. It was the whole family again, a common cause. For two weeks they went into training. "Boys can't eat themselves sick and then expect to go up Black's Peak!" David dropped the cooky he had been stealing from the camp larder. "Eight o'clock every night if you expect to reach timber line." Ray and the boys planned and tinkered together. "What kind of staffs are you going to make us, dad, to go up Black's Peak?" Hazel was secretly relieved of that torturing, reasonless fear she knew she would have had to feel if she had gone up to the peak with Ray and left the boys at the inn—ever since, by ill luck, she had read of that little boy being lost in the North Carolina mountains. She would have her children on the same mountain with her. Both parents felt now that it would have been treachery to leave the boys behind.

Six more days, five more days, four, three, two, one—the morning came.

"Wake up, boys! This is the day for the great stunt."

When they dressed that morning, it was like starting their trip all over again. It was even more wonderful. Going to the top of a mountain—going above timber line! It would be something they had never experienced in their lives. It might change everything. They joked and laughed and talked excitedly as they all got into their khaki. The boys tried out their new aspen sticks. They danced around, crying, "Dad, when we going to start?"

"You must eat plenty of breakfast, boys. Tell them they must, daddy."

"Oh, gee, we almost forgot our wild-flower book!"

Ray cried at last, "Now the procession moves!"

All in their khaki, with their sticks and knapsacks, they left the camp and started

out. They crossed the hot sunny open space in front of the inn. "Going to try the peak today?" good-natured people called out to them. The boys strutted in their dazzling importance. Other boys were looking on—little sissy boys who stayed at inns and didn't know how fine it was to be camping. They were proud of each other. Dad was the tallest man around. The boys in their high laced boots, dressed just alike, looked so dear. Hazel had had her hair bobbed for the trip. She was still girlish and rather thin, but getting too broad through the beam, so she often feared, to look "cute" any more in knickerbockers. But the bob had changed her. On this bright morning, she looked not so much girlish as childish—with her short wavy hair, her eager sunburned face, her ankles trim in elkskin boots.

"Oh gee, dad, aren't you glad we're going?"

They passed the inn with its consciously rustic civilization and entered the trail. But still they were on known ground. The path here was wide and well-trodden. They kept meeting hikers and strollers, who gave them casual glances—although one very elegant young couple in beautiful outing clothes had to laugh and break the careful surface of their well-bred indifference when David cried out irrepressibly, "We're all going up the peak!"

Ray cautioned, "Now, boys!"

They obeyed him like little soldiers, still remembering their promises. When he gave the order, they flung themselves flat. David rested with such determination, and breathed so hard with his eyes squeezed shut, that Hazel and Ray had to turn toward each other a little and smile.

"Now up, everybody—and onwards!"

Up and up. The path was so beautiful now that it kept them hushed and intent. They were all climbing into wonder. The pure high air charged them with its primal freshness. The sunlight shifted down through great pine branches, lighted up columns of bronze trunks, struck out clear bright red from an Indian pink. All the way, the water sang beside them, until at last they reached the waterfall.

The boys went crazy. They plunged and plunged their hands into the cold white swirls of lacy foam. They caught handsful of the tumbling water to throw over their burning faces. All of them were light-headed with beauty. The roar of plunging water in the mountain stillness thrilled them with delicious fear. The boys ran forward to let the chill spray from the falls beat against their faces, and then ran back again. But the greenness and the silence—even that small steady thunder of water within the silence—hushed them. They rested. The ground was hard, clean and dry, slippery with pine needles. Lying flat upon it, mystically content, they looked up through great brown tree trunks, great green branches, to lofty bits of far blue sky. The sun burned on the warm needles.

III

The boys were up before Hazel and Ray. They were playing with the foam again, getting wilder and wilder as they threw water into each other's faces. "Come, boys!" It was harder to get the whole flock herded together and started again after the long, delicious rest.

It was still harder to keep it together. They were demoralized by their brief freedom. The boys kept making side excursions, and Ray had to call them sternly back to the trail. "Boys! We can't stop for those things now." Their attention was scattered. They wanted to run after every wildflower and chipmunk and bird, to stop every other moment to drink from the cold rushing stream, flat on their bellies, their little warm beaks open to gulp it in.

"Well, I'm thirsty, dad. You've got to let me."

"No, you're not. You can't be. You'll blow up and burst before you reach timber line if you drink any more water."

But threats, reminders, enticements were getting worn out under the unexpected length of the strain. In spite of promises, it

was too much for the boys. The path was no longer fresh to them. Climbing was hard, and an old story. Pine trees, Indian pinks, chipmunks, waterfalls had lost their shining newness of the morning. The path was steeper and steeper and all the same. Their feet hurt, they had nails in their shoes. They whined and couldn't go on.

"Daddy, wait!" Hazel pleaded. "They can't go so fast."

Ray cried in exasperation, "We'll never get there at this rate!"

At last they gave out altogether. The climb was halted. The whole party had aching backs, smarting feet, burning faces, tired ankles. Ray sat down and hugged his knees, as if that helped him somehow to hold in his helpless anger. He had known it would be this way! Hazel's face was tense with distress. She wanted to go on, hated to keep Ray waiting, and yet she brooded over the aches and pains of the boys and was secretly indignant with Ray for expecting them to be men. It looked as if the whole splendid excursion would come to nothing, and almost in sight of the first goal.

Ray said finally, "Well, we'll go down. We'll give the thing up. But we'll hear no more about mountains on this trip!"

Stedman sobbed and sniffed; but then he began to get his second wind. It was David now who was the stubborn one. He simply lay flat and refused to budge. He wouldn't look at them, wouldn't answer, wouldn't say whether he meant to go up or down. They coaxed, prodded, cajoled and threatened. There he lay. Even Stedman began to urge him now, "Brother, come on, brother. You want to see timber line. What makes you *act* so, brother?"

Ray cried in uncontrollable anger, "I knew how it would be! What's the use of going on their promises? They'll promise anything."

Hazel glared at him, defending the little tired bodies. She bent over and pleaded again, and it made Ray still more angry to hear the coaxing, brooding, maternal tone of her low voice. He wanted her to be as angry as he was, to uphold him. He gave an ultimatum.

"All right. If David won't go up or down, we'll leave him here."

Then, all at once, it was over. David was sitting up. He was permitting his teary, smudgy face to be wiped by his mother—sniffing and coming to life.

Ray's anger melted. "That's the boy! Why, of course he wants to go on. He wouldn't give up. Come on, now, we'll give him a boost."

They all felt refreshed and ashamed of their tempers. They were ready now, no matter how hard it was, to go on and finish the thing.

And, after all, they were closer to the goal than they had thought. The long monotony of the path was broken. The splendid dark ranks of marching trees were scattered. The pines were getting smaller and gnarled. There was a different wilder coldness in the air. Here was a tree split by lightning—a gaunt, silver skeleton.

"We're getting there, boys!" Ray exulted.

"To timber line, dad?"

"Almost to timber line!"

Now the plodding, toiling, endless climb had changed to thrilling expectation. They felt a hugeness in the air. Their aching limbs took on a mysterious lightness. They could keep on going forever now. They were coming into another world. The green trees were getting meager. Those that had survived the tortures of wind and lightning were stunted, twisted and bitterly warped. At last there were no living trees at all. The climbers were moving now through a silver forest of death. The stark branches were blinding white against a sapphire sky, drawn with a singing, fierce exultance. And then all at once the climbers were beyond even the forest, and saw only rocks before them.

"Dad, is it timber line?"

"It's timber line!"

The little troop broke ranks. With wild whoops the boys scrambled over the tumbled rocks. The log-built fastness of the

Halfway Cabin was humanly snug and small in the savage hugeness of the landscape. Jack stood outside it with the sun glinting in his eyes. The air had the tingle of snow, and snow itself was streaked in the hollows. The boys ran madly here and there. This wild shining bleakness was beyond the loveliness of the green place and the waterfall. This was on the edge of sublimity. . . . Tiny flowerets, chill and fresh as the snow, just tinged with blue, grew among the rocks, blooming in the midst of immensity.

"Oh, Dave! Gol! Look at the snow!"

Whooping and yelling, the two little figures, so human, so absurd, slid down the long white shining streaks. Hazel laughed wildly to see their antics. She was not afraid. Here no one could be afraid.

Ray shouted, "Come on, mom!"

He spread his arms, and Hazel, laughing, panting, shrieking, balanced with madly waving arms, slid down into them. He caught her at the base of the slide. She was squeezed up against his chest, her chin lifted, her open eyes dazzled with sunshine. He kissed her.

The boys shouted, "Oh, look at dad and mom!"

Jack stood outside the cabin and grinned at their madness. He was used to either the madness or the deadness of the people who reached timber line. Ray began to pelt Hazel with snowballs. Snow in August!

"Go after her, dad—get her!"

"No sir, don't you hit mom!"

Hazel ducked and defended herself. The wet cold snow spattered against her hair. Shining bits clung in the curly meshes. Her cheeks stung. She spat chill little grains from her lips. She bent and scraped her cold fingers into the snow. With a wild throw at Ray, she turned and fled panting into safety among the rocks.

She sat there getting her breath. Her eyes glanced brightly about. The wild air tingled in her lungs. Getting up, she began to wander about the huge gray sunlit rocks. Such immensity made her exultant. The beauty of the camping place in the meadows, among the aspens and the wildflowers, was nothing to this. Here she was wild, free, beyond herself. She stooped to touch small flowers, to touch the warm side of great rocks. She was delirious with joy, but her head had never been so magically clear. Clear as crystal, as the flashing water, as this mountain air. She could take in the universe in her vision. She could take in the whole of life, drawn like a map before her inward eyes in lines of light. . . . And up, up to the very peak they were going! She had come through the strange white glory of that skeleton forest into this wild freedom. She had passed through death, and death was beauty. She didn't care if the others did see her crazy wandering. In such beauty and glory as this, she was herself, exultant, solitary.

But she loved her family madly because they had been feeling it, too. Separate, but sharing. She heard Ray's voice ring out. She laughed, with a love that hurt her, at the cold pink cheeks and shining eyes, the mad puppy excitement of her boys, as they came scrambling over the rocks to find her. She could stand it that they were so small when the world was as huge as this. She was proud that her own family—the Benson family, from home—could feel such wonder and be transfigured by it.

"See the little bits of flowers, mom!"

The sudden mountain twilight came down piercingly cold. The shadowed tumbled rocks were dark and gray. The snow patches were without light. The world had gone back to the pre-historic and the Bensons turned away from it and went into the cabin.

Jack had a fire in the big stone fireplace. They huddled gladly about it, with the joyousness still upon them. Hazel crossed her knees easily, and took a pretty pose in Jack's rustic chair. They felt liberated by the triumph of the climb from all old disabilities—felt young and strong and even rich. Ray got out the wildflower guide and Stedman, his face bent eagerly and flushed with firelight, searched for the flowers dad wouldn't let him stop to s

along the way. David drowsed against his mother's arm. Another party broke into the cabin, talking and laughing shrilly, still dazzled with their climb through the silver forest. The Bensons, older comers, settled and rested now, looked at them with sympathy but superiority: quite at home now in Jack's cabin. Held down under the surface of Hazel's mind was the memory of her transfigured hour. Ahead of her was the climb to the peak, dangerous, arduous, splendid. It was like—when she was a child—Christmas Eve with Christmas morning to follow. . . . More splendid! Better than this hour alone, because she and Ray would take it together. They would share the sunrise. Hazel caught her breath with the wonder that opened up in her mind. Tears came to her eyes, and she blinked her lashes and smiled.

The other people, too, were going on to the peak—all but a plump woman with a red face and gray hair wildly short, who made them all laugh by her husky, pop-eyed assertion that this was high enough for her! She would stay, she said with puffing vivacity, and look after the boys.

IV

Hazel and Ray lay on their bunks, dressed and, in spite of the cold, alert and taut with readiness for the climb. The moon would come up at midnight. The boys slumbered innocently and appealingly, but in peace. Jack called them cautiously. They heard the other people laughing and scrambling up and lacing their boots in the next room of the cabin. The time had actually come. Ray whispered loudly, "Getting ready, Hazel?"

"Yes!"

Breathlessly she was pulling on her boots with cold hands unsteady with haste.

"Haven't lost your nerve?" Ray taunted her.

"Don't you think it!"

They giggled together, happy and wicked conspirators.

"Darn these laces! Who invented 'em?"

Hazel whispered, "Oh, Ray, I'm crazy to get started!" Bright little shivers of excitement went through her and made her draw her shoulders together, while her eyes shone. She wanted to laugh.

"Well, come on then, and start!"

Hazel gave one quick look at the little sleeping faces—afraid of letting herself look too long—and had one grinding pang of fear and tenderness as she left them in the dark.

Then she and Ray were outside in the strange, cold moonlight. The other party, like a flock of spirits with human voices, were shadowily visible climbing ahead of them in the dimness. The gray expanses of tumbled rocks were lighted with a cold, titanic glow. But Ray's flashlight sent a tiny, intimate path of light ahead of just the two of them.

Their sleepy reluctance to start the climb had all worn off. Hazel kept shivering and giggling. She felt the way she used to feel when they all went out dressed up in sheets, with pumpkin faces, on Hallowe'en. Only that this was exalted, splendid. It was as if the cold bright glitter of the moonlight had got into her veins and was making her want to do wild, happy things and break into crazy laughter. She looked slim and mischievous in the moonlight. Ray was excited by the glint of her eyes, dark and bright, as she glanced up at him.

The presence of the party ahead drew them together. The fluffy-haired girl gave little plaintive cries when she came to boulders. She stopped and halted the whole procession by virtue of her soft appealing hands and pretty hair. She was the kind who had to be helped along by the males.

Ray called back to Hazel, "Coming, pal?"

"Coming!" Hazel answered sturdily.

He was proud of her, and tender toward her. She scrambled over the rocks like a little Spartan and scorned making him stop for her. He waited.

"You're a pretty good kid, aren't you?" he said in a low, teasing tone.

"That little fool makes me tired!" Hazel said contemptuously.

Ray held out his hand to help her up, and it was good, all the same, to feel it tighten into iron under the tug. Hazel climbed up breathlessly over the cold, savage boulders, saying nothing when she scraped her hand, determined to come up to Ray's expectations and not to hold him back. She liked to loiter and to look at things, but Ray, when he had a point in mind, wanted to go straight to that point. They seemed to be climbing in a savage waste. There were no directions, no here or there, only giant stoniness.

The people ahead were resting, and so, although they were not tired, Ray and Hazel rested, too.

"How you like it so far?" Ray said.

"It's gorgeous!" Hazel panted.

She wouldn't say that he had gone too fast for her. If she could have stopped every now and then, cuddled down on a rock and closed her eyes, she knew that she could have gone farther and better and faster in the end. But that wasn't Ray's way of climbing. It made him impatient to have little wayside stops.

"Gosh!" Ray murmured, in wondering amazement. "Are we actually started?"

The romance of their youth was back with the words. They could see their whole career now as romantic. They sat together looking out over the titanic barrenness of the rocks. They were not awed, they were not even impressed by the magnitude of this adventure. Instead, they were jubilant and mischievous, like children. Or perhaps their awe was so great that they had no relief from it except in these little foolish antics. They aimed some pebbles at the moon, and heard, far away, the tiny clink of their pebbles falling —a sound that was, after all, gigantic with the significance of its tininess in this immensity. It was fun to be stopping here, taking a little time off and acting like infants. But the mountain cold poured like water through their bones. The others had gone on. Ray stretched and rose.

"Well, Hazel, we'd better travel!"

He gave her her aspen staff, pulled her up, and again they started. It was going to be difficult from now on. They did not talk. Hazel climbed over the boulders after Ray, not seeing the rocks, not seeing the moon, conscious only of her hot labored breathing and the little niches where she could set her staff. They lost track of time and place.

There was a faint shrieking below them. Hazel stopped, and suddenly knew that it had been going on for some time. Premonitory knowledge flashed into her, and she was sure. She called sharply, "Ray!"

"What?"

"Listen!"

He stopped, poised and frowning. Then he said, "Somebody else coming up."

He started to go on. Hazel followed, and then called to him. "Ray! Wait! It's for us!"

He halted at the sharpness of her tone. Hazel was frozen with the intentness of her listening.

"It isn't—" Ray began, scoffing.

"It is!"

At that moment the cry grew faint, but piercingly audible. "Ben-son!"

She turned, and with a harsh, sobbing, panting began to scramble back over the rocks. She had not a thought of going on. Ray tried angrily to hold her back. "We're coming!" she screamed.

"Hazel!" he said to her. His anger and stiff reluctance were wrenched to belief, to shame, and then to fear. "Gosh!" he muttered under his breath. He followed Hazel, still angry that she had been so swift to turn back; but he relieved his unadmitted disappointment by calling to her so sharply— "Wait! We won't gain anything by breaking our necks!"—that she stopped. She forced herself to stillness. Wildly intent, they made their precarious way down over the boulders.

"BEN-N-N-son!"

"Coming!"

They could see the shadowy figure of Jack, and far below him the cabin. Hazel

heard: "Mrs. Benson! Mrs. Benson! . . . the little boy——."

She only existed now until she could get to the cabin. She was wildly furious with herself for leaving her children there without her. In the cabin doorway, she saw the scared face and protruding eyes of the plump woman under a wild dishevelment of hair. "Oh, Mrs. Benson, I'm so glad he found you." Hazel pushed into the cabin. Ray, with a frightened face, followed. They could hear Stedman's voice wild with sobbing.

"We're coming! Mother's coming!"

V

The instant she saw him—little unfledged figure sitting up in his bunk, his face streaming with tears, his red mouth piteously open, his thin little arms stretched out to her—Hazel's cold agony of fear gave way to a hot relief. He was here.

"What is it? What is it, darling?"

At the sight of the two faces, the mother's tense with passionate comfort, the father's scared, Stedman's crazy sobbing increased. All the others were in a hubbub of explanations. David's eyes were round and bright, the eyes of a bird wakened in its nest. The plump woman, her eyes popping, stood huddling her coat around her. Jack looked scared and awkward in the doorway. "He cried so terribly—we couldn't find out what was the matter—so terrified—!"

Hazel, saying nothing, was holding Stedman tightly. Ray was demanding in a frightened voice, "What is it, old fellow? Come on! What is it? Tell daddy."

Stedman lifted bright drowned eyes. His sobs were louder than ever, but the scream of agony had gone out of them. Hazel knew it, with that swift knowledge, although the scared onlookers did not. They were still pleading with him. The sobs hushed enough for her to hear the plump woman's explanation, interspersed with eager sentences from David.

"Just a little while after you were gone, Mrs. Benson! Woke up screaming. Thought he *must* be in pain."

"Oh, he just *howled*, mom!"

Ray begged Stedman, "Were you sick? Did something hurt you?"

The woman kept gasping, "I was so afraid of appendicitis!"—wailing at intervals, "I knew you'd never for-*give* me, Mrs. Benson!"

Hazel said nothing. She held Stedman to her, comforting him, defending him against anger to come, letting him feel by the pressure of her arms that she understood in advance. She knew Stedman so well—a knowledge subtle and enfolding, fathoms deep, beyond all words, beyond all reason. Once, years ago—Ray had forgotten it—this same thing had happened. Stedman had waked in a strange place, screaming—at his grandmother's.

At last they had all begun to realize. They showed, in different ways, reaction from the torturing anxiety. Jack was sheepish. "Well, I didn't know, I thought maybe the boy was sick," he said. The plump woman was pop-eyed with assurances. "Why, I really thought the child was in pain," she repeated over and over again. They all tried to reassure Stedman, until Ray—weak at first with relief, then with a sense of let-down, of being sold—had to smother his impatience, still half ashamed because it was too soon to admit or even feel it. Hazel, defensive already, held Stedman to her, guilty because she had left him, because she could realize all through her what he had felt when he woke up in this strange, cold place alone—and only she.

He submitted at last to being comforted. The plump woman went back to her bunk. Hazel sat holding Stedman yet, promising by the steadiness of her hold that she would not let him go. Ray, as he looked at them, uncertain how to take this or what to do, angry but unsteady yet from his fear, felt a thrust of mingled jealous anger and distaste at their look of being one. He walked about and halted near them.

"Well, I suppose the trip's up!"

Hazel did not answer.

"Was that all?" Ray demanded piteously of Stedman. "Were you only afraid of the dark?"

Stedman raised his wet eyelids, looked, drooped them again—nestled deeper into the warmth of his mother's arms.

Ray said bitterly, after a moment, "It's no use trying to do anything when you have kids!"

Hazel did not reply. She hated Ray for blaming Stedman, for thinking of himself. But her lips quivered. She was guilty, for she knew that Ray always blamed her when he blamed the children, as if she and they, at such a time, were one. It was she who had insisted on turning back, who had known that the call was for them, that something was wrong with the children. She had been right. And then, after all, the trouble was no more than this!

But wasn't the climb spoiled for *her*, too? Was *she* complaining?

Jack looked in at the door, still sheepish, and wanting to make amends if he could for bringing them back. He said, "Excuse *me*, Mr. Benson, but I didn't know whether you wanted to get up to the peak?"

Ray looked startled. "Why, they've all gone on!"

"They stop quite a lot." Jack grinned. "That young lady'll take some boosting along before she gets there. If you wanted to catch up with them before sunrise, I guess you still could."

"Oh, no! No!" Ray said hastily. "Thanks, Jack. Guess I'd better not."

But when Jack had left the room, he was bitter. He stood in front of Hazel and demanded, "Well?"

"Why don't you go?" Hazel asked him coldly. She scarcely moved her lips, and her arms pressed Stedman to her. He had made a tiny protesting movement.

"Will you come?" Ray demanded, unbelieving, challenging.

She did not reply. If she left Stedman now, the pressure of her arms would be treachery. Yet she was ashamed at the tone of Ray's voice.

"Can't we wait?" she pleaded.

He answered, with vehement bitterness, "I don't want to go at all unless we get there by sunrise! You know that."

Silence again. He broke out, "There's nothing the matter with that boy! We've come back, he knows it's all right now—or he ought to. If you'd simply go, he'd have to let you." But all the same, he knew she would not go, could not go. "To make us give this up—like everything else—"

Hazel said in a low, passionate voice, "You can go! I'm not keeping you."

He paused and glared. "I think I *will* go!"

"Well, *go*. I'm not keeping you."

He went straight to the door. She heard his voice. "Jack! Think you can get me up there in time?"

VI

Hazel stayed on with the boys. She had told Ray to go, had wanted him to go—yet she couldn't help resenting that he had obeyed her. It was his caring to go that she resented. How could he do that if he really loved the boys? He thought that she had failed him; that she was weak and let the boys have their way with her; that she couldn't hold out; that because he could leave them, he was the stronger. She wanted to run after him, seize him by the shoulders and tell him: it isn't because you're strong that you can go; it's because you're blind; you don't see; you don't feel. She thought he was a child to care so much about his little way.

Still, she had wanted to take the climb with him. She had never meant to give it up—couldn't understand, even as she looked about the cabin room in the moonlight, how it had come about that he was going on up to the peak and she was here. Their wonderful climb together, planned and dreamed of for so long, had come to this! Ray was going up to the peak alone and she was left, with the children, at Halfway Cabin.

Bitterness engulfed her in a great wave. It was not that she could not, did not

want to, reach the peak by sunrise as well as Ray. She loved to climb. She had prided herself upon keeping up with Ray: his pal—with him in every endeavor. What it came to for her was the Halfway Cabin. It would have been better, she thought with bitterness, to have stayed at the bottom and never tried to take the climb at all. She turned passionately to Stedman, but he turned away his face with a little impatient movement and did not respond. He had had what he craved from her. Now he wanted to sleep.

Hazel got up after a while, went to her own bunk, and lay down alone. She could have gone now. Stedman was asleep and did not need her any longer. Ray might have waited just as well as she. It would only have meant missing the sunrise. But then—the sunrise was the thing they had come to see. It was just what she had to miss.

She lay thinking in bitter silence, until sounds roused her. She supposed it was Jack getting back to the cabin. Ray must be well up the trail by now. Their door opened, and Ray stood there. Hazel struggled up, wide-eyed in the moonlight. It was actually Ray. He came on into the room.

She whispered loudly, "What happened? Couldn't you find the others?"

He was trying to look unconcerned, but he could not keep a boyish sheepishness out of his voice. "I let 'em go."

"Why, but—! Were they too far ahead?"

"Oh, I guess I could have caught 'em. . . . How's the boy?"

"He's asleep."

Hazel said that bitterly. Ray wandered restlessly about the room. He paused, looked at her, and blurted, "Oh, I didn't want to go up there without you! It was with you I wanted to see it. I didn't care about it alone."

Hazel felt stricken with guilt. She wailed indignantly, "Oh, but Ray, I *told* you to go on!"

"I didn't want to," he answered gruffly.

Hazel, raised precariously on her elbow, stared at him in distress. She didn't know whether to love him or hate him for this. He was half impatient, she could see, and disgruntled and disappointed yet. He had a right to be disappointed. She stared at him with remorse and guilt, with resentment, with straining pity. He might have been away up the trail by now if it hadn't been for her. She was half ashamed, in spite of her deep resentment, that his ruthlessness was softened and spoiled. She and the children had done it. Now it would be too late for the sunrise.

"You could have gone," she asserted.

"Oh, well. We'll both go in the morning."

Hazel was silent.

Ray blurted again, in the last flare of his anger, "Oh, we can't do anything with these kids and we might as well know it! I can climb Lone Pine, I suppose, and get the sunrise. Of course, it won't be like this. We can all do that. You and I'll go on up to the peak in the morning. The kids won't mind then. How'll that be?" . . . With remorse and yielding he pressed her to his shoulder as he sat down on the edge of the bunk beside her. Hazel let him, but her eyes kept their stare of distress. It was a compromise, both of them knew. He thought he was making it for her; she thought she had made it for him. Ray was ashamed of himself, and Hazel was remorseful. In any event, they had given up watching the sunrise. They felt old . . . and they felt like two lost children comforting each other in the dark. But there *was* comfort in it.

She let him press her cheek to his, and said, after a while, and rather quaveringly, "All right."

LADY BACK-SLAPPERS

BY MARGARET COBB

Soon after the militant idealists of Rotary closed their annual convention in Ostend, Belgium, last June, by electing the incomparable and incredible Hon. A. Sapp president, their feminine counterparts, the members of the Quota Club International, Incorporated, squatted in the ancient walled town of Baltimore for a three-day conclave. Weeks in advance the occasion was heralded to the somnolent burghers of the Monumental City. Posters with giant Q's cluttered up the local department-store windows, and gushy advance notices invaded the columns of the local newspapers. Along the highways leading to the city large blue and gray arrows indicated the way to those delegates who were motoring in. And one day they all arrived, perspiring but full of pep.

Quota International, it was soon made to appear, is the doggiest female booster organization in all this wonderful land. Many smaller organizations with go-getter aspirations, to be sure, are scattered in this State and that, but not one of them makes the steep grade of the Quotarians, who can boast a club as far west as Denver, and another as far north as Canada—that is, Winnipeg, the only chapter outside the United States: hence the International in the title of the organization. Without a doubt, Rotary itself could not have staged a gaudier show. The gals put things over with a bang. Witness their colossal victualling. Three times a day they had gaudy banquets in the convention hotel ballroom. Their luncheons alone made a League of Women Voters' feast look like a five-o'clock tea. Bordered with huge synthetic palms, the speakers' table, where the honorary guests and club dignitaries sat, reached lengthwise across the room. Full-sized bouquets of fresh cut flowers were at every table. There were handsomely printed menu cards. The best orchestra in Baltimore played from a dais decked in more palms. There were paid entertainers, paid orators. There were souvenirs for every lady idealist present. And the viands on the plates were the best the celebrated Maryland Free State could produce.

The cost of these spreads, it should be noted, was not filched entirely from the convention coffers. The lady back-slapper, like her brother in arms, is well versed in the art of raising contributions. Many a Baltimore store-keeper had to cough up souvenirs and decorations. The five-dollar registration fee collected from every delegate was apparently not enough to meet the convention expenses: donations were coaxed from every possible source. And from the city of Baltimore itself the visitors wheedled a free boat trip to Annapolis (on the same boat, by the way, that carries the charity excursions for poor children). Obviously, the female Babbitt considered such favors as her due; in return she acknowledged the donors on an inside page of the convention booklet.

Eight years ago, according to the historians of idealism in America, a lady of Russian birth caught the vision of gathering women in the trades and professions into a go-getting organization fashioned after Kiwanis, Rotary, the Lions and their ilk. By a peculiarly fitting coincident her name was Joiner—Wanda Frey Joiner—the last appendage acquired through marriage. Mrs. Joiner is now the presiden

and general manager of a paint and plate glass concern in Buffalo, and boasts that she was "the first woman in this country to hold a position of this kind." She is an amiable woman, and readily talks about herself.

"I came to the United States," she told me, "from Odessa, when I was nine years old. I couldn't speak a word of English. Whatever education I have I got from practical experience. I never went to school, but I taught myself by reading. I have always been a great reader. The care of my mother and the home rested entirely upon me, so I had to go to work immediately. I began as an errand girl in the line of work I am now in. Although I had ambitions for a professional career, the commercial field seemed the most practical, and I decided to climb as rapidly as I could. Each step meant more remuneration. My willingness to learn everything there was to learn in the paint and plate glass business eventually spelled my success. Last month I celebrated my twenty-fifth year in this work. My experience in business has always been with men."

And then she related her part in the genesis of Quota: "In 1918 four other business women and myself were guests at the annual ladies' night dinner given by the Buffalo Kiwanis Club. I noted the good fellowship that prevailed and remarked upon it to my colleagues. The idea struck me, Why couldn't women have the same thing? That night we five signed a covenant on a dirty piece of paper, pledging ourselves to organize a women's club like Kiwanis."

By February Mrs. Joiner had rounded up "the most representative women in the city" and the first organization of its kind in human history was formed. "They made me first international president." Ready assistance came, of course, from Rotary and Kiwanis. "Everyone knows that Rotary and the smaller service clubs helped us organize in new cities."

Then she explained the origin of the name, Quota.

"The girls [all Quotarians are girls, whether they are twenty-five or sixty], and I simply hunted through the dictionary. When we ran across the word *quota* we stopped. The very word we wanted—short and quaint! Then we hunted up the Latin for it, and found that it meant 'to share,' and presto we had our club motto, 'We Share.'"

Mrs. Joiner can now tack to her name the title of Honorary Life President of Quota Club International, Incorporated. And it is not merely honorary, that title, for Wanda Joiner still bosses the works. At any rate, she dictates who is to be the boss. Though she protests modestly that she now acts only in an advisory capacity, she nevertheless boasted at the convention that the 1927–28 ticket passed name for name as she herself had wished and predicted. She is shrewd and a good politician. Did she not manage without bloodshed to crown a lady chiropractor queen of the Quotarians, when all the lady osteopaths wanted to put one of their own number in the job!

II

Taking its cue from the men's service clubs, Quota International says that it is "essentially a weekly luncheon club." (I quote the official handbook.) Like their brother Babbitts, the Quotarians worship the god Fellowship as they meet around the festive board. This happens every seven days, if not oftener. But is the gathering purely gastronomical? Not at all. According to the handbook,

> Quota is a body of women banded together . . . who meet weekly in their respective communities to promote business ethics, encourage friendships, and coöperate in civic betterment—helping to make the world better by improving themselves first.

And here is their creed:

> Quota believes in God, the church, the schools, and good government.
>
> Quota is trying to help Quotarians make a success not alone of business, but of life.
>
> Quota is a body of women banded together,

not for profit, but for the purpose of mutual and general uplift.

Quota is content with nothing less than something better.

Quota embodies self-sacrifice, self-denial, and the attributes that make for the betterment of womanhood.

Perhaps the prize inspirational thinker of the organization is Miss Lulu M. Dryden, of Baltimore, lately the president, and by avocation a dealer in pneumatic tools. Lulu, as her colleagues fondly call her, favored them during her administration with many a spiritual tract. From her one learns that "unbiased by political or religious creed, Quota becomes an inspiration and a stimulus for better thoughts and better deeds, formulated and stressed in the axiom, 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin!'" Also, that "Quota realizes that the standard of citizenship is the foundation on which are built the state and the nation, and that neither can rise higher than its source. Quotarians wield a wide influence through the use of the ballot in the selection of those to govern. . . . By approving the good and deprecating the bad they set an example at once educational and beneficial."

Keeping step with their brethren of Rotary and Kiwanis, the ladies of Quota "glory in the beauty of Service"—not unobtrusive Service, it appears, but the kind that is bruited abroad in the columns of the *Quotarian*, the organization mouthpiece. Their cause they call International Girls' Service Work, and they adopted it

to encourage the laudable ambitions of younger girls and to assist those less able to solve their individual problems. The object of such Service work shall be to bring the girl or girls selected by individual clubs greater opportunities for moral, mental, spiritual and physical development and to provide for their vocational guidance.

The results of this worthy undertaking are set forth at length every month in the *Quotarian*. For example:

A $100 scholarship awarded on three distinctions —scholastic attainments, outside activities, and personality—was the gift of the Fargo, North Dakota, Club to the valedictorian of the mid-year graduating class in the Fargo high-school, and will be used by that future Quotarian at the North Dakota Agricultural College, which she enters next Fall.

Again:

The protégée of the Lebanon, Pa., Club, a young music student of unusual promise, meets with the club each month and is accompanist for all their Quota songs. In addition to financing her musical education, Quotarians provided everything required for her confirmation at Easter.

At the Baltimore convention, some of the delegates, alas! were noticeably lacking in enthusiasm for such pious services. Though they were quite willing to pay $3.50 apiece for their meals, they had to do a lot of scraping to complete a $250 scholarship, voted as the nucleus of an "international fund." One altruistic member fondly hoped that the proceeds of a volume of her own poems, published recently, would help swell the fund. Meanwhile, the delegates ratified the following resonant statement of Quota's aims:

To promote friendlier feelings and enlarge acquaintance among business and professional women.

To kindle and promote the spirit of fraternalism among Quotarians and among Quota Clubs.

To promote coöperation between Quotarians in the development of the various lines they represent.

To apply ethical standards to business relationships between Quotarians and to spread the gospel of "do unto others as you would have others do unto you" in private, social, civic, and business life.

To quicken the interest of each member in the public welfare and to coöperate with others in civic development.

To promote, supervise and encourage the organization of Quota Clubs in the principal cities throughout the United States and elsewhere.

A heavy Sunday-school lesson for the neophyte Quotarian to assimilate! So heavy, in fact, that the Committee on Education was impelled to provide her with the following doggerel memory-aid:

Am I a real Quotarian
Or do I just belong?
Do I feel that Service and not self
Is part of life's sweet song?

When they meet, the ladies of Quota, regardless of weight, put on a Rotarian's gambol. Mrs. Joiner herself approves this levity. "What business women need," she says, "is fun. One reason we organized the

Quota Club was to help to show them how o have a good time." I encountered an xample of this fun at the close of one of ne convention luncheons. A woman peaker was shouting, and the crowd was epeating after her in unison the following nes:

This female of the species, sir,
If fed on rosebuds, moonbeams, love,
Would be the charming character
That you had termed a "cooing dove."
With more than one man's work to do
And many things to keep an eye on,
Alas, she never learned to coo
But turned into a roaring lion!

A favorite mirth provoker is a contest etween the long-haired and the bobbed iembers. The scene is a convention ban-uet, with the diners arrayed in their best ibs and tuckers. At a signal, shrill trebles ng to the tune of "Jingle Bells":

Shingle belles, shingle belles,
Shingle all your hair!
Don't forget to wash your neck
Or else don't leave it bare.
Shingle belles, shingle belles,
Right up to the dome.
Ain't it fun, the more you cut,
The less you have to comb?

Then, as the last note dies down, the un-ipped pick up the refrain to the tune of There's a Long, Long Trail":

In my long, long hair I glory,
It is my joy and my pride.
I'll not sacrifice my tresses
Whate'er may betide.
There's a long, long time a-coming
When all you bobbed heads will pine,
And you'll wish that you were wearing, too,
Some long, long hair like mine.

Cheers. Applause. Shrieks. The louder ngers win the game. "Why, I didn't im-gine so many women had long hair!" Quotarian meekly remarks, hearing the erdict.

The major portion of the Quota spirit, ideed, is embalmed in song. Whenever ey get together the lady boosters must ng. As a rule, any popular tune of the day ffices for the melody, but occasionally a usical member supplies her own. For ex-ample, Miss Beatrice Merrin, an osteopath-anist, wrote both the words and the music of the organization hymn, "Quota." It goes:

Once a band of women,
Courageous as could be,
Set out new fields to conquer,
To share in harmony;
Their work was more than fruitful,
As all of you will say,
For Quota was the offering
They gave to us that day.

Chorus

Quota! Quota! We go marching on.
Sharing is our motto,
As we move in life's great throng;
Quota! Quota! You form an endless chain,
'Twixt women, North and South,
And East and West
Who love and share your name.

Sisterly affection is expressed in a song chanted to Miss Dryden, the late national president, mentioned before as the chief inspiration-slinger of Quota. "Lulu, We Love You" is its title. If you happen to possess a copy of "Chérie, I Love You" try it with these words on your piano:

Lulu, Lulu, our own!
Lulu, you stand alone.
Though we could hail you a thousand ways,
Quota's dear Queen is our noblest praise:
Lulu, Lulu, we hail;
With you we cannot fail.
We love you, love you!
That's what we mean when we greet you,
Lulu, our own.
We love you, love you!
That's what we mean when we greet you,
Lulu, our own!

Disdaining to stoop to the ribald "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here," of Kiwanis, the Quotarians nevertheless have in their répertoire a song intended to arouse the same gang spirit. "We're Here For Fun" is its ladylike title, and its tune, curiously enough, is the somewhat melancholy "Auld Lang Syne." Thus the gals link arms and sing:

We're here for fun right from the start,
So drop your dignity;
Just laugh and sing with all your heart
And show your loyalty.
May all your troubles be forgot,
Let this night be the best;
Join in the songs we sing tonight,
Be happy with the rest!

The warbling of such ditties constitutes about seventy-five per cent of the proceed-

ings at the lady Babbitts' functions—warbling, and the "play idea." The combination has probably contributed more toward luring new members and holding the old than all the lofty idealism of the organization. The Quotarians stage a tiddledywinks party, advertise it with a notice that "chewing gum and lollypops will be served as refreshments," and a crowd is there!

III

A "Quotarian exemplifies the ideal business and professional woman—trained in mind, keen of intellect and wholesome in her thinking, kindly, understanding, but with an eye trained to see life's problems and a mind trained to work them through to the end; . . . not a superwoman, not a woman trained only to do the big things, but a woman trained to do the common things of life uncommonly well." I quote from the Quota Information Book. In the light of this declaration, the officers elected at the late convention provide interesting material for reflection. The new president, "Dr." Mabel H. Palmer, received her "training" in that famous Davenport institution, the Palmer School of Chiropractic, and eventually married the son of its founder. After serving several seasons as a member of the Quota board of directors she was elevated to the presidency, thanks to the potent influence of Mrs. Joiner. When the election was over Mrs. Joiner explained that she had previously instructed the Eastern delegates to vote for the lady chiro. "I told them not to be selfish," she said. "It was about time the presidency went West, if Quota is to grow." "Dr." Mabel she described as "educated, refined, and cultured." But despite her support, the Iowan did not win the election without opposition. Her enemies, the osteopaths, who seemed to overrun the organization, preferred almost any other candidate on the ticket. Up in her hotel room these lady osteopaths pleaded with Mrs. Joiner until that poor lady was forced to bed with a nervou headache. They lobbied among the del gates also, but to no avail. "Dr." Mab rode in a winner under Mrs. Joiner's skil ful jockeying. A lady preacher, a lad banker, and a lady orthodontist wer among the other candidates nominatec Submitting to pressure from above, a three abdicated amiably in favor of Mr Palmer before the election took place. A a reward each was elected to a vic presidency.

When the Rev. Reitta M. Emerson wa thus shunted out of the race, the Ant Saloon League lost a great opportunity By instinct and training Miss Emerson is League vassal, and in the Quota saddle sh might have ridden the lady boosters to dry, dry state indeed. She spent five year from 1909 to 1914, working for the Pro hibitionists in Baltimore. In 1915 she wa promoted to New York, and there for si years more she labored as office manage over a force of fifty women snoopers of th League. Add to this that she is an activ post-graduate of the W. C. T. U., and it easy to see what a cruel trick fate playe on the drys by cheating them out of th Quota presidency.

The delegates from Worcester, Mass swallowed hard because Miss Catherin Olney, their banker candidate, had to tak a back seat for Mabel Palmer. Armed wit a letter from the mayor of Worcester to th mayor of Baltimore, they were prepared impress themselves so indelibly upon th convention that Miss Olney must wi But it was not to be. The third unsucces ful candidate was Miss L. Olive Cole, wh straightens teeth for a living. She is a C nadian, the only delegate from outside th United States.

The rules of eligibility permit "on representative business and profession women whose ability and integrity a recognized in the community," to jo Quota. The handbook sternly points o that the "standard is high and must maintained." Mimicking Rotary, the Qu tarians employ a classification syste

Nominally this method allows each local club but one representative from each particular "recognized line of business," but in practice almost any woman not a bootlegger can get in. National headquarters issue a standardized classification booklet which reads: "This list is merely to assist local clubs. Some clubs may find local conditions that require other classifications not listed here." Here are a few of the occupations recognized: Christian Science practitioner, chiropodist, eleven different kinds of physicians, mortician, undertakers' supplies, waterless toilet, canned goods, Americanization League, airplane manufacturing, detective agency, five-and-ten-cent store, house-wrecking and second-hand building material, scrap iron, patent attorney, soot blower, plumbing contractor, *x*-ray technician, fish dealer, shoe manufacturer, coal operator, and architect.

Whenever a member gains the public spotlight, the event is always marked with hosannas and feasts. Last February the president of the Wilkes-Barré Quotarians, Miss S. M. R. O'Hara, was appointed deputy attorney-general of Pennsylvania by Governor Fisher. Out came the *Quotarian* with a two-page spread entitled "Hail, Hail, O'Hara!" "We were all a-tip-toe, eagerly and breathlessly waiting for the final word," a fervent sister wrote of the appointment, "and when it came our delight knew no bounds. Then we had luncheon, and it was a wonderful luncheon, too!" A reception, a banquet and several more luncheons celebrated the appointment, which was "not all honorary, but carries a $6,000 annual salary."

Miss Jessie Dell, recently appointed Civil Service Commissioner by President Coolidge, is another "distinguished Quotarian" who got several pages of adulation. But the scribe's supply of adjectives apparently ran low, for her story was not nearly so resplendent as the O'Hara splurge.

True to the booster tradition, the lady back-slappers pursue all celebrities of front-page calibre. "Snare the visiting lion" is offered as a "good motto for entertainment and speakers committees." "The publicity afforded by entertaining these personages and the contacts made through them could be of importance to the local club and often to Quota International," observes the publicity chairman.

If the prominent outsider is a woman, the Quotarians will try to wheedle her into becoming an honorary member, a status that "endures for life and is exempt from application fees and annual dues." Thus the late Mrs. Harding was enrolled. A bit later Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, daughter of the immortal William Jennings Bryan, accepted the palm extended by the Uniontown, Florida, Quotarians. When Mrs. Owen received the degree of doctor of laws last Spring from the celebrated Rollins College, at Winter Park, Fla., the editor of the *Quotarian* found but one fault with the ceremonies: the learned President Holt neglected to mention Mrs. Owen's connection with Quota! "Had Dr. Holt only included somewhere in [his] splendid tribute, 'honorary member of the Uniontown Quota Club' Quotarians would have sipped a cup of joy brimming full! . . . Uniontown is just hoping Ruth Owen did not forget to wear her Quota pin."

"The Detroit Quota Club," the founder announced, "is thinking about inviting Mrs. Lindbergh."

IV

Of the twelve dollars in dues extracted annually from each member one dollar goes toward supporting the *Quotarian*. In content it ranks with a junior college sorority publication. One of the early issues was "a perfect freeze" in the opinion of the lady boosters themselves. Club activities, they complained, were shunted to three stingy columns on the last page, and the editor devoted nearly ten pages to clippings from *Time* about "Helen Wills, Intrepid Ingénue," and the death of Miss Gertrude Margaret Lowthian Bell, a Britisher about whom the 100% American members cared exactly nothing; to fillers of a poetic character, and to a section questionably headed

"In the Realm of the Fine Arts." The latter included book reviews of James Oliver Curwood's "The Black Hunter" and Mildred Masson's "The Big House," both reprinted from the New York *Times Book Review;* and a critique of John Barrymore in "Don Juan." Too much highbrow! Too little of the booster spirit!

Needless to say the next issues of the *Quotarian* had room aplenty for the reporting of every bit of club gossip. Birthday parties, weddings, engagements, luncheons and banquets were described in the minutest detail. Hark to the hymeneal note from Buffalo:

> Harriet Lincoln recently became the bride of Walter Sprinkman, while Antoinette Congdon, member of the board of directors, married Salvatore Lapi, graduate of an architectural college in Milan. So we celebrated at the Elks Club. Judging from Harriet's broad grin, Cupid has made her happy. Antoinette is at present in West Virginia, and as the radio has not as yet been perfected to broadcast grins, we rely upon reports which indicate that she is satisfied with her lot. The Buffalo Club presented Harriet with a marvelous junior lamp, while Antoinette's gift was a wonderful linen cloth with napkins to match.

To another issue a Pennsylvania reporter contributed this:

> At one of the recent luncheon meetings a shower was given for the brides and bride-to-be. Each was presented with a sterling silver berry spoon. The usual confetti shower was part of the programme and a cake filled with favors added to the success of the party. Helen Clarke drew the wedding ring and Sal Turney got the thimble. Although Cupid has been a rather active marksman in our ranks, he hasn't weakened our forces yet, since both brides and bride-to-be are planning to continue their membership for a while at least.

President Lulu Dryden's visit to Davenport, Iowa, last Spring provoked the following rhetoric from a native Iowan:

> While she was so gracious as to say that she derived an unforgettable pleasure from the occasion, the members of the local club, a little inarticulate in her presence, perhaps, failed to express adequately the great joy and inspiration she had been to them. . . . If she liked Davenport Quotarians in that whole-souled way of hers, the club was merely following her lead and extending the hand of cordiality to one whose whole manner revealed what lesson she could teach about the good way of friendship.

The account continued:

> The dinner at Dr. Palmer's home was the climax of the day's pleasures. The atmosphere of the home, with its *objets d'art* from every land, with its quaint arrangement of rooms, with its solarium filled with oriental treasures, with its lovely conservatory called "a little bit o'Heaven" —all gave an atmosphere of unreality—had not Dr. Palmer herself been there, a smiling and gracious hostess.

For months the organization propagandized vigorously to seduce the business women of haughty Boston into forming a club, but the lady Brahmins were apparently reluctant to be seduced. When they finally capitulated the *Quotarian* blared: "What with all the celebrated intellectuality of the Athens of America, . . . Quota International indeed begins to take on a cosmopolitan air—not that it has ever been provincial, but rather that its geography is widening!" Previous to this event banquet preparations had been "under way for weeks" at Worcester, Mass. The banquet, the *Quotarian* notes, "was the preliminary step in the 'on to Boston' movement, looking to the organization of a Quota Club in that splendid city of culture and commerce. What an alluring setting it was! The spacious hall was aglow with brilliantly lighted candelabra and laden with the perfume of gorgeous flowers that decorated each table."

Worcester's mayor attended the party and presented Mlle. Dryden with a gold key to the city. "It is seldom that this honor has been bestowed upon a woman," he is quoted as saying, "and it gives me much pleasure to confer it upon you as international president of such a splendid organization."

That the lady and gentlemen back-slappers frequently do their stuff together one may conclude from the *Quotarian's* account of high-toned mixed parties. The Sioux City Quota Club crows over observing Men's Day at its regular Thursday luncheon, while the Ellwood, Pa., reporter brags about an eating orgy that included "representatives from the different civic organizations, the Rotary Club, the

Kiwanis Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Motor Club and the different banking institutions." The Hon. J. F. Myers, once president of the Pittsburgh Rotary Club, and "known as the Rotary rhymster in his own club," contributed "a very amusing little poem composed for the occasion." In another Sioux City report one is told how the chivalrous Kiwanians fed the Quota gals:

> About every third chair was turned down for a Quotarian, and after we had found our places the Kiwanians filled in, making a total of over one hundred and fifty in one peppy, well-mixed crowd. At the close of each course the Kiwanians moved on several places, affording opportunity of having a number of dinner partners.

No necking is mentioned.

V

In their campaign pronunciamentos the Quotarian ladies anticipated "five thousand members by June, and a club in every State west to the Pacific Ocean." But the actual membership statistics reported at the annual convention showed, not five thousand members, but only 2,338. More depressing, even, than this fact was another. While 536 new members were recruited during the year, almost the same number quit the organization, leaving the membership roster but 114 above the mark for 1926.

To the outsider the boss Quotarians betray no chagrin over their miscalculation. They shouted optimistically that "the world is our scope," and talked about "contacts in Europe." "Rotary," they said, "held a convention there. Why shouldn't we some day?" They displayed little concern because 422 members had resigned last year. But inside the organization the business of expansion supplants every other. With clubs located in sixty-eight different cities, the bulk of which center in the Eastern industrial districts, the lady boosters feverishly covet more territory. "We want our club," cries a glad-hand sister, "to be spoken of as the biggest and best of all women's clubs." But the W. C. T. U., alas, is still ahead of it. And so is the D. A. R. And so, even, is the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Seventh Day Adventist Church.

FOOTNOTE TO THE WAR OF 1812

BY JULIUS W. PRATT

In the haze of legend which tends to obscure the history of all wars, probably no conflict has ever been more richly blessed (in proportion to its size) than our own so-called War of 1812. That England was beaten and the United States victorious is a myth which derives some justification from several English reverses in the closing weeks of the struggle, but which overlooks our complete failure to accomplish the ends for which we went to war. That the United States Navy triumphed over that of Great Britain is another all but ubiquitous superstition, based upon a number of highly creditable but quantitatively insignificant single-ship actions, which left British sea power practically unscathed and failed to prevent a strangling blockade of our whole Atlantic coast.

But the chief delusion of all, which for a century has paraded the land almost unchallenged, is the belief that the War of 1812 was begun and fought for "free trade and sailors' rights." So well entrenched is this belief that in a recent excellent series of books on United States history, the volume treating this topic is entitled "The Fight for a Free Sea." Now, a tradition could hardly have grown to such gigantic and solemn proportions without a modicum of substance at the start. Let it be admitted at once, therefore, that the questions of "free trade and sailors' rights" were indeed involved, and that some people at least believed, in 1812, that they were going to war on that score. When we use the time-worn expression today, we of course mean that England was accustomed, through the familiar device of Orders in Council, to establish commercial blockades that were indefensible under our interpretation of international law, and that she was also accustomed to stop American vessels on the high seas and to "impress" therefrom supposed British subjects (some of whom were in reality 100% Americans) for service in the Royal Navy.

Though England might plead that she was fighting a death struggle with Napoleon—though her admirers in New England might declare, as usual, that she was "the world's last hope"—we had good reason to object to both these practices, and perhaps reason enough to go to war—as reasons for war go. But the significant facts are that we had no more reason for going to war on these grounds in 1812 than we had had for five or six years before, and that the sections of the country whose men got their livings by going down to the sea in ships were precisely the sections most bitterly opposed to going to war at all.

Of the maritime States north of Virginia every one (save Pennsylvania) showed either a majority or a large and powerful minority against the war; they seemingly hated President Madison far more than they hated England. Thus the war for "free trade and sailors' rights" was really rammed down the throats of sailors and traders by planters from the Southern States and backwoodsmen from beyond the Alleghanies.

The farther one got from the sea, the louder was the cry for war. Why? Because the West and the South were determined to have more territory, and saw in a British war the means of getting it. The truth of this assertion will be apparent to

the student who searches diligently the newspapers and the correspondence and speeches of leading men of the West and South in the years 1810, 1811, and 1812, and studies the history of the frontier events of that period.

In December, 1811, while Congress was debating the question of war, John Randolph of Roanoke declared that since the debate commenced he had "heard but one word—like the whippoorwill, but one eternal monotonous tone—Canada! Canada! Canada!" "Agrarian cupidity," said Randolph, "not maritime right, urges the war." Exception must be taken to the phrase "agrarian cupidity," but a study of Western utterances of the time certainly indicates that the West was much more preoccupied with thoughts of Canada than with any plan for the preservation of maritime rights.

All along the frontier, from New Hampshire and Vermont, through Western New York to Ohio and Kentucky, the demand for Canada was the dominant note. John A. Harper of New Hampshire told the House of Representatives that "the Northern provinces of Britain are to us great and valuable objects." Peter B. Porter of Western New York estimated that by taking Canada we could remunerate ourselves tenfold for all British depredations on our commerce. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky, later Vice-President of the United States, announced that he would not die contented until he had seen Great Britain expelled from North America "and her territories incorporated with the United States."

But Randolph was far from the truth in denouncing this Western sentiment as unblushing agrarian cupidity. Nor were the fur trade and the command of the St. Lawrence river, attractions though they were, primarily responsible for the Western sentiment. The men of the Northwest frontier desired to drive the British from Canada because of their conviction that the British were in league with the Indian tribes of the Northwest.

Step by step since 1795 the Indians had been pushed back through Ohio into Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois, individual tribes surrendering piecemeal lands to which other tribes might have as good claim. Then arose Tecumseh, the greatest Indian statesman since Pontiac, who saw the viciousness of these fragmentary negotiations and sought to unite the tribes into a confederacy which should oppose a solid front to the American advance. British officials in Canada saw that Tecumseh's confederacy might prolong the life of the fur trade and might also be of benefit to Great Britain in the event of a war with the United States. So they gave encouragement to the movement, though at the same time dissuading the Indians from premature hostilities against the Americans. The American instinct that scented British diplomacy behind Tecumseh was on the whole well grounded upon undeniable facts.

At a place called Tippecanoe near the Wabash river Tecumseh founded a village and sought to teach the Indians agriculture. William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana Territory, led an army of regulars and western militia to break up the settlement. On November 7, 1811, he fought a bloody engagement with the Indians in which fell nearly two hundred Americans. Inevitably, responsibility for the lives lost was laid upon the British, and the idea was widely preached that the West could never enjoy peace and security until the British had been driven from Canada. "Until those civilized allies of our savage neighbors, are expelled from our continent," declared a Kentucky newspaper, "we must expect the frequent recurrence of the late scenes on the Wabash."

Similar expressions could be picked almost without limit from other Western newspapers and from the speeches and letters of men from the frontier States. The Northwest was agreed that Canada must be conquered. Suggestions that it might be left to the British were declared by the Lexington (Kentucky) *Reporter* to be "so ridiculous that we are almost ashamed to mention them."

II

But the Northwest was not alone in its designs of territorial expansion. For the South there was Florida, weakly held in the relaxing grasp of Spain and for years regarded by Southerners as their birthright. A barrier to commerce in the southward flowing rivers, a haven for runaway slaves, and an impenetrable lurking-place for hostile Indians, Spanish Florida presented a standing menace to the prosperity and safety of Georgia and Tennessee and the sparsely settled but rich and alluring lands between. Florida in Spanish hands perpetually challenged the South to a struggle for the mastery of the Gulf littoral.

The doom of the Spanish Empire in North America was sealed by the treaty of peace of 1783, which gave to the newly-born United States the whole east bank of the Mississippi down to a point a few miles above Baton Rouge. Thenceforward dignified Spanish officials, hard-pressed guardians of ancient Spanish culture in the New World, watched with gloomy fatalism the steady advance of ax and rifle in the hands of Anglo-Saxon frontiersmen. In 1800 Spain sold Louisiana to France, upon Napoleon's promise that it should be a "wall of brass" to guard Mexico from the Americans. Three years later, with brazen disregard of his word, Napoleon sold it to those whom he had promised it should restrain. From that time on no one doubted that Florida must meet a similar fate.

Florida, as Spain ruled it, was divided by the Apalachicola river into two provinces. East Florida, comprising little more than the peninsula, had its capital at St. Augustine, while West Florida, stretching westward from the Apalachicola to the Mississippi, was governed from Pensacola. West Florida contained Mobile Bay, the outlet of navigable rivers whose free use was of great importance to the American territory above. From the Mississippi to the Atlantic, swamps and tangled, semi-tropical forests harbored alike escaped Negroes and formidable savages, while Florida as a whole presented an unwelcome bulge of alien territory between New Orleans and our Atlantic ports.

No wonder, then, that American diplomacy, never more thoroughly opportunist than under Jefferson and Madison, sought by devious ways to secure title to the Floridas. First it was discovered that the most valuable part of West Florida, including Mobile Bay and all west of it, had once been a part of Louisiana, and Jefferson and all his friends convinced themselves that as a part of Louisiana they had purchased it in 1803. The claim would not bear close scrutiny. Spain's rejection of it was backed by Napoleon, and the United States, averse to using force, filed its pretensions, to bring them forward on a more opportune occasion.

That occasion was not slow in arising. Spain, in her resistance to Joseph Bonaparte, swung to England's side in the great European war, and torn with strife at home, could give little heed to what passed in America. Her South American colonies began to break away. In 1810 President James Madison (in a discreetly indirect way) suggested to the many Americans who had settled in West Florida that a revolution there might not be amiss. Even before the hint could reach them they had acted, overthrown the Spanish officials at Baton Rouge, and declared West Florida an independent State, but yielded with fairly good grace when a presidential proclamation annexed them to the United States. Thus, in 1810 and 1811, the United States came into possession of the strip of Gulf coast extending from the Mississippi to, but not including, Mobile Bay. Mobile Bay we also claimed as part of Louisiana, but the revolutionists who had overthrown Spanish power at Baton Rouge had been less successful at Mobile, and Madison's agents were instructed to use no force against Spanish garrisons.

Meanwhile, across the border in East Florida, one of the strangest and least known episodes in American history was taking shape. In January, 1811, Congress

enacted a law authorizing the President to accept possession of East Florida if at any time the local officials of the province should agree to cede it to the United States. So feeble was the hand of Spain that it was hoped the Spanish Governor, despairing of aid from the home government, might be glad to shift his unsupportable burden to American shoulders. It proved otherwise with the official then in command at St. Augustine, but George Mathews of Georgia, the commissioner whom Madison had sent to negotiate, was not discouraged by the Spaniard's unwillingness. There were former Americans in East as well as in West Florida. If the Governor remained loyal to Spain, why not start a revolution in the province, turn him out, and set up a government which would make the desired cession? Such was the plan undertaken by Mathews and pursued by him for a year with the full knowledge of the Department of State, then under the guidance of James Monroe. Still on file in Washington are the letters, illiterate but unmistakable in import, in which Mathews laid his plans before Monroe, appraising the chances for the success of his revolution and urging that American troops and gunboats be stationed where they could be of service, and that American arms be furnished for the use of the revolutionists. The discreet Secretary of State did not reply—but gunboats and a regiment of riflemen were sent to the Florida border.

Unfortunately, most of the East Floridians were quite content under the Spanish flag, but even this fact did not deter the dauntless Mathews. On the Georgia side was plenty of revolutionary material, and here he, like young Fortinbras of Norway, "sharked up a list of lawless resolutes," who, in March, 1812, crossed into Florida and became forthwith a band of patriots, seeking a despot's overthrow. To them the Spanish garrison in the border town of Fernandina struck its colors and marched out, whereupon the noble patriots at once ceded the town to the United States. Mathews and the American troops took possession. A few days later, the patriot army, backed by United States riflemen, laid siege to St. Augustine, and Mathews reported to Madison that the "local authorities" of East Florida had ceded the province to the United States.

But now arose unexpected difficulties. It is true that Madison and Monroe had had full information about Mathews' business, but the news of his success came at a moment most inopportune. Into Madison's possession had come a packet of letters written by one John Henry, a British emissary who had recently paid a visit to Boston to cultivate the pro-British leanings of New England Federalists. The righteous indignation which the administration press was just then venting upon Henry and the government which had sent him upon such a despicable mission comported ill with the revelation that the United States likewise employed secret agents, who not only talked treason to subjects of a friendly power, but actively organized revolution for the direct profit of the United States. Well might Madison complain that Mathews' "tragi-comedy" placed them in "the most distressing dilemma."

So, to save appearances, Mathews was dismissed from the service, with the explanation that he had misunderstood the intentions of the government. But the agent who replaced him was carefully instructed not to withdraw the United States troops from East Florida until further orders. The statesmen in power were unwilling to surrender lightly what Mathews had gained. They could not well go forward to the completion of what he had begun until new circumstances should give them a plausible excuse.

III

I come now to the connection of this shabby piece of Florida history with the War of 1812. The tide of southward expansion had advanced as far as the fiction of spontaneous revolutions in the Floridas could carry it. Mobile, Pensacola, St. Augustine, and the surrounding territory could be taken

only by abandoning that fiction and resorting to measures of open force against Spain. For such measures there was no excuse in our relations with Spain, but they would follow as a logical consequence of war against Great Britain, for Great Britain and Spain were allies in the European war, and if the United States failed to occupy the Floridas, surely we should soon find British fleets and armies using them as convenient bases from which to attack us!

This may seem like an unwarranted assumption, but it was scarcely questioned in the South and Southwest. To those sections a war against England as obviously meant the seizure of the Floridas as the same event, to the Northwest, signified the conquest of Canada. Again and again the two purposes were coupled in the same breath, as when Felix Grundy of Tennessee wrote to Andrew Jackson that "the Canadas and Floridas will be the theatre of our offensive operations," or when Jefferson, writing of the Virginia militia, declared that "the only inquiry they make is whether they are to go to Canada or Florida."

Thus with the South as with the Northwest, the urge to war with England proceeded from the hunger for territory or the craving for security which only the conquest of territory could assure. This alone explains why those sections voted almost solidly for war, while four-fifths of the opposition vote came from States north of the Potomac and east of the mountains. Territorial expansion, not "free trade and sailors' rights," was the chief concern of the advocates of war. How dominant this motive was in the West is suggested by an article in a Tennessee paper appearing in the Spring of 1812. The North would gain Canada, the South Florida, said the writer, but westward the prospect was no less bright.

"No, citizens of the West! a destiny still more splendid is reserved for you. Behold the Empire of Mexico, a celestial region . . . Here it is that the statesman shall see an accession of territory sufficient to double the extent of the republic . . . Besides, where is it written in the book of fate that the American Republic shall not stretch her limits from the capes of the Chesapeake to Nootka Sound, from the isthmus of Panama to Hudson Bay?" As if to make good the boast, a party of Western adventurers presently embarked on an ill-fated filibustering expedition into the wilds of Texas.

If such were the expectations with which the war opened, it is natural to ask why they bore so little fruit. The war was not wholly futile from the Western standpoint, for the campaigns of Harrison in the Northwest and Jackson in the Southwest effectively subdued the Indians in those sections. But with the exception of Mobile, which was seized in 1813, not a foot of additional soil did the United States acquire. The reason is to be found partly in inefficiency, partly in sectional and political jealousy.

Not until the last year of the war were the American troops on the northern frontier led by officers who knew how to shape them into an effective fighting force. Then they showed that they could fight as well as any troops in the world, but too late—England, released from the strain of the war in Europe, filled Canada with a veteran army that dispelled all thought of conquest. Furthermore, it was whispered that the Virginia statesmen who headed the government were none too eager to aggrandize the North by the acquisition of Canada, and the evidence shows unmistakably in Madison and Monroe a lack of enthusiasm for that enterprise.

On the other hand, the efforts of the South to complete the occupation of Florida were frustrated by Northern opposition. Twice the President asked from Congress authorization for an attack in force on the Floridas, going so far the second time as to start Andrew Jackson and a brigade of Tennessee militia on their way to Pensacola. Each time Northern votes defeated the proposal by a narrow margin. Jackson was ordered home again, and the little force that had followed Mathews to the

defences of St. Augustine in March, 1812, was withdrawn after a sojourn of fourteen months on Spanish soil.

Personal and factional enmities joined with the larger jealousies between North and South to defeat all plans of expansion. Monroe and John Armstrong, Secretary of War, were at swords' points. A group of Madison's personal enemies in the Senate never lost an opportunity to hamstring his pet measures. Not until self-defence had perforce supplanted conquest as the war's aim did the nation show anything resembling unity. How complete that change of aim had been is suggested by the rejoicing accorded a peace treaty which merely preserved American soil intact, securing not one of the objects for which the country had entered the war.

Two questions are commended for study to the social psychologist: How did Americans ever forget that, among all the motives for war, dreams of conquest had overshadowed the vindication of "free trade and sailors' rights"? And how did a war that had secured none of the things for which it was begun come to be acclaimed as victorious?

TWO-HEAD DOCTORS

BY M. S. LEA

It was difficult, sitting in a matter-of-fact Washington apartment on a sunny Spring morning, to reconcile the words of my modishly rouged and bobbed mulatto housemaid with her appearance. She said, naming a little cousin of hers who had become lame a number of years before, "There weren't nothin' the matter with that child except she was hoodooed!"

In Haiti it is spelled *vaudoux*. In America I had never supposed that its practices existed save among a handful of the swamp and plantation Negroes of the Gulf States. There, slatternly and barefoot, they hang feather-trimmed corks on each other's doorways to summon death, and insert evil charms in bedding to sap the life strength of displeasing occupants. Occasionally they drift into New Orleans to take positions as house servants, and I remember a small, black wench who hid a new nail in the pillow of a lingering guest where, by the time it was discovered, it had collected a thick ball of feathers and was a very convincing death token, indeed. Martha's comment was, however, the first clear-eyed mention of the subject I had ever heard made by a member of her race. Her next words explained the reason of her fearlessness in referring so openly to a forbidden topic.

"Haven't you never seen it in the movies?" she asked; and when I could not recall having done so she explained that the enlightened moving picture director of today knew all about it and that it only required the exertion of attending the shows to become an onlooker at its mysteries. One film in particular which had impressed her had gone back to the very roots of the cult and laid bare the rites of its priesthood in a far-away jungle.

"The mens is hoodoos an' the women is witchcrafts," she said.

"Women are *vaudoux* doctors too?" I asked.

She said patiently, "The women is witchcrafts."

"It's the same thing," I guessed, and she said, "Yes'm."

"Some people calls 'em two-head doctors," she remarked next, and explained, "That's because they knows two kin's of medicine. They can see both ways."

While I was turning all this over in my mind she suddenly forsook the subject of the child to say, "They does things to you like they done to my friend I told you about down in Virginia."

If I had missed a choice bit of history on an absent-minded day I hastened to recover the loss now, and said cautiously that I would like to hear the story again. Leaning gracefully on the handle of her oil-mop Martha said that her friend used to bark like a dog every day from four to six o'clock. Regular physicians, summoned by the family, were unable to render her any assistance because, as everyone knew, they did not understand *vaudoux*. So the poor girl continued barking each day at the allotted time, out in front of her mother's house, which was in the country behind Winchester.

It was, she said, a pretty little cottage, and the afflicted child had roamed the porch or among the mountain laurel and honeysuckle in the yard, powerless to put a stop to the spaniel-like noises that came from her throat against her will. It must

have been an eerie and a touching picture. The valley of the Shenandoah is so dispassionate and immense. The little house likely had a lonely air at best, since it was surrounded by that valley quiet which is difficult to break even with a locomotive whistle. The most convincing sounds that ever issue from this country are made by cattle as they are herded aboard stock trains on a Saturday night. But the girl who was witchcrafted barked into the fathomless silence like a dog, and was probably answered by whippoorwills, who will answer anything, and by actual dogs who were lonely, and anxious for companionship.

I suppose that I paid too much attention to Martha's friend. I had sat for some moments thinking what an awkward way it was for a young girl to have to behave, when Martha said jealously, "It was a witchcraft was the cause of my havin' to go to Asheville last year"; and I remembered that she had told me how she had spent the year before entering my employ recuperating from what the doctors in a Washington hospital had told her were inflamed lungs. She had mentioned that illness to me on various occasions, always following up with the statement that although they had made the diagnosis from *x*-ray plates she had never, in reality, had anything of the sort the matter with her. Now I realized that there had been a certain furtive appraisal of my own opinion in these confidences, as though she wished to draw from me a wisdom I did not possess; it was the first intimation I had that I had stumbled on *vaudoux*.

I thought that her eyes pleaded for an understanding she was too proud to ask in words as she said, settling a fold of her crisp, becoming working dress, and paling beneath her golden brown skin at the significance of the statement, "I used to weigh a hundred and eighty-one pounds."

She seemed to me fairly hale and hearty at a hundred and fifty-one, which was the weight she confessed to at the moment; nevertheless, an uneasiness persisted in her own mind at her loss in tangibility. A hoodoo man, she said, had come to her in Asheville to tell her that he knew all about her and who had put a spell on her, and that with the help of the Bible he would cure her. That had bewildered her somewhat, for she was an impassioned Christian, and looking at me fearfully, she said, "I didn't know them that learned from the Devil used the Bible."

However, this man was bold. He read from the good book and prayed aloud for the salvation of her soul before he proceeded to mutter to himself, more secretly, incantations which she did not clearly hear and the significance of which she did not understand. He did this while she burned powders that he mixed for her in a pan, and she thought that among the ingredients were incense, table salt and asafetida. These rites had always to be observed not sooner than twenty minutes to nine at night and not later than seven in the morning.

It was obvious that she still hoped for some comment from me, either justification of her traffic with such a person or the assurance that I didn't suppose it would happen to her again. But I knew that if I proved skeptical my knowledge of hoodoos and witchcrafts might end on the spot, and so I remained selfishly silent. She told me then that the hoodoo man had revealed to her the fact that her trouble was caused by a woman who wanted her husband.

Her husband himself, she explained, had been the means of transmitting to Martha whatever was meant to destroy her. Something to eat, or something to step over. It was a simple matter to hoodoo anyone by getting them to step over something that had been prepared by a two-head doctor. The most ordinary effect of such malevolent projections was to cause the victim to go into a decline, which in a great number of cases resembled tuberculosis. In Martha's own case the woman had been drying up her blood; and of this she gave lengthy verbal evidence, citing

certain elemental symptoms of anemia.

That the hoodoo man had never heard of her before she arrived in Asheville was sufficient proof to her that he possessed supernatural powers. He came upon her one evening when she was sitting on a friend's porch at dusk, and approaching her abruptly, without introduction or preliminary of any sort, said, "Young woman, there's nothing wrong with you except you're witchcrafted." And he wasn't even a resident of the town who might have heard of her through local gossip, but was prominent in another community, and was only stopping in Asheville by reason of the fact that he had been sent for by some of his clients to talk with a ghost that was being given a good deal of newspaper publicity in the city. He stumbled on Martha by accident, and sensed at once what was wrong.

"They was doin' it in Jesus' time," she parroted a little defiantly. "He read it to me in the Bible."

"And did he cure you?" I asked.

"Y—es'm," she stammered. "Leastways, I ain't wasted away any more like I was doin'." She grew ashy under her peach-colored rouge and mumbled, "I ain't so heavy."

II

The third and most disturbing account that she gave me of this evil-intentioned priesthood, for I encouraged her to talk with all the subtlety I could command, concerned the little girl the subject of whose mysterious lameness had set her upon me in the first place with her confidences. This child had been bewitched at the request of a neighbor who was jealous on her own child's account of little Edith's handmade clothes and fashionable dancing lessons. With every semblance of friendliness she had taken her one Sunday afternoon to visit the Washington monument, but when the time came to leave made her walk all the way to the bottom, although she was only a baby less than five years old. More than that she gave her a piece of candy prepared by a "witchcraft," and Edith ate it.

The results of this sinister plan to harm the little girl were at once apparent. She walked all the way home from the monument on her toes and could not endure thereafter, to stand on the soles of her feet. In fact she stood not much longer in any fashion, for the next day she was stricken with lameness and eventually removed to a Washington hospital for treatment. Here again the gentlemen of the faculty shortly proved their impotence against the two-head men, for in due time they rendered a verdict of incurable tuberculosis of the bone and spewed her forth from their portals with the prediction of an early death.

"She was so bad," Martha said, "it took the heart out of your body to look at her. She couldn't move her legs and she couldn't help herself anyways at all, an' they had to carry her up and downstairs lyin' on her stomach on an ironin'-board, because she couldn't lie on her back even in bed. Where she was witchcrafted she was covered with scales jus' like a fish."

Then it was that a hoodoo man came to the house and told her mother where the real trouble lay. After describing the unfriendly neighbor woman and all that she had done, he added that the illness had been particularly marked and severe because the witch who prepared the candy had misunderstood what was wanted of her and made it up for a grown person. Thereafter he took soot from the chimney and rubbed the child where the scales covered her legs and thighs. He came each day to do this until the skin was soft and supple once more and the muscles showed signs of returning life. This seemed to me sufficiently remarkable, and I was willing to admit to Martha that I held such a man in grave respect, when she deprived me of all speech by concluding, "She began to get well every way the day they got the snake out of her."

Now, I hadn't known that snakes could be got into people, and while I had heard

of Mama l'Roi and her snake, and knew that reptiles were reputed to play a large part in *vaudoux* ceremonies, the girl's words were such a shock that it was several moments before I could ask her how such a thing was possible. But she answered me uneasily that she didn't know and added that lizards and scorpions were also utilized for such purposes. She had once seen a woman with a scorpion plainly visible moving about under the skin of her forearm. Little Edith had, in time, so far recovered from her affliction that she had returned to everyday occupations and to school, and while she would always be lame, she was leading at the moment a very natural and pleasant life. With this statement Martha's confidences came to a curious and sudden conclusion, and I was forced to seek confirmation of the prevalence of such dark beliefs in other places. I asked the laundress's son, a dapper Negro man of thirty, what he knew of *vaudoux*. For a moment he regarded me with bulging eyes, being a person of impeccably good manners and the proprietor of a shining automobile in which he called for the clothes his mother washed; then, stammering that he knew nothing, but believed there were those that held with it, he vanished marvelously from my sight.

My next excursion into the realm of brimstone was made in a somewhat vicarious fashion. I persuaded a friend to question the night man at her apartment, with the satisfyingly astonishing result that he was convinced she wished to engage his services. He would not go so far as to admit that he was a professional *vaudoux* doctor, but he said that he understood their methods and assured my friend, who is young, lovely and alone in the world, that he would be delighted to put spells of whatever kind she desired upon the young men who came to see her. She was, of course, aghast.

Theodore, however, was not to be shaken in his belief that she was a secret *devotée* of *vaudoux*. Why else, in a city where a fatted white population went maundering ignorantly on its way, sunning itself in parks, glutting itself on tea and pastry in tawdry tea-rooms, and wandering aimlessly behind little dogs on hideous boulevards, should one of them appear before him suddenly to discuss the lush lives of his ancestors? He was an old man who hailed originally from Alabama, and there was no indecision, no hiding behind the Bible about what he knew.

He knew that if you were walking in the woods and a warm breath of air blew against your cheek you were likely, the next moment, to see a goat or a cow beside you that would vanish if you moved or spoke. He knew that gunpowder, resin, dried white of egg and asafetida mixed together and worn in a red flannel bag around the neck would render most of the spells a *vaudoux* might put on you harmless. He knew that the foot of a black cat was a further charm against them, that rattlesnake dust or the herb called snakeroot placed under an enemy's doorstep would bring about his swift decline, and how to cause the death of a lover who displeased you.

"You get 'em to have a picture taken," he explained, "jus' a cheap picture like people has taken together on picnics an' in tents. Then you get hol' o' one and bury it with two eggs, face down in the groun', two foot under that party's doorstep. Right off they begins wastin' away, an' time them eggs is rotten they'll be daid!"

This piquant ceremony so interested me that, having recovered my poise after hearing too suddenly about little Edith's snake, I took the subject up once more with Martha. I thought that surely I could make her laugh and so clear up some of the fright that obsessed her over the unhallowed practices of her people. But she only shook her head uneasily and said that that was why she had never had a tintype taken. She knew all about what an ill-wisher could do if it fell into his or her hands. When, dumbfounded, I asked her if she really believed it possible to kill people by such methods she replied

doggedly, "Well, you're dead if you're scared to death, ain't you? Suppose it ain't the eggs? But it is, because I had a friend went that way." I knew then, once and for all, that I would never be able to hearten her where the devil's mischief was concerned.

III

Returning to Theodore by relay, I gathered unexpectedly the facts concerning the sickness of the snakes and minor reptiles. You simply sprinkled a little snake dust on the food that your victim was to eat. Very shortly the real creature would be at home in his midriff: for, as Theodore explained, "You is alive inside, an' that makes the snake come alive." After that the serpent is free to wander about the entire body at will, and spends a good deal of time just under the surface skin of the arms and legs. There the method of removing it is to cut it out with a knife and, it is to be supposed, the proper incantations. Theodore testified that he had himself looked on at one time while a black snake was removed from the thigh of an acquaintance.

Theodore wore a silver coin on a string about his waist to warn him of approaching danger. If it turned black he knew for a certainty that he had active enemies and at once took steps to safeguard himself against them. One gathered from his course that such events had furnished a goodly share of his life's salt, and that, a nothing much had happened to him sinc his young man days, he longed a little wist fully for a recurrence of their thrill. As h talked he interrupted himself to say a intervals to his pretty questioner, "Yo ain't fool Theodore, Missus! Jus' tell m what you wants o' them young men. I' fix 'em!"

One day, he told her, when he was prancing buck, the silver coin on his wais turned black. Immediately he removed i and hung his red flannel bag of gunpowde resin, egg white and asafetida about hi neck. Then he set himself to investigat Sure enough, a little scouting revealed t him real danger. His landlady had a fou teen-year-old daughter who a short tim before had become pregnant without ben fit of clergy. Her betrayer was by that tim many miles away, but the mother, not t be cheated out of a little extra suppor accused Theodore of her ruin and de manded that he marry her. Theodore d clined the responsibility and the trap, wit the result that the infuriated woman calle in a two-head doctor to bring about h destruction. He found a chicken bone, wi a bit of red yarn wrapped around it, hidd under his mattress; and wise in the lore *vaudoux*, he left the neighborhood with a possible despatch.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Amendment.—I offer, with proper hu-ility, this suggestion to God when He ts about creating a new world. Let Him ake all men rich in the Springtime and oor in Winter. Thus may men be happy hen they yearn most for happiness and driven to hard, productive work and the serious business of life in the natu-lly sad and bleak period of the year. I ve many other equally valuable ideas, t I am not going to give them away for thing.

Age and the Farmer.—The oldest man this le of the grave is the American farmer forty-five. Where his urban compatriot like age is still a fellow of considerable ice and bounce, he is already, even in ese relatively tender years, in the sere d yellow. The farmer of forty-five, in-ed, looks like a city man of sixty or re. The reason isn't hard to figure out. the agricultural belts of the land, life perhaps more monotonous and routine re humdrum than anywhere else in ristendom. Day in and day out they ind along without variation, without mulation, without a single thing to give em color or excitement And it is under this athly grind that the rube is reduced to old man long before his time. The spirit youth is kept in a man by the little lvanisms and intoxications of his en-ronment, and in the rural districts these practically non-existent. The yokel ver hears music, even jazz, save on a eap phonograph; his eye is never popped a pretty girl; he has to do his drinking t of a dirty jug; his vista is one of eather-beaten barns, barbed-wire fences d manure; the house he lives in is æs-thetic homicide; he reads nothing but patent medicine almanacs and the four-sheet newspaper printed in the nearest village; his cooking has no variety; there is no reason for him to shave, or even to take a bath; there is, in a word, no challenge, no inspiration, no conflict. And, like an animal, he turns to dust long before other and more fortunate human beings. Look at the farmer of middle years and you see a man whose face looks like a dried prune and whose eyes are wholly without curiosity and sparkle and whose body is as sapless as a grandpa's. One good barber-shop and one Follies girl in the rural counties would effect the cure for the farmers' ails that all the Peruna in the Coolidge empire has thus far failed to.

On an Unpopular Subject.—Those critics who hold against marriage the circumstance that, under the changes which have come about in modern civilization, it doesn't last, *i.e.*, that the parties to it tire of the relationship and break up, seem to overlook the fact that the same thing happens between men and women where there is no marriage. I venture to guess that statistics would show, indeed, that the average marriage lasts just as long and just as comfortably as the average free-love affair. The trouble with all these commentators on marriage lies in their faulty premiss that it logically should and ought to last indefinitely. The premiss is a charming one, but unfortunately it is also an imperfect one. It is corrupted by sentimentality. If the average marriage of sensitive and imaginative persons is a failure because it lasts only five or six years, all that I can say is that the average unsanctified

love affair of equally sensitive and imaginative persons is a much greater failure, because it usually blows up long before that time.

The Decline of the Detective Story.—The good old detective story of the past appears to have fallen on evil days. What is more, it seems to have vanished from the scene almost entirely. What pass today for detective stories are such only in name; gone from them are the old open-and-shut integrity, the old straightforwardness, the old honesty. The stories we get nowadays are less detective yarns than tournaments in psychology, electrical engineering, parlor legerdemain, pharmacopeia, jitney science and epigram. They are the work, very largely, of essayists and novelists who feel like taking a week off from their regular labors and playing around in the field of mystery fict on for a bit of sport. In the place of Gaboriau and Conan Doyle, we now have Chesterton and Belloc. In place of the old Lecoqs and Sherlocks and Lupins, we now have a troupe of priests, inventors, spirit mediums, offspring of women who were scared by bloodhounds while *enceinte*, sagacious butlers, laboratory professors, chemical experts, clairvoyants, psychoanalysts and God knows what else. And, coincidentally, we have treatises on politics, economics, scientific themes, Long Island society, bootlegging and all other such things with a detective nd a mystery arbitrarily inserted into them. The old detective was, first and foremost, a detective. The detective of the present fiction is a student of Freud, a gynecologist, a lawyer, a bacteriologist, an entomologist, a professor of calculus or a dilettante behaviorist. Scotland Yard has given way to Harvard Yard.

Education in America.—The defective education and consequent minimum of taste in the instance of the great masses of Americans has resulted, naturally enough, in the substitution of a veneration of tricks as against sound and honest artisti performance. A man who plays the violi standing on his head thus gets five time more applause that a competent musicia standing on his feet. A man who paints bad picture of a pretty woman is thu estimated above the man who paints good picture of a homely one. And a ma who writes a novel full of surprisin twists and turns of plot is thus value above one who writes a profound, if le lively, study of character.

Divine Visitations.—Every once in while some person announces through th newspapers that he has been visited by angel or other ambassador of God and h been made privy to an occult message one sort or another, to the loud and riba raspberry of close followers of the editori pages and the comic strips. The reason f this humor at the poor soul's expense can't fathom. He is, to be sure, an idio but the only difference between his idio and that of the rest of us is that he co fesses his in the public prints. There isn one of us who, at one time or another his life, hasn't seen something, usual when inebriated, that—were he impres edly to tell about it in print—would ma him a magnificent ass. Consider the cra phenomena that present themselves to o in dreams, particularly after having eat a couple of raw Hamburg sandwiches wi onions, and that occasionally linger r fractorily in the waking consciousness, greatly so that, as psychologists long a pointed out, it is for the moment difficu to dissociate dream and reality. Or co sider the cross that one can clearly discer with a little imagination, in a banana, the words that one with a lively and pe sistent fancy can fashion out of the crea ings of the midnight wind in a lone frame country house, or the ghost th every last little boy swears he has seen a cemetery or dark barn, or the crucifix sometimes cut into tree trunks by ligh ning bolts, or the long-dark altar lan mysteriously and divinely relighted by

opping icicle—confoundingly miracu-
us to those who don't know that anyone
n effect the trick if, unseen, one puts a
t of potassium on the wick—, or di-
ıely inspired writing on the wall, actu-
y produced by sulphuric acid applied to
e wall paper directly above the radiator,
the mystic shapes one can read into the
ıuds, or the hundred and one phenomena
ıt are caused by light and sound. The
ın who says that he was visited in the
ad of night by an angel who whis-
red something snappy to him is not a
r; he undoubtedly was visited by an
gel who did whisper something snappy
him. The only trouble with him is that
deludes himself into believing that what
saw and heard was a manifestation of
e Deity and not merely a manifestation
a defective cortex or colon.

Coprophilia.—The professional moralist
trays himself by the very nature of his
ɔfession. Bereft of it, he would be as un-
nfortable as a pig in a pew. He is what
is because filth, real or imaginary, grati-
s him, albeit indirectly. You'll never
d a sewer repairer who can't stand the
ell of sewage.

Further Additions to the American Credo.—
That rain is excellent for the scalp and
ll make the hair grow luxuriantly.
2. That when a man is loved by two
ɔmen, one pure and one a hussy, the
ter, after stealing him away from the
rmer, is never able to hold his affections.
3. That if one looks through a keyhole
e can see everything that is happening
the next room.
4. That waiters take particular pleasure
putting their thumbs into soup.
5. That it never rains on a starry night.

A Man's Pleasures.—I have once before
these pages speculated on the peculi-
ty of those diversions that men pick
ɔn for their leisure hours. The more I
think of it, the more I am floundered by
the nature of such divertissements on the
part of *animal rationale*. Take, for example,
the pleasures of certain of our writers.
Sinclair Lewis' idea of a hot time is to
strap a 100-pound knapsack to his back
and walk himself foot-sore and lungless
around Germany, stopping periodically at
an inn to drink beer that makes him
deathly sick. Dreiser's is to turn out all
the electric lights, light candles and sit for
hours listening to a phonograph. Joe
Hergesheimer's is to spend whole days in
haberdashers' shops picking out polychro-
matic silk shirts, pajamas and dressing
gowns, and then to retire to his house in
West Chester and put them on seriatim.
Walter White, the Negro *littérateur* whose
complexion is at least three shades lighter
than mine, enjoys himself by blacking up
and visiting the Harlem cabarets. Scott
Fitzgerald finds his highest amusement in
borrowing a trap-drummer's sticks and
taking his place for the evening in a res-
taurant jazz band. Sherwood Anderson's
diversion is to go down to the levee in
New Orleans and compete with the
colored gents in clog dancing. Ernest Boyd
takes delight in dressing himself up in his
old British consul's regimentals and in
waving his sword around in the air. Eugene
O'Neill's is to get into a bathing suit and
walk up and down the Bermuda sands
singing selections from "The Bartered
Bride," also to lie down on the beach, lift
his legs into the air and try to balance
pebbles on his toes. Cabell's is to put on a
false moustache and wiggle its ends up and
down. My own, if I may be so presump-
tuous, is to write stuff like this instead of
buckling down to something serious.

Wisdom.—Wisdom lies not so much in
acquiring as in forgetting. The wise man
is simply the one who has dismissed from
his mind most of the beliefs that he started
out in life with and that the majority of
his fellow-men still believe.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Advice to a Young Critic

The greatest weakness of the average critic is his wish to be more than a critic. He somehow believes that, however capable he may be as a critic, there is a call for him to demonstrate his talents in fields removed from criticism if he would augment and solidify his standing in his profession. We thus find critics as novelists, playwrights, producers, poets, biographers, husbands and what not, striving to support their critical position by achievements in extrinsic directions. For they imagine that they will be regarded as greater critics if they prove that they can do something apart from criticism, however dubious the quality of their performances. They shrink nervously from the charge that they are merely critics and not what are known as creative fellows. All this has led and leads to a deterioration of criticism, for the simple reason that criticism worth its salt is a job quite sufficient unto itself and calling upon its practitioner's fullest time and fullest resources.

The art of criticism is too often looked upon as a mere prelude and stepping-stone to a practice of one of the other arts, when it should be regarded—as, of course, it is by those who are sufficiently familiar with it in its finest flower—as an art of itself and a thing apart. The good critic has earned his right to reward by being a good critic. If he happens also to be something of a genius and succeeds as well in some other art, he deserves a doubled reward, of course. But, in the general run of things, he should be content to be what he is, a critic first and last, and leave to other men the jobs that they in turn should content themselves with.

II

If you have violent prejudices, do not b afraid of them. Give them a free cours Do not be disquieted because they see to be at variance with the convictions other critics. Few things are absolutel true in this world and you stand as good chance of being right as the next ma Only exercise a caution never to be i dignant and always to smile. In the eve that it turns out that you have been wro —even to the extent of being idiotic—y will thus be safe, for most persons wi conclude that you were just fooling a will secretly be a bit abashed for havi fallen into your trap.

III

If you are accused of arbitrarily adopti a *contra mundum* attitude, don't lose a sleep over it. Nine-tenths of the world greatest men achieved greatness by arb trarily opposing the convictions and b liefs of the majority. The criticism of y might just as aptly have been direct against Christ, Galileo, Columbus, V taire, Pasteur, Mergenthaler and t Wrights—if, after you have confect some ephemeral little destructive essay John Drinkwater or the movies, that giv you any comfort.

IV

Take your work seriously, but not yo self. Fifty years hence, your work m prove to have amounted to somethi Fifty years hence, on the other hand, y will have been eaten by the same ind criminating worms who found Clem Scott and Acton Davies such appetizi delicatessen.

V

on't be afraid to dissent from the opinions the critically great. Remember that ietzsche considered Kotzebue a more lented dramatist than Schiller, that azlitt placed Foote and O'Keeffe among e immortals and called the latter the nglish Molière, that Dryden declared at Fletcher came nearer to perfection in medy than Shakespeare, that both Les- ng and Diderot considered George Lillo model dramatist, that George Bernard aw thinks Brieux the greatest living amatic writer this side of Russia, and at William Archer once actually ob- rved (*vide* "The Theatrical World of 95," p. 271) that he venerated Mr. ugustus Thomas' "Alabama" so highly at he wished it would be published in ook form so that he might go around oting it!

VI

eed not tell you, obviously enough, that orals have no place in any consideration art. But do not make a fool of yourself hen the point comes to issue, as so many itics are in the habit of doing. The latter ten make themselves as ridiculous in eir way as the moralists do in theirs. the question before the house is one of thentic art, that is, if the work criti- zed is of genuine artistic integrity and the question of its morality is interposed meddling smutsers, let fly at the dolts ith full artillery. But if the work criti- zed has no artistic justification and in- grity, don't make yourself silly by efending it with the same arguments used the former case. There is such a thing as t, and it should be held sacred and in- olate from the assaults of dirty-minded orons; but there is also such a thing as eap smut, and it should be frankly ad- itted to be just that and nothing more. ertain critics, however, having estab- shed themselves in full feather as toma- awkers of all moral interference with anything, lack all discrimination when moral issues are raised and rush to the defence of Cabell and Mae West with one and the same argument. They grow as excited over the moral assault upon out-and-out dung like "Sex" as they do over the moral assault upon a first-rate piece of work like "Jurgen." And, in so doing, they weaken their case—a case that must be kept strong at all costs and one that needs the fighting brains of all intelligent critics—and give the enemy certain points of advantage in the minds of liberal and rational men. After all, there is a difference between "A Night in a Turkish Harem" and even Brieux's "Damaged Goods," and to defend the former in terms of the latter is like having a drink with the colored gentleman who has defiled your sister.

VII

The better and more honest critic you are, the fewer friends will eventually send flowers up to the funeral parlor. One by one they will soon or late withdraw from fellowship and good will. Even one's closest friend cannot abide criticism of himself with half the fortitude and amiability of one's worst enemy. Show me a critic with a quorum of artists as bosom comrades and I'll show you a critic who is a hypocrite and a liar.

VIII

Do not confound an aphrodisiacal actress with a talented one. The majority of critics do so, and, I regret to confess it, understandably and even a bit justifiably. If an actress stimulates your libido, say so frankly and do not try to conceal the truth in a lot of rigmarole about histrionic art. There is certainly nothing wrong with an actress who has sex appeal; indeed, it is five times more valuable to her and to a liberal portion of her art than all the stock company training this side of Cleveland and Rochester; and even if the professors object to what you write, the

girl herself, I venture to say, will be tickled to death. . . . You will note, if you take the trouble to investigate, that all the more profound treatises on the art of acting are and have been written by grandpas, valetudinarians or favorites of the celebrated Dowager Empress Tsen Hi.

IX

Pay no attention to what people say or write of you. A man in the brick-throwing business must expect occasionally to be hit by a brick.

X

To be a critic automatically implies a certain self-sufficiency and vanity. Never mind. You will never find an artist among the diffident and submissive. Genuine artistic expression, in whatever field, calls for a forthright faith and confidence. It took more nerve and downright courage to write the "Essay on Morals" than it took to fight Waterloo.

XI

Never fall into the error of believing that simply because a thing is unpopular it must have esoteric points of merit. Vastly more trash fails to win popular approval than wins it. If Rostand's "The Last Night of Don Juan" runs only a week in the American theatre, remember that John J. Hack's "One Glorious Hour" doesn't run even that long. And if "Abie's Irish Rose" runs for five years, stop and reflect that "Hamlet" will run for five thousand.

XII

Don't be afraid of being labeled a destructive critic. You will be in good company. Where would you rather be: in Hell with Swift, Voltaire and Nietzsche or in the American Academy of Arts and Letters with Richard Burton, Clayton Hamilton and Hermann Hagedorn?

XIII

Since you are an American, write like a American. Do not try to become a membe of the Charles Lamb's Club and ape th so-called literary manner of the Englis critical essayists. Express yourself in th pungent idiom of your time, your land an your people; there is no apology necessary that idiom may produce sound literature a well as the language of the dons. Don be afraid of slang if it will make your poin better and more forcibly than literose ex pression. Much that was erstwhile slan has already been accepted into the diction aries of formal English; much more wi be accepted in the near future. The objec tion to slang, at least to the more vali slang, is snooty and snobbish. Where more expressive word or phrase in th language than *to cuckoo*, (in the sense of *imitate*), *sap*, *to get away with*, *bonehea wow*, *to razz*, *joy-juice* (for *gin*), *to vam hickpricker*, *joy-ride* or *hoop la?*

But, on the other hand, don't make th mistake of believing that a mere imitatio of Brook, Indiana, will get you any fa ther than an imitation of Cambridg England.

XIV

It is as absurd to believe that the gener public is interested in sound dramati criticism as it is to believe that the gener public is interested in sound drama. It to the credit of the majority of newspap editors that they appreciate the fact an take pains not to discommode the readers.

XV

A sound piece of criticism has never y been spoiled by an injection of humor, l the professors yell all they want to. The is a place for apt humor in even the mo serious work. If there is a place for it "Hamlet," why shouldn't there be a pla for it in a criticism of "Hamlet"?

XVI

ıe chief fault with many critics is that ey strive to divert to themselves the tention, if any, that their criticism ould attract to itself.

XVII

ıe of the worst curses that American amatic criticism has suffered is the Shaw fluence. Twenty years ago, there wasn't young critic, myself included, who dn't in one way or another reflect the aw attitude, viewpoint and manner. ıce that time, the influence has faded mewhat, but it is still sufficiently in idence to be immediately recognizable. aw, surely, was a stimulatingly excel- ıt critic and worse deities might have en and might still be picked out to ıulate. But one wonders if the young en who still regard him as their critical *au idéal* really appreciate the gaping holes his dramatic taste and judgment. If they ll take the trouble to read carefully his o volumes of "Dramatic Opinions and says," they may be rather alarmed and bbergasted to find out that among the ays and the dramatists he selected for a are of his admiration were the following: The Prude's Progress," B. C. Stephenson, V. Esmond's "The Divided Way," W. rdley, "The Strange Adventures of Miss own," W. D. Howells' "A Dangerous ffian," "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," "The mance of the Shop-Walker," Miss Clo aves' "Mother of Three," and W. G. ills' "Olivia." As for his judgment of tors, they will perhaps be equally flus- ed to observe that he ranked Joseph fferson with Coquelin and Salvini. As for s estimate of dramatic literature, they ll be somewhat shocked to encounter is: "Nobody ever could, or did, or will prove on Dumas' . . . plays." And as for s style, they may be dismayed to find him sorting to such clichés of present-day arst critical writing as *Amurrican* and *long-loft chee-yild*.

XVIII

All criticism, after all, is a criticism of the critic himself before it is one of the criticized.

XIX

The reason why there are so few good farces written in America is that the farce form is sneered at, or at least treated with an air of condescension, by nine-tenths of the men who write about the native theatre. This is particularly true, strangely enough, of critics who are otherwise competent and discerning fellows. Yet these, like the general run of ignoramuses, indirectly discourage our more capable dramatists from essaying farce by treating it as something more or less negligible. When these writers think of farce, they think of such things as "Charley's Aunt," "The Man From Mexico" and "The Strawberry Blonde," but for some reason or other they seem never to stop and think of such others as "The Frogs," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and "The Comedy of Errors."

XX

The bulk of American criticism is corrupted by a blind adherence to and championing of favorites. There is hardly a critic in practice amongst us who hasn't a pet artist, who, in his estimation, can do no wrong. Having once set the artist in question atop a pedestal, the critic is determined by hook or crook to keep him there, even though the fellow's work periodically is anything but sound and meritorious. The critic seems to imagine that such slips on the part of his loved one are black marks against his own critical judgment and against his initial estimate of the man. And so he takes laborious pains to gloss them over and to keep the news quiet by loudly denying it. The result is a great monkey-show in which genuine talent is often made mock of by a persistent refusal to admit that it is never anything but top-notch.

XXI

Don't hesitate to indulge in personalities. The common notion that there is something *infra dignitatem* about too personal criticism is just as silly as most other commonly held notions about criticism. When you are met with this personality blather, quietly refer your counsellor to such unseemly critical dealers in personalities as the Messrs. Cervantes, Voltaire and Zola or, if your counsellor has never heard of them, to Walkley, Archer and Shaw.

XXII

Don't go too far with the idea that there are no rules in the case of drama. There happen, fortunately or unfortunately, to be a few. Bumptiously to deny the existence of all such rules is to make one's self out a ninny. There are certain rules. What there are not, are commandments.

XXIII

There is such a thing as a too great receptivity and liberal-mindedness on the part of a critic. The eagerness to miss nothing potentially worthy, to welcome talent in new fields and forms and to keep just a little ahead of the critical procession periodically leads the too open-armed critic into deplorable errors of judgment. Receptiveness and hospitality are valuable qualities in a critic, but they must be watched as closely as so many unleashed dogs, that they may not get out of hand, bark up the wrong trees and mess up things generally. Many peculiar estimates have been confected by critics whose cordiality of attitude has for the moment got the better of their sense of sound discrimination. Need I point, for example, to George Moore, surely an otherwise even bitterly cautious critic, and his warm hugging of such playwrights as Léon Hennique, Oscar Méténier and Michael Field, to Edmund Gosse's blanket embrace of Strindberg as both dramatist and novelist, or to Huneker and his over-valuation of Maeterlinck, t say nothing of the half dozen or more lesse and already forgotten geniuses whom h over-enthusiastically patted on the head

XXIV

I am not so sure about the criticism w hear against special pleading. Is it alway as ruinous to drama as they say it is? Is i too much to refer these critics, for ex ample, to Shakespeare?

XXV

You will be told never to sit down t write unless you have something to sa beforehand. This is the veriest buncombe pay no attention to it. Some of the bes things that a man writes occur to hi after he has sat himself at his desk withou the vaguest preliminary notion of what h was going to write—even, indeed, whe he has cursed God for ever having put pencil in his hand. Many a writer ha produced something excellent after starin blankly at his pad of paper for hours. Idea frequently come out of one's dull penc in time as clear water comes eventuall out of a muddy tap.

XXVI

There is, at bottom, very little differenc between dramatic criticism and literat criticism. What, after all, is a play but a underwritten novel and a novel but a overwritten play?

XXVII

What constitutes a good play? There is n definition that meets the case, save it h some such completely obvious and broad empty one as is now and then dispensed b the writers of dramatic text-books. An other attempt precisely to pigeon-hole th problem must meet with failure, since th moment you think up an apparently sou and satisfactory definition along com

n artist who writes a good play that your efinition fails to cover. Thus, the definion chefs, full of Aristotle's unities, were it to rout by Georg Kaiser. Thus, full of isdom about dramatic action, they were t to chasing their tails by Sierra and naw. And thus, full of dramaturgic rules id regulations, they have been flouted Strindberg, Wedekind, Schnitzler, vreinoff, Synge, Dunsany, Gorki, Pirandllo, Hasenklever and many others. A ood play must have action? Then what of Professor Bernhardi"? A good play must ave love interest? Then what of "Pasur"? A good play must be built around single dominating character? Then what "Night Refuge"? A good play must be ted into the three-hour theatrical span? hen what of O'Neill's "Strange Interde"? A good play must centre upon a nflict of wills? Then what of "The adle Song"? A good play must not mix moods? Then what of "The Dream ay"? A good play must take its audience to its confidence and not deceive it? Then hat of "Seven Keys to Baldpate"? And on, and so on.

The futility of any attempt to define actly a good play may be illustrated no tter, I daresay, than by giving a glance the gymnastics of my alliterative colague, Dr. Clayton Hamilton, author of The Theory of the Theatre," "Studies in agecraft" and "Problems of the Playright." "Any work of art is good," announces the professor, "if it forces the spectator or auditor to imagine and to realize some truth of life, and any effort of art is bad if it fails of this endeavor. Here is the final test of efficiency." What, one may relevantly inquire of our friend, is the particular truth of life that the auditor or spectator is forced to imagine and to realize by, let us say, Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," or D'Annunzio's "More Than Love," or Zoë Akins' "Papa," or Ibsen's "The Wild Duck"? Proceeding, the professor observes: "Any play, regardless of the method of the author, is a good play if it awakens the audience to a realization of some important aspect of the infinitely various assertions of the human will." To the realization of what important aspect of the infinitely various assertions of the human will, may one ask the professor, does Aristophanes' good play—and surely he will not deny that it is a pretty good play—called "Birds" awaken its audience? But yet the professor continues: "The good play must impose upon the spectator the educative illusion of reality." Again, may one inquire politely of the professor how this phase of his definition manages to fit itself to, say, such a good play as "Chantecler," or "The Lady from the Sea," or "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," or "The Laughter of the Gods," or "Pippa Dances," or "The Dead City," or "The Hour Glass," or "Erdgeist," or "The Winter's Tale"?

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Kultur in the Republic

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION, by Charles A. Beard & Mary R. Beard. $12.50. 8⅝ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 824 + 828 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

This huge work, the fruit of many years of study and labor, is admirably planned, comprehensive in scope, and, in the main, brilliantly executed, but the reader who goes through it from end to end will have more cause than mere fatigue, I believe, for concluding that it begins better than it ends. The first chapters, indeed, are by far the best. In them the planting of the American colonies is depicted in a graphic and immensely charming manner, and the genesis of the Revolution is discussed succinctly and yet with great learning. The rest of the first volume, though it is not quite so good, is still a capital piece of work: in no other history that I know of is the sweep of the forces leading up to the Civil War more vividly set forth. But after they come to the era of living men the authors seem to tire a bit, and toward the end they more than once take refuge in something hard to distinguish from platitude. I point, for example, to the chapter called "The Gilded Age," *i.e.*, the period from the Grant administration to the Spanish-American War. It was a time of violently warring forces, and more than any previous age it molded the American character of today. But of its principal ideas we get only shadows, and of its salient men little beyond a list of names.

Thus it seems to me that Dr. and Mrs. Beard, despite their brilliant beginning and their vast industry, have still fallen appreciably short of that sound and satisfying account of American civilization which connoisseurs of the democratic illusion have pined for so long. They have plowed up a lot of ground, and they ha showed how the thing can and may done, but they have not actually done The Americano emerges from their massi chronicle almost as mysterious as he w before they began. They nowhere get hi under their glass, and prod into his inn nature. They describe at length the poli ical imbecilities that he has believed and the economic panaceas that he h cherished, but they leave the man himse a vague shape, without definite charact and with very little reality. Yet it must obvious that he has his peculiar qualitie good and bad, and that many of them ha persisted almost unchanged for gener tions. The people of Europe, thinking the people of America, do not think of chaotic and discordant mass; they thi of a concrete type. In their view of th type, perhaps, they often show a gre hostility, but I don't believe it would fair to say that they often fall into erro The Americano, at bottom, is really almo as bad as they say he is, though they s only his outside, and across three thousa miles of misty ocean. To them he is t arch fraud and hypocrite of the hum species. Seen closer, his hypocrisy dissolv into mere timorousness, cowardice, fear seeming odd. Their collective throat circled by one of his claws and their co munal pocket rifled by the other, th denounce him as selfish and self-seeki beyond compare, a Goth and Hun unpa alleled. The fact is that he is simply democrat.

The inner history of the United States believe, is no more than a history of t unfolding of his democratic yearnings. is a commonplace to schoolboys that t Fathers tried to hold them in check: t real aim of the scheme of checks and b

nces was not to curb the governing class, ut to curb the mob. Already in those lyllic days it was fretting for power, but here was also an aristocracy surviving, nd it even tended to expand. That aristocacy, to be sure, was not purely altruistic: ven Washington, as the current iconoasts have made plain, knew which side of is bread was buttered. Nevertheless, it as an aristocracy, and as such it had herited a concept of public duty, quite parate and distinct from the universal conpt of private interest. There were things iat Washington simply would not do, even serve Washington. He saw the nation that e had helped to set up as something apart om and superior to himself or to any her man in it—as something deserving nd demanding a high measure of devoon. He could no more betray what he elieved to be its best interests for the wards of popularity than he could etray the best interests of his class, or of s wife. Washington, in his muddled, agmatic way, was a politician, but he as surely not a democratic politician. He as willing to labor for the mob, but he as not willing to court it and take its rders. Nor was Jefferson. Nor was—but aybe I had better pass over the Adamses. nce that time there have been no Washgtons in Washington. Lincoln marked e half-way post on the road to the wers. He was a politician first—with evotion as a glorious afterthought. Linln did not originate any of the ideas now sociated with his name, and so long as ey were unpopular he was against them. hen he came out for them vigorously, it as with an army behind him. In Coolidge e see the end and climax of democratic ogress. Ideas have no meaning for him: hen he deals with them at all, it is get rid of them. His one and undivided m is to look out for Coolidge.

This conversion of the democratic dream to a harsh reality has been going on nce the first days of the Republic, but not an unbroken tempo. There have been riods of halting and even of going backward, and periods of rapid change. One of the latter came with the Jackson uprising in 1828. At a single stroke the colonial aristocracy of the North, visualized in the feeble and precarious John Quincy Adams, was unhorsed, and the mob leaped into the saddle. In the South the aristocracy held on for a generation longer, but on April 9, 1865, it bit the dust, and since then the South has been run by its poor white trash, now poor no longer, but still abominably trash. There ensued a struggle between the mob and the new plutocracy, and at various times, as in the '70's, in 1896 and at the close of the World War, the plutocracy seemed to be triumphant. But this triumph was largely illusory, and Dr. and Mrs. Beard show, in the twenty-seventh chapter of their second volume, how much it had to yield to the rebellion from below. But what it yielded was interest, not principal. The difference between the mob and the plutocracy is, after all, very slight. They run to common concepts of the true and the good, and are largely identical in personnel. The gap separating a banker and a labor leader is infinitely less than the gap separating either from a Washington. Neither has any coherent concept of the common weal; to both government is simply a device for promoting their own fortunes; no restraint of tradition and obligation lies upon either. In brief, they are alike democrats. The *pudeurs* of a Washington are as unintelligible to them as the visions of a Jefferson, but they can understand and appreciate a Coolidge. They see something incomparably admirable in his slippery pushing to the front, and they share his distrust of ideas.

Democracy, of course, exists more or less in all modern states, but it is only in the United States, I believe, that it has come to actual dominance. Everywhere else there is some brake upon it—the persistence of a class of professional rulers in England, the capitalistic-militaristic oligarchy in Italy, the survival of monarchistic ideas in Germany. Only in France among the great nations does democracy approach

the power that it has in the United States, and even in France there are restraints growing out of ancient traditions. In the United States there are no such restraints, save those set up by the plutocracy, and whenever democracy and common decency come into conflict—as, for example, when there is a campaign to put down unpopular opinion—the plutocracy not only marches with the democracy, but actually leads it. Every stockbroker in Wall Street, indeed, is a 100% American, and so is every contributor to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. This unanimity, despite the watchmen who view every challenge of it with alarm, is steadily solidifying. Too near the trees, we do not see the woods, but foreign observers have a clearer vision. They observe the Americano emerging from the melting-pot—a variety of *Homo sapiens* as plainly marked as the zebra. He has, even in bilious foreign eyes, many high qualities. He is extraordinarily energetic and resourceful, and has vast enterprise. He loves to accumulate money, but spends it freely when he has it. He believes in his country with fanatical devotion. He loves physical ease, and is willing to pay more for it than any other man. He has charming sentimentalities. But there are entries, too, on the other side of the ledger, and it is upon these, of late, that European and Asiatic attention has been concentrated. He is a sharp trader, a savage enemy and an unreliable friend. He has no respect for ideas, and fears them as he derides them. He lacks gallantry, generosity, tolerance, the sense of justice, even common fairness. He is ignorant, callous and bombastic. Facing easy odds, he makes a great show of bellicosity. But he is easy to alarm, and alarmed, he is a coward.

This strange and puzzling man now dominates the civilized world. There are growls against him everywhere, but nowhere is there an enemy strong enough to challenge him. The chances are, indeed, that no possible combination of enemies could bring him down. The human race, being what it is, imitates him the while it reviles him. His curious taste for grandiose and meaningless phrases penetrates to all parts of Europe. There are Rotary Clubs in France and Italy, and England adopts the gaudy terminology of American advertising. Such mountebanks as Lloyd George and Mussolini, though they differ immensely on the surface, are alike imitators of that American of Americans, Roosevelt. One hears of the German Steel Helmet imitating the preposterous pretensions of the American Legion, and of Chinese generals hiring American press-agents. The puerilities that an Andy Mellon or a Charlie Schwab emits today are echoed in the European press tomorrow, and even the butchery of Sacco and Vanzetti is denounced East, West, North and South by fellow Reds and sympathizing sentimentalists, it is regarded with comfortable satisfaction by the solid Babbittry everywhere. The United States not only menaces the world; it also begins to lead the world.

Thus the Americano deserves to be studied at length. There are excellent materials for that study in Dr. and Mrs. Beard's two volumes, but, as I have said, it seems to me that they have got bogged in detail themselves, and so failed to work them up. There are more materials in "The Golden Day," by Lewis Mumford, which I hope to notice later on—and in the first two volumes of Professor Vernon Louis Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." But the job of synthesizing them remains. What is needed is a work that shall not only describe the genesis of the ideas which now enter into the concept of Americanism, but also discuss the anthropological problems which lie under their development. For it is only on the lower levels that the materials in the melting-pot are still discrete. At the place where Babbitts begin to show in the stew, Robinson, Schulze, Flannigan, Olsen and Orsini are one and indivisible. A genuinely American type, as fixed and clear-marked as the ancient Roman type, has been evolved. Let us have a monograph on

Nonsense Out of the East

NDU MYSTICISM, by S. N. Dasgupta. $2. ½ x 5; 168 pp. Chicago: *The Open Court Publishing ompany.*

ERE is a little book by the professor of ilosophy at Presidency College, Calta, which offers salubrious reading to ose persons who still labor under the lusion that the Hindus are privy to a re of wisdom hidden from Western es, and that their religion is, in some gue way, more refined and civilized than ristianity. Professor Dasgupta, it apars, shares that notion himself, but he too honest a man to conceal the facts at blow it up. Those facts he arranges atly in six chapters. They show concluely that the theology of even the most lightened Hindus is almost as barbaric d nonsensical as the theology of the edenborgians or Seventh Day Advents. It is grounded firmly upon a bibliolry precisely similar to the Christian bliolatry—nay, upon one that is far rse. The Christian Fundamentalist at st tries to make himself believe that the ble is a record of actual human experices, and that its mandates do no violence that wisdom which has come out of man trial and error. But the Hindu cepts the Vedas as completely trandental—and yet completely binding. hey are not a body of facts, but a body commands and prohibitions. . . . They not represent commands of the inner nscience or of the spirit within us; they not give us any food for the spirit. They resent an objective and unalterable v. . . ." In other words, they represent lderdash. Who manufactured that baldash? The gods? Not at all. The gods m to be bound by the Vedas quite as htly as their worshippers. Let a devotee form the monkeyshines ordained, and can laugh at the gods. Those monkeynes are "more powerful than the gods"; they are carefully performed the magic ll work, gods or no gods. And what do ey consist of? Of "the utterance or anting of the Vedic hymns with specially prescribed accents and modulations, the pouring of melted butter in the prescribed manner into the sacrificial fire, the husking of rice in a particular way, the making and exact placing of cakes." I spare you more.

Dr. Dasgupta has an interesting chapter on the practises of the Yoga sect—interesting not only because that sect attains to heights of imbecility unsurpassed even in India, but also because its blowsy nonsense has made many converts in America. They are chiefly concentrated in Los Angeles the damned, and include thousands of unhappy and half-witted women who have passed through the stages of High Church Episcopalianism, Christian Science and the New Thought. The essence of the Yoga revelation is that an adept, by the double device of thinking profoundly and breathing deeply, can throw off the trammels of the body and become a sort of gaseous angel, purged of sin and as happy as the boy who killed his father. This benign process goes on in Los Angeles in dark rooms heavy with incense, the while the police outside chase bootleggers and mop up the blood of murdered movie Lotharios. The banker's widow from the Mortgage Belt, closeted in such shades with a *yogin*, comes out flapping her wings and convinced that her rheumatism is much better. The *yogin* on his part, feeling the feathery weight of a $10 bill in his hand, returns from the empyrean to enter it upon his books. The thing threatens to spread: the *yogins*, working eastward, have already reached the western suburbs of Dallas and Kansas City. And why not? The United States is the original home of suckers. It houses more ecclesiastics than even Italy or Spain, and they are of much higher virtuosity. Once the principles of Hindu mysticism were known among us, it would flourish as the devil-chasing of Billy Sunday, or the Four-Square Gospel of Aimée Semple McPherson, D.D. All that is needed is propaganda. Unfortunately, Dr. Dasgupta's book is too intelligent. It must be translated into Brisbanese.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

FREDERICK BAUSMAN *was formerly a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. He is the author of "Let France Explain" and "Facing Europe."*

JAMES M. CAIN *is a New York newspaper man. His first play, "Jubilee," will be presented on Broadway next month.*

MARGARET HAESEKER COBB *was born in New York, and educated at the University of Maryland. She was on the staff of the Baltimore* Sun *for several years.*

THOMAS CRAVEN *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES *is a Philadelphian, now living in New York. He has been a proofreader, an editorial writer, a book reviewer, a dramatic critic, and a writer for the movies. His latest book is "Forty Immortals." His earlier books were translated into French by Rémy de Gourmont.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *was formerly editor of the* Pathé Weekly, *now known as the* Pathé News, *a twice-a-week screen newspaper. From 1915 to 1917 he was production manager of the Pathé Picture Company. He is now Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore* Sun.

IDWAL JONES *was born in Wales. He has been, successively, a machinist, miner, newspaper reporter, cowboy and book reviewer. He is now dramatic editor of the San Francisco* Examiner.

M. S. LEA (MRS. KENNETH C. MCINTOSH) *is a native of Louisiana. She is a graduate of the Sophie Newcomb Art School at New Orlean*

GRACE OVERMYER *was born in Kansas, a for two years did editorial work on the* Music Observer.

JULIUS W. PRATT, PH.D. (Chicago), *professor of American history at the Universi of Buffalo. He was born in South Dakota, a received his early education in North Carolin His writings include "Expansionists of 181 published in 1925, and the monograph on Jam Monroe in "American Secretaries of State a Their Diplomacy."*

GEORGE SEIBEL *is president of the Americ Turnerbund. He has been a newspaper man thirty years, and has written considerable v and fiction.*

ARTHUR STRAWN *worked on St. Louis ne papers for a number of years. He recently co pleted a biography of Vasco Nuñez de Balb He is now living in New York.*

RUTH SUCKOW *is a native of Iowa. She the author of "Country People," "The Odys of a Nice Girl," and "Iowa Interiors."*

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS *was the Paris c respondent of the Baltimore* Sun *in 1918 a 1919, and European correspondent of the sa paper in 1923 and 1924. He is now engaged business in Baltimore.*

JIM TULLY'S *latest book is "Circus Parad It is noticed in the Check List this month. H also the author of "Beggars of Life," "Ja gan," and "Emmett Lawler."*

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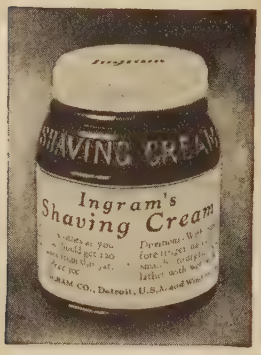

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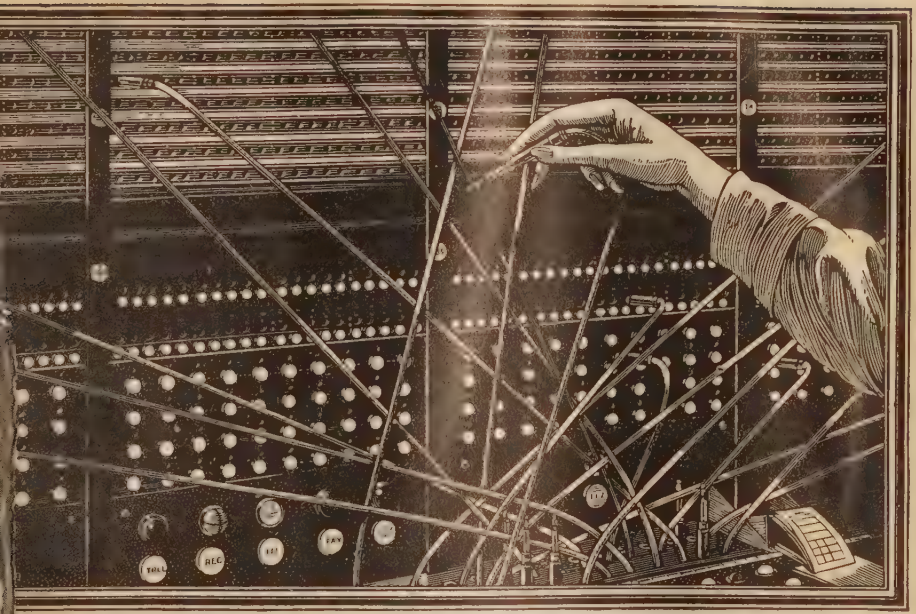
Editorial NOTES

Few magazine articles on art ever p
in America have aroused so much c
versy as "Have Painters Minds?," b
Thomas Craven, published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March 1927. It continued to be the central topic of discussion among artists for a long time after its appearance, and for weeks scores of letters of comment kept coming into this office, mainly from painters eager to prove that they did have mi
little more than a year previous,
cember, 1925, to be exact, Mr. Crav
also given the art world somethi
think about with his first contrib
"Men of Art: American Style." His
article, "The Criticism of Painting in
ica," appeared in August of this ye
his fourth, "The Decline of Illustra
is in the present number.

Thomas Cra

Mr. Craven was born in Kansas ci
and received all of his formal ed
there. He has since lived in variou
of this country—Alabama, Missour
Mexico, California, Porto Rico an
York. He arrived in New York i
determined to become a poet, and
sold two poems to the *American M*
But for the next eight years he was
to place a single manuscript, verse o
In this period he twice left New Y

Continued on page lxviii



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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxvi

the open road, trying successively the following occupations: newspaper reporting in Denver, school teaching in California, night clerking for the Santa Fé Railroad in Las Vegas, sailing before the mast into the West Indies, and teaching English in Porto Rico. He proved a failure in all them.

Mr. Craven has always been interested in the fine arts, and has spent much of his time in the company of painters. He has written numerous articles on painting for the reviews. Beside THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he has contributed to the *Dial*, the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. His writings have been commended abroad by such men as Roger Fry in England and Élie Faure in France. He has written four novels, one of which, "Paint," was published in 1[illegible]

The following gloss upon Mr. Wallace Rice's discourse upon the word *ain't* in the August issue comes from Mr. St. John Ervine, the well-known dramatist:

> Mr. Rice omits to mention an alternative, and, in my opinion, more accurate and euphonious contraction for *am not*. He pleads, and very ably, for a revival of *ain't*, and is properly contemptuous of the Briticism *aren't*, which is hopelessly inaccurate when used, as it commonly is, with the singular pronoun *I*. We have only to reverse *aren't I* and make it *I aren't*, or *I are not* to realize what a shockingly vulgar expression it is. But I suggest to Mr. Rice that the contraction, common in Ulster, *amn't*, is better than *ain't*. It is strictly accurate and causes no confusion between *am not* and *have not*. May I suggest at the same time that THE AMERICAN MERCURY, which seems to me to be the most vigorous, lively and influential magazine in America—I wish we had its equal here!—should try to abolish the disgusting expression *yep*, for *yes*, from the language? One can understand the substitution of *yeah* for *yes*, although one dislikes it, but for *yep* there can be no pity and no pardon. I would rather see Mr. Rice at the head of an Anti-Yep Society than at the head of a Pro-Ain't one.

Continued on page lxx

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

ISLE OF THE DEAD *by* ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

uced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

rk, macabre beauty of Böcklin's famous paint- ted a powerful influence upon the imagination ei Rachmaninoff. He conceived the idea of a ition which should reflect in music the grandeur, and solemn mystery, of Death. His symphonic oem, "Die Toteninsel," *was the result.*

ER or later in every cultivated home arises oblem of choosing a piano. . . . Not merely e it is an important element in the well- ered interior. Not only for the prestige it gives. But chiefly for that joy of actual n—that thrill of personal relationship with music—which one feels at the keyboard of nstrument.

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lxviii

In the issue for September, 1926, i course of an article on Hannibal, Mc birthplace of Mark Twain, there app the following statement about the Twain Cave at that place:

> Now it is rapidly disappearing, even as an stitution, for a cement plant is slowly cons ing its winding reaches. The rock thro which it penetrates is needed for the stuff goes to make skyscrapers and hog-pens. frequent explosions, necessary to blasting a the rock, now make exploration hazardou

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is assur Mr. Evan T. Cameron, owner of the that the implications here are quite out foundation. No cement plant is suming the hill in which the cave i ated, and there is thus not the sli hazard from explosions. THE AME MERCURY greatly regrets that any ments to the contrary were made offers its apologies to Mr. Cameron.

Some of the things in store for N ber and later issues are the followi

"The Biology of Superiority," by *Ray Pearl*

The director of the Institute for Biolog Research at the Johns Hopkins presents his clusions on the eugenics problem.

"A Texas Chain-Gang," by *Ernest Booth*

Mr. Booth is the author of "We Ro Bank," in the September number. As showed in that article, he is no innocent, once in Texas he was jugged unjustly, and he describes vividly his sufferings in a pr camp.

"Tom Heflin," by *John W. Owens*

A thorough examination of the public vices of the senior Senator from Alabama, is one of the salient voices of the Metho Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Pu Morals.

"Officers of the Court," by *Horace A. Davi*

A realistic treatise upon lawyers and t work. Mr. Davis believes that, as they st they are public nuisances, but he has a plan making them useful, and here he sets it fo

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Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from front advertising section, xlviii

ESSAYS

THE COLBY ESSAYS.
Edited by Clarence Day, Jr. *Harper & B*
$7.50 8 x 4¾; 2 vols.; 173+147 pp. *New*

Frank Moore Colby was born in 1865 and di 1925. After graduating from Columbia he serv an instructor in history at Amherst, Colu Barnard and New York University, but the quarter century of his life was spent mainly editor of encyclopedias. He was the managing of the New International, and largely responsib its notable merits. As a diversion from such he wrote essays, and here the best of them are a bled by Mr. Day, with a preface by Philip L The first of the two volumes is made up of m less finished essays; the second is composed of and fragments. There was a considerable charm of Colby's writings; he wrote as a highly civ man. Here his pungent reflections upon the me manners of his time are gathered together in a venient form, discreetly chosen and edited, and beautifully printed.

ESSAYS.
By Leonard Woolf *Harcourt, Brace & Com*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 256 pp. *New*

Mr. Woolf is literary editor of the London N *and Athenæum*, and most of the papers here firs peared in that magazine and in the *New State* They deal, in the main, with literary matters, there are also articles on historical and poli topics. Mr. Woolf is not a colossus of criticism he is extremely well-informed and possesses literary manners, and, at times, as in the essay Samuel Butler and George Moore, achieves shr ness.

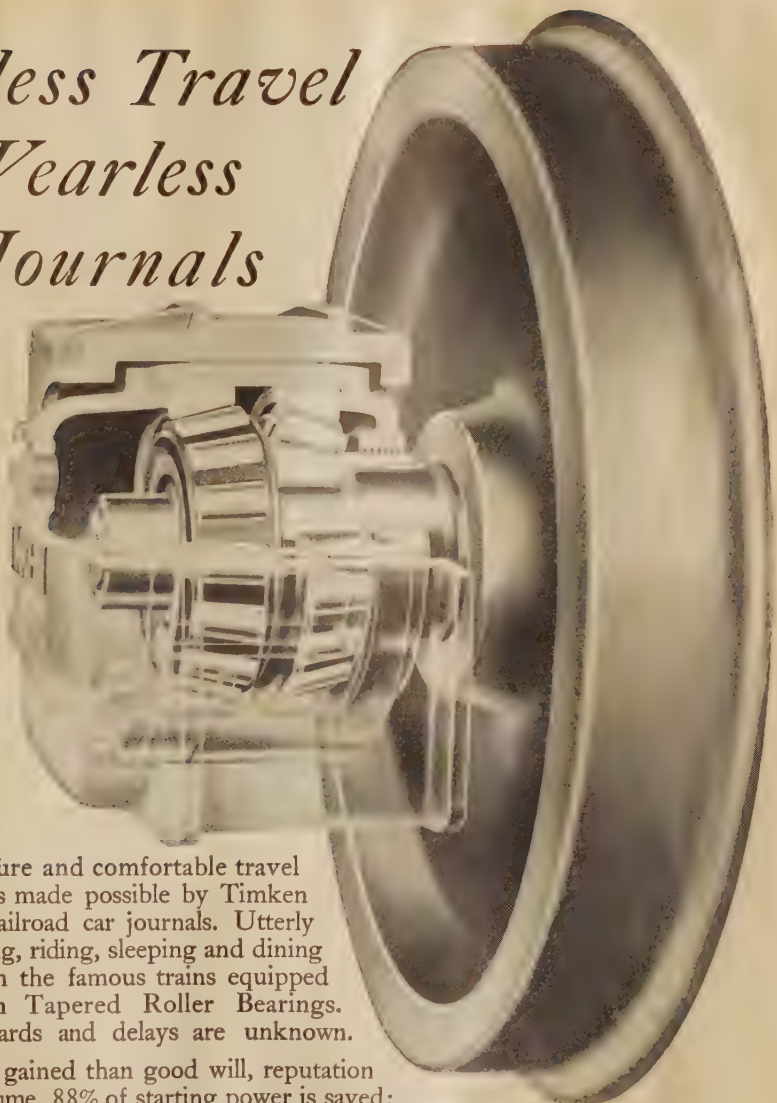
REPRINTS

SAMUEL SEWALL'S DIARY.
Edited by Mark Van Doren. *Macy-M*
$2.50 5¼ x 7½; 272 pp. *New*

Samuel Sewall was born in England in 1652, ar the age of nine was brought to Massachusetts, w he lived until his death in 1730. He was a judge of State Superior Court for over thirty years, and instrumental in condemning the Salem witches death, but he issued a public recantation shortly a He was a typical New Englander of his tim dabbler in theology, a shrewd and even tight busi man, adamant for law and order, and a great gos He kept a diary, and in it put down not only

Continued on page lxxiv

erkless Travel —Wearless Journals



THE most sure and comfortable travel ever known is made possible by Timken Bearings in railroad car journals. Utterly erkless starting, riding, sleeping and dining are realities on the famous trains equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. Hot-box hazards and delays are unknown.

Even more is gained than good will, reputation and traffic volume. 88% of starting power is saved; tonnage rating is unaffected at low temperatures. Journal wear is virtually non-existent. A fraction of previous maintenance cost permits improved operation in every phase. Only the Timken combination of friction-elimination and utmost endurance does it all! THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

X-Ray view of a Timken-equipped Railroad Journal. Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made electric steel assure *complete* protection against all the thrust, shock, speed and weight which are set up by the motion of flanged steel wheels against steel rails and curves.

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

STRENGTH

The strength of an institution lies in many factors. Its size, age, financial responsibility, experience, record of achievement, integrity and adherence to sound policies—these are the elements of character which have given the House of Greenebaum strength to withstand the storm and stress of 72 years. They provide an effective safeguard both for the House and the interests of its patrons.

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Our Investors Guide will lead you to complete investment satisfaction and service, wherever you live. Write today. Use attached coupon.

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OLDEST REAL ESTATE BOND HOUSE
FOUNDED 1855—CHICAGO
Offices in Principal Cities
Affiliated with Greenebaum Sons Securities Corporation, New York

Mail This Coupon

2010

Greenebaum Sons Investment Co.
La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago

Please send without charge or obligation copy of Investors Guide and current list of Greenebaum offerings.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Safeguarded Bonds

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxiv

FICTION

THE BIRD OF FIRE.
By Maria Moravsky. *The Thomas Y. Crowell Co*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 378 pp. *New*

Though we are told that the author, a P woman, lived through the troublesome times describes, her story is pretty dull. It revolves Vania, the supposed son of Prince Zobin and a fo actress, Marina. The young man rejects the idl of the nobility and joins the peasants. In the co becomes a heroic figure and marries Eunice Hewi American girl and one of the secretaries in the of the American Medical Help.

THE APPLE OF THE EYE.
By Glenway Wescott. *Harper & Br*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 292 pp. *New*

This novel of Southern Wisconsin, first publ in 1924, has had an appreciative audience. Mr. cott writes with a sense of the tragic and the be ful. Against the background of the stark countr he knows so well his characters move and live.

TIDES.
By Ada and Julian Street. *Doubleday, Page & Co*
$2 7½ x 5; 412 pp. *Garden City,*

The theme of this novel—the conquering o West by the first pioneers, the building of their and their fortunes, and later, the return of grandchildren to the East, there to conquer its st holds—has an epic sweep and promise. But the formance never quite makes the grade. It is col it is picturesque, in the main it is entertaining it is not moving.

THE BRETHREN OF THE AXE.
By John Somers. *E. P. Dutton & Co*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 300 pp. *New*

This is a romantic mystery tale of an English service agent who tracks down a group of M negrins, disguised as Fascisti and planning to s another world war. The hero eludes his pursuers word to his government of the scheme, and takes himself an American wife. The story is well wr but seldom arises above the ordinary run of such th

TYPHON'S BEARD.
By John Vasseur. *The George H. Doran Co*
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 261 pp. *New*

Leonidas, owner of the finest vineyards in Arc sends his idle, philandering son out of "the one province in Greece" to make his way in the w He returns to his father plus a wife and with the

Continued on page lxxviii

The Avenue is so designed that it may be worn either as a snap brim or in the more formal manner with the brim turned up. This depends on the wearer's mood. Its smartness is accentuated by the specially designed silken band woven on Stetson's own Jacquard looms. At leading hat shops.

Other styles
Eight to Forty Dollars

STETSON HATS
Styled for Young Men

National Union Mortgage Bonds

The
STANDARD
of comparison in Mortgage Bonds

EMBODYING every feature of protection which experience has suggested, including the guarantee of underlying mortgages by one of the four following Surety Companies:

U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore
Maryland Casualty Co., Baltimore
Fidelity & Deposit Co., Baltimore
National Surety Co., New York

These Bonds possess the essential requirements of an ideal investment

NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE CO.
MACKUBIN, GOODRICH & CO.
FISCAL AGENTS
111 E. REDWOOD STREET — Established 1899 — BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

LIKE A FINE HOTEL ON FLYING WHEELS

LOS ANGELES LIMITED

Leaves Chicago
8:10 P. M. daily

Take the pacemaker of luxury to the land of old romance — a journey of only 63 hours with steward, maid, waiters, porters and barber, attending your needs instantly, surrounding you with a fine atmosphere of service and courtesy.

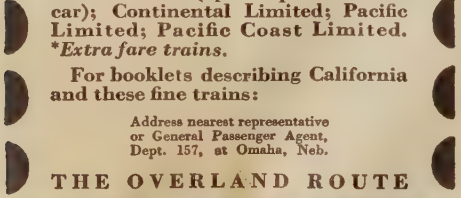
As you speed smoothly away from the chill of winter, the arresting scenes en route are made doubly enjoyable by the luxurious appointments of the Los Angeles Limited*.

Seven other fine fast trains to California, including the 63-hour San Francisco Overland Limited*; Gold Coast Limited (open-top observation car); Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited. *Extra fare trains.

For booklets describing California and these fine trains:

Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 157, at Omaha, Neb.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE



UNION PACIFIC

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page lxxvi

ment that clouds are made "of beer foam and of
After the first two or three chapters, the a
flounders badly.

THE DRUMS OF PANIC.
By Martin Feinstein. *Macy—N*
$2 7¼ x 7½; 288 pp. *Ne*

Mr. Feinstein has indeed attained a certain "
poetic prose," but in this story of the returned s
his manner so greatly outshines his material th
effect is unreality and melodrama. His chara
from mad Yolande Slater to Edsel Gaunt, the
nerve-shattered soldier, simply don't live: they
recite paragraphs of lyrical prose.

GOD GOT ONE VOTE.
By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. *Simon &*
$2.50 7⅜ x 5; 381 pp. *Ne*

Here is an amusing and arresting book that pr
a living character: Boss Patrick Van Hoos, I
Irish hod-carrier who entered politics the night
the McKinley-Bryan election and rose to pow
eminence by the sheer force of his personalit
Brennan's style is compact, vivid and moving,
thus admirably adapted to his swift marshali
events. His pages are full of odd characters.

TALL MEN.
By James Stuart Montgomery.
The Literary Guild of A
$2 7¼ x 5; 322 pp. *Ne*

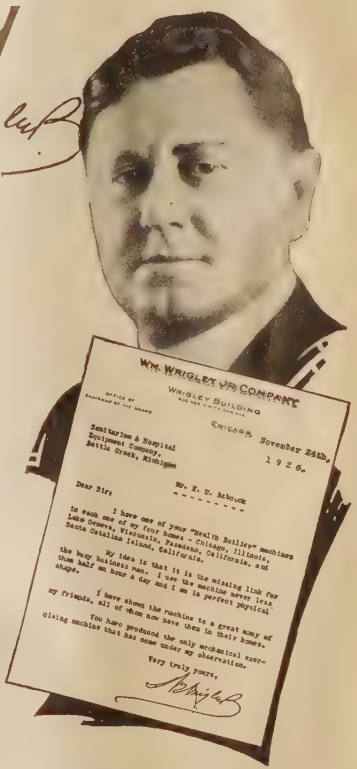
This tale of the Civil War starts off interes
with an old Englishman who, after a career o
years in cotton, decides to write the story of h
great adventure on board the blockade-runner
urer—and then quickly descends to melodrama
nights and Yankee cruisers, heroic Carolinian
intrepid Englishmen, and a stowaway in the sh
a mysterious and irresistible Southern beauty.

THE LOVE-CHILD.
By Edith Olivier. *The Viking*
$1.50 6¾ x 4; 208 pp. *Ne*

The story of Agatha Bodenham, a starve
suppressed spinster who creates a child, Cl
out of her imagination with such adoration th
the end, she goes mad when Clarissa "ceases
the midnight" at the touch of an earthly lo
overwrought, unconvincing book. Miss C
writes with some distinction, but she never
moment gets any reality into her unsubs
characters.

Continued on page lxxx

"It's Fun to keep Fit this new Way"


WM. WRIGLEY JR. COMPANY
WRIGLEY BUILDING
CHICAGO
November 24th, 1926.
Sanitarium & Hospital Equipment Company,
Battle Creek, Michigan.
Dear Sirs:
I have one of your "Health Builder" machines in each one of my four homes - Chicago, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Pasadena, California, and Santa Catalina Island, California.
My idea is that it is the missing link for the busy business man. I use the machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in perfect physical shape.
I have shown the machine to a great many of my friends, all of whom now have them in their homes.
You have produced the only mechanical exercising machine that has come under my observation.
Very truly yours,

The Battle Creek Sun Arc Bath and "Mechanical Health Horse" are also made by the manufacturers of the famous "Health Builder."

KEEN business men realize the importance of keeping fit. They know the right kind of exercise is absolutely imperative. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., speaking about the Battle Creek Health Builder, says: "I have one of your 'Health Builder' machines in each of my four homes. I use this machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in a perfect physical shape."

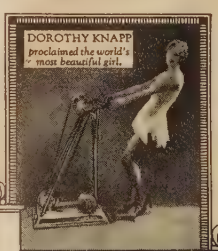
Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your own home—*without any effort*. Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

THE rapidly oscillating girdles of the Health Builder give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

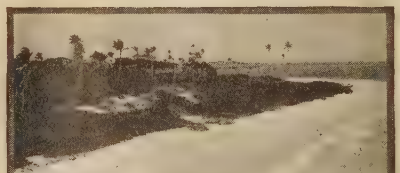
Over 50,000 men and women of all ages have used the "Health Builder" for health improvement upon the recommendation of their physicians! Used daily in countless private homes, large medical institutions, athletic clubs, gymnasiums, ocean liners, and by numerous physicians in their practice.

Send for "Keeping Fit in 15 Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises, Sanitarium Equipment Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



SANITARIUM EQUIPMENT CO.
Room P2736 Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me FREE Book "Keeping Fit"—Today.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Health Builder Keeps You Fit



Crane Beach

. . . On the Cunard West Indies Cruise

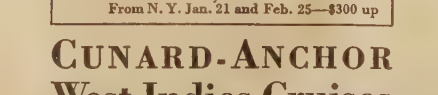
Bathe in sparkling blue water at 76° in Winter . . . one of the most beautiful tropical beaches in the world . . . Lounge under the cocoanut palms . . . eat the fried flying fish and paw-paw at a swanky little hotel.

31 days of sun . . . the oil of relaxation poured softly into your marrow . . . And 14 other ports of gaiety and contrast . . . Sidewalk cafes in Havana . . . green darting birds of Curacao . . . Kingston . . . La Guayra . . . Port au Prince . . . tiffin and golf at a smart club in Bermuda.

And for luxury and idleness your cabin in between ports . . . cool English chintzes . . . deep chairs . . . a soft breeze from the punkah louvre, the modern ventilator installed by the line . . . You might be in a guest room in a magnificently well-run home. See your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York.

FRANCONIA—15 days—
From N. Y. Dec. 20 . . . . . $200 up
CALIFORNIA—31 days—
From N. Y. Jan. 21 and Feb. 25—$300 up

CUNARD-ANCHOR West Indies Cruises



Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page lxxviii

DUSTY ANSWER.
By Rosamond Lehmann. *Henry Holt & Co.*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 355 pp. *New*

This study of Judith Earle—from child through her career at Cambridge, the first emo storms of her love for Roddy, and her return again—is beautifully done. It is not only a revel of the mind and character of Judith; it is an in study of modern youth, its struggles and perplex its yearning to be heroic and to be understoo frankness and its precious subtleties. Miss Leh has the gift of the swift, sure word.

MISCELLANEOUS

EPITAPHS. *Graveyard Humor and Eulogy.*
Compiled by William H. Beable.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
$1.75 7¾ x 5; 246 pp. *New*

This is a collection of epitaphs drawn, in the directly from ancient British graveyards. Son them are very amusing. Here is one of the sh ones. It stands over the grave in New Windsor c John Topham, who went to his reward in 1692.

Reader, this monument does here declare,
That Richard Topham was John Topham's he
And that this secret might to all be known
Richard hath writ it on John Topham's stone.
The language view, and own the pious deed,
Since Richard writes, what John could never

LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY.
Edited by Albert Baillie and Hector Bolitho.
The George H. Doran Co.
$5 9 x 5¾; 333 pp. *New*

Lady Stanley was first lady in waiting at C Victoria's court, and the confidante of many o mighty ones who passed her way. She was i habit of telling what she knew in letters to her s Lady Frances Baillee. This book is a collection c more important of them. Many of them are gossip and mush, but a few are of some historica portance.

SHIP MODEL MAKING: *Vol. II.*
By E. Armitage McCann.
The Norman W. Henley Publishing Co.
$2.50 9¼ x 6; 150 pp. *New*

This book, with the aid of descriptions, illu tions and full-sized plans, tells how to make a m of an American clipper ship. Volume I of the s tells how to make models of decorative Spanish leons and Barbary pirate ships. Amateurs, with aid of the few tools enumerated, should find difficulty in making presentable models.

Continued on page lxxxii

Get rid of money worries *for good!*

TWO MEN were talking in a club-house reading room. "Everything's going pretty well with me—*now*," said one of them. "I make enough money to pay the bills, enough even to take a vacation now and then. But I sometimes wonder how it would be if anything happened to me. I know perfectly well the house might be sold, my son taken out of school . . ."

The other man smiled.

"That's just the way I was fixed," he said. "And then a funny thing happened. I answered an advertisement and got hold of a copy of the Phoenix Mutual 'Prosperity Plan.' Maybe you've heard of it. I filled it out.

"I was paying 6% interest on our mortgage at the time. The Phoenix people showed me how, by paying only about 1½% more, I could fix it so the bank would hand the home over to my wife clear of debt. That was the end of that worry.

"Then they made a special arrangement that will put Jimmie through college. That fixed *that*. And just recently they fixed up what they call an 'income agreement'—and now the family will have an income of $100 a month after I'm gone.

"So the only things I had been worrying about are taken care of—and all because I filled out that little piece of paper!"

WOULDN'T you like to make *your* life plan financially foolproof? Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of money worries for good?

You can. The coupon at the bottom of this page will bring to you, free, the remarkable Phoenix Mutual "Prosperity Plan."

Sending for it is the first step towards real independence—protection for you and your family no matter what happens—an education and every advantage for your children—leisure and comfort for yourself in your later years.

There's no obligation. Send for your copy *now*.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. . . First Policy Issued 1851

TO GET THESE . . . . MAIL THIS

Here are just a few of the things you can do under the Phoenix Mutual Plan:

1. RETIRE with an income when you are 60 or 65.
2. LEAVE your home free of debt.
3. SEND your children to college.
4. CREATE an estate.
5. MAKE sure your income will go on even though you become totally disabled.
6. LEAVE an income for your family.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
294 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, my copy of the "PROSPERITY PLAN."

NAME..... DATE OF BIRTH.....

BUSINESS ADDRESS.....

HOME ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

AROUND the WORLD 5th Cruise

On the "Queen of Cruising Steamships"

S. S. RESOLUTE

Jan. 7-1928

Eastward from New York

FAR LANDS—strange peoples—magnificence of infinite variety—eternal romance of Egypt, The Holy Land, East Africa, India, Borneo, China, Japan, Hawaii. A cruise of dreams-come-true, amidst luxurious comfort, endless delight of cuisine and service.

140 days of fascinating travel—63 cities in 30 different countries, including Borneo and French Somaliland—each country at the ideal season—37,849 miles on land and sea.

Rates—including shore excursions—from $2,000 upward. Send for descriptive booklet.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
United American Lines, Inc., Gen. Agents
28 Broadway, New York
Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco. Or local steamship agents.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lxxx

RUNAWAY DAYS.
By Samuel Scoville, Jr. *Harcourt, Brace & Com*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 254 pp. *New*

In "Man and Beast" the author very informi introduced us to the inhabitants of the South Afr jungle. In this volume he takes us with him to a c hawk's nest; perched in a tree top we meet var rare birds; and then again we run into Mr. Squirrel his cousin the chickaree, and the chipmunk and o dwellers of the woods. The book is full of deligh flashes of the out-of-doors.

BRONX BALLADS.
By Robert A. Simon. *Simon & Sc*
$2 9¼ x 6¾; 104 pp. *New*

Capital buffoonery in song form, with words music. The ballads include "Wellington Goldbe "The Lipschitz Wedding," "Mrs. Shephard N golies," "Big Bouncing Bertha" and "Rosen Ain't Rosenthal No More." There are eleven page illustrations by Harry Hershfield, the creato "Abie the Agent," and each song has an explana preface.

MEMOIRES FOR MY GRANDSON.
By John Evelyn *The Nonesuch*
10/6 5¾ x 3½; 104 pp. *O*

This interesting work, which is here published the first time, is valuable for the many details it g concerning domestic economy in the late Seventee Century. In addition, it presents a living port of the fussy old gentleman himself—his admir sobriety and meticulousness and piety. In the called Promiscuous Advices there is much s wisdom. Geoffrey Keynes has contributed an excel preface.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY. *Legends of Gods and Hero*
By Peter Andreas Munch.
The American Scandinavian Founda
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 397 pp. *New*

An excellent translation of Peter Andreas Mun handbook of Norse Mythology, a standard work Norway since 1840, with a full bibliography index and an appendix of critical commentaries popular and authoritative guide to the world Northern myth and legend, it should be of inte to the general reader as well as to the student of Norse literature. A scholarly and welcome addi to the American-Scandinavian Series of Scandinav Classics.

Light on Darkest Africa

What was once "Darkest Africa" is now luminous with life, color and the enterprises of civilization. It is to the great Continent of Africa that thought and adventure are rapidly turning for pioneering, industrial and scientific enterprise.

Durban, Berea, Valley of a Thousand Hills, Umkomaas, Johannesburg, Pretoria, Bulawayo, Victoria Falls; Kimberley, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and many other places of interest are included in the

World Cruise Supreme

by the specially-chartered Cunard Cruising Ship **FRANCONIA.** Sailing from New York January 7—Returning May 31, 1928. Two Cruises in One, covering the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. 34,000 miles by sea—10,000 miles by land!

Send for Map and Illustratea Story of this unique Cruise

Thos. Cook & Son

New York Philadelphia Baltimore Boston Chicago St. Louis
San Francisco Los Angeles Portland, Ore. Toronto Montreal Vancouver

Fall Brides at The Ambassador

Atlantic City

Atlantic City—Bride of the Atlantic—is the favorite rendezvous of Fall Brides—and the famous Ambassador Hotel is the inevitable choice of both bride and bridegroom—because it is the finest hotel on the Atlantic seaboard and offers luxury at moderate prices.

Write or Wire for Reservations

The Ambassador
ATLANTIC CITY

Schools & Colleges

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent

The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting. The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

New Fall Term begins Oct. 26th
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Free Catalog describing all Courses from
Room 255-J, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

ROXBURY
A Special Type of Boarding School. College Preparation. Instruction by the Tutorial Method. All field, gymnasiu track sports.
A. E. Sheriff, Headmaster —:— Cheshire, C

SOUTHERN COLLEGE "In the Heart of Vir Established 186
Junior College, Finishing or High School Courses. Mu Expression, Dom. Sci., Secretarial. Golf, Swimming, Gymnasium. Dramatics. 65th year. Country Club Pri Historical Tours. Riding Lessons. College Clubs. Fixe ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS 280 College Place, Petersbu

EARN PROMOTIO AND COLLEGE CRED
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
217 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from maker Patterns free. Cut lengths by post. Carriage pai NEWALL, 141 Stornoway, Scotland

Sui generis

If you want a magazine like The American Mercury, you must buy The American Mercury.

There is no other like it.

No doubt this explains why the circulation has doubled *and redoubled*

A LULL IN SNIPING

It has been our announced intention to shoot a few good-natured arrows at Mr. Mencken in this series of advertisements. This month, however, after reading his Journal of Protest, we find curselves unable to make a plausible attack.

We are hoping that this sympathetic feeling on our part will not be permitted to continue, and that in subsequent issues his pet prejudices will cause him to display enough unreasonable spasms to irritate us again.

In the meantime, we must limit ourselves in this advertisement to the tiresome repetition that Listerine is a good antiseptic; a safe antiseptic; and a product which should be available at all times.

With this conclusion, we will withdraw from our sniper's post until next month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

· BY WAY OF EXPLANATION ·

UNKNOWINGLY and, of course, without intention, we have offended some of our friends.

When we planned the advertising campaign of which copy has appeared in this magazine, we intended to depict a type that is deep rooted in the affections of many of the American people.

The character illustrated above and in the advertisement in question was based on the kindly recollections of a writer who had a grandmother and many friends who came directly from the old country. The plan was approved by an executive who proudly bears an Irish name and whose grandfather was Irish.

Neither of these individuals would consider for a moment the possibility of reflecting discredit on their antecedents or friends.

Some of the expressions of criticism which came to us were unfortunately without signature and could not be acknowledged, and so we are taking this means of offering explanation.

Although we cannot feel that an advertisement based upon genuine regard and affection for a lovable type of person should be offensive to those we least desired to offend, and we do not think that folk with a good Irish sense of fairness will insist on any such action, we are going to change our plans.

We will welcome signed suggestions from any of our friends who wish to help clear up a misunderstanding. Address your letters to

RIDGWAYS INC.
60 WARREN ST., NEW YORK

VOL. X, No. 4 OCTOBER, 1927

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

A Wise and Witty Book

ONG the tons of health literature
lished annually by health associa-
ns, medical bodies, quacks, patent
d vendors, and what-not, the last
ng one looks for is anything of the
hest literary value. Given the
rbid interest to read more than a
ple of paragraphs, one rises con-
ed that the end is near and the
oach a vale of misery. But at last
ave a book that tells in detail the
of the human body, its anatomy,
physiology, and its functions,
nly, straightforwardly, without
mpting to frighten the poor lay-
into the belief that only in some
icular mode of living lies salva-
. And moreover we have a piece
iterature.

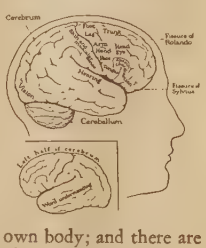
s author is a prominent physician
his book is backed by a reputa-
and experience covering a long
od of years. One might say that
Clendening's intention is to de-
k current notions of health and
human body. The information he
s out consists of established facts
ttered by fads and fancies or vague
ulations. Incidentally his style,
ed with anecdotes, quotations,
interesting scraps of medical his-
with here and there a hard rap
e fallacies nourished by his own
ren or the public, offers an en-
inment enjoyable for its own
Here from the chapter on he-
y is a passage about eugenics
h finds him in a typically human-
mood:

ow, of course, I'm not a fool.
statement will probably cause
dissent than any other one in
ook. But, nevertheless, it is true.
ar, I am not a fool. I know per-
well that no such arrangement
have implied above is going to
ought about. Men are not going
brace eugenics. They are going
brace the first likely, trim-fig-
girl with limpid eyes and flash-
eeth who comes along, in spite
e fact that her germ plasm is
bly reeking with hypertension,
r, hæmophilia, colour-blindness,
ever, epilepsy, and amyotrophic

lateral sclerosis. This represents a deep piece of sardony on the part of nature: I do not believe she ever intended man to become a long-lived race. It is an actual fact that those people who have all of these terrible excrescences ready to break out are in youth the loveliest of the sons and daughters of men: they are charming, jovial, fun-loving, laugh-provoking, filled eternally with a kind of divine ecstasy; and then their bodies—there is a sort of ethereal transparency to their skin, there hangs about them an unearthly —well, I mustn't go on like this.

"But if we could disregard love, disregard physical attractiveness—if I had the power to breed men and women as I liked, I could, in about five centuries, produce a race of men whose average duration of life would be two hundred and fifty years, and another race who would die of senility —bald, toothless, and blind—at the age of fifteen. I could produce a race of tall, enormously strong, shaggy-haired men, and another of small, shy, absolutely hairless men. I could produce a race of women who would have a long purple plume growing from their foreheads, and hanging to their heels, and a race of men with two enormous bright scales over their ears. Perhaps it is well that no such power can ever be delegated to any man. People are funny enough as it is."

But let no one think that because *Dr. Clendening's* book is witty it is not also wise. As he points out, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us depends on the proper working of the mechanism of his own body; and there are few of us who have even an elementary understanding of how this mechanism functions. THE HUMAN BODY, with its well-chosen illustrations and diagrams and its clear, untechnical language, should bring this understanding to many; and it will give sixteen ounces of entertainment to every pound of enlightenment.



THE HUMAN BODY. *By* LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D. *With more than* 100 *illustrations.* $6.00 *net.*

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Old Realities, New Meanings: A Shop-Talk

A GREAT deal of the literature of the imagination during the past decade has involved an attempt on the part of authorship to achieve originality by the exploration of new areas of consciousness, new theories of behavior. And it is plain enough, in even a short retrospect, that a large part of the consequence has been nothing more or less than literary suicide. The basis has been, too often, a premature attempt to utilize results of science which is itself dubious; and the superstructure reared on such an underpinning has inevitably warped and sagged almost before it was complete. A good many fashionable enough novels of 1920 are already older than NOSTROMO (1904), than TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES (1891), than THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL (1859). The remarkable loss of luster, over so brief a stretch, in things which were received in their own hour as of a pristine brilliancy is enough to suggest that the true originality is elsewhere, and that it has nothing to do with what passes for daring experiment—that it is a property of the artist himself rather than of the age in which he works.

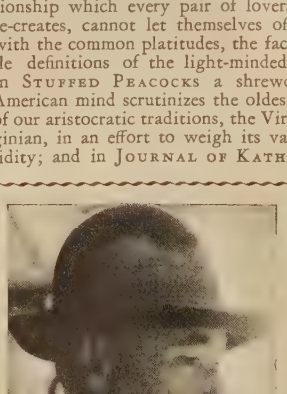
All of which is preliminary to a confession of some pride in the discovery that we find in our own new publications gratifyingly little of the occasional, the bizarre, the far-sought, the wire-drawn; and that we find correspondingly much of the timeless, the representative—what academic criticism has been accustomed to label as "the universal." THE COUNTERFEITERS scans anew and with a probing honesty that maladjustment between successive generations which is one of the oldest phenomena of civilized life. MONTAIGNE is an exciting revaluation of a personality which has been part of the basic consciousness of literary historians (and of pragmatic philosophers, too) for more than three centuries. UNCLE ANGHEL tells a story which is Biblical in its fundamental dignity, as well as in the poetic simplicity of its language. DECLARATION OF LOVE is the record of two souls who, in a world-old relationship which every pair of lovers re-creates, cannot let themselves off with the common platitudes, the facile definitions of the light-minded. In STUFFED PEACOCKS a shrewd American mind scrutinizes the oldest of our aristocratic traditions, the Virginian, in an effort to weigh its validity; and in JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD the mind of the most conscientious arti our time scrutinizes itself, with skeptical detachment which les telligences reserve for the affa others. *Señor Unamuno's* beautif fence of quixotism is a philoso courage, the timeless and uncha virtue. THE MIRACLE BOY is wr out of the phenomena of rel mysticism; GREENLOW out intercommunication between N the impersonal mother, and h man children. And *Dr. Clend* book about human anatomy and iology, although it states in t plest popular language the late ings of medical science, fits the a continuous history and tr which stretches with hardly straight back to Æsculapius.

Each of these achieves a pr originality, yet wholly with gesture of throwing away th and wholly without any call tence that the world was ma day, and that day yesterday. T books which re-create the old by giving them new meanin our part, we wish their gen increase; and defiantly we a see our imprint on as many as more than our fair share of t

A Portrait Gallery

THE COUNTERFEITERS may be taken as representing the quintessence of *Gide's* work. Every quality which he has hitherto displayed is here brought to its ultimate development. Superficially complex, the book is in reality remarkably simple. *Gide* has persistently refused to accord to his earlier fictions the term novel. He has called them *récits* (narratives), or *soties* (farces), but "novel" he has reserved for THE COUNTERFEITERS, first projected many years ago. By the novel, *Gide* understands a work in which there exist a conflict of characters and a conflict of ideas. That is the briefest possible statement of the distinction he has drawn. On it he has erected a whole æsthetic theory, which need not concern us here. It is sufficient to realize that such books as STRAIT IS THE GATE and LAFCADIO'S ADVENTURES are certainly not novels, in the Gidean sense, and that THE COUNTERFEITERS is, magnificently.

What a gallery of superb portraits he has painted here! Never before has he shown himself the master psychologist that he is in this book. The young rebel, Bernard, glorying in the



knowledge of his illegitimacy because it provides him with the spring-board for his revolt; the weak, lovable Olivier, so eager for life and so easily betrayed; Edouard, paralyzed by his own overwhelming sympathy for his fellows, mentally hamstrung by his love, and wrestling vainly with the problems of the novel he will never write; Passavant, the debonair pervert; the noble, self-sacrificing Laura Douviers and her pathetic husband; the diabolical Strouvilhou; old La Pérouse—an incomparable portrait; Molinier the jurist, stupid, sensual, boast tribe of Flaubert's Homais; whose brilliant career is lost less passion; the psychoana phroniska (what a masterpiec ical characterization!) and fated patient, Boris; Arman his twisted, sardonic intell There are others. The canva but as perfectly conceived a tails are perfectly realized. T is a twentieth-century SENTI EDUCATION, and almost French novel since Flaubert piece that may be mention same breath with it.

It is significant that the ov ing majority of reputable op hesitatingly places THE C FEITERS with the few supre books that our century has called forth—on the same s Proust's REMEMBRANCE O PAST, Mann's THE MAGI TAIN, and Joyce's ULYSSES.

THE COUNTERFEIT
ANDRÉ GIDE, *author of the Gate,*" "*Dostoevsky,*" "*Adventures,*" *etc. Translate French by* DOROTHY BUSSY.

God Greet!

od Greet!" says *Mr. Golding* to
irst peasant he meets in the Flori-
al, and plunges us into the last
ghold of mediæval Europe. He
strange tale to tell of this val-
a tale of love and hate and the
hat rise again. But you are not
d upon to believe his miracles any
than you are called upon to be-
in the existence of the Adam and
in a Dürer woodcut. You simply
l; and recognize a work of art.
when you have read his story,
Mr. Golding has created for you
tte of mind. You are left with
traordinarily vivid impression of
Floriansthal outlook, shall we

Floriansthal is a valley of the
ian Tyrol, and its people are
han usually remote from the
so that the great war is merely
eal echo. An unusual figure
that dark-haired race is Hugo
is bright golden locks and his
ght-hued raven—Hugo who in
short years was to become a
d, with his effigy in half the
s in the valley. For Hugo, be-
he met his death at the hand of

the village zany playing Judas to his Christ, wrought miracles. This the whole village attested, differing only as to whether the miracles were of God or of the Devil.

Hugo came to create his strange legend in this wise: The overlord of the valley, who mourned often the *droits du seigneur* which had belonged to his ancestors, but who yet managed to ravish many a village maiden, cast his eyes on Nanni, Hugo's betrothed. And the faithless Nanni, in Hugo's absence, was cautious but not unwilling. To win her back Hugo turns to strange powers which he has discovered while in a state of ecstasy. He heaps her frightened arms with magic roses that fade and wither as they touch the flesh that has been false to him. The dead come back to life at his word. The sick are healed.

Baron von Felsenburg in vain tells his silly peasantry that the first is charlatanry, the second coincidence; brings in vain conjurors from London and fakirs from India to demonstrate to these crude boors that they have been tricked. Hugo is feared and worshiped; Nanni is his handmaid, and the Baron is bereft of his booty. Then comes the bizarre, tragi-comic conclusion—a von Felsenburg ridden by his hatred, playing the Holy Ghost to a village half-wit, and a fight round his sepulchre for the body of the betrayed Hugo.

THE MIRACLE BOY. *By* Louis Golding, *author of "Day of Atonement," "Sicilian Noon," "Store of Ladies," etc. Illustrated from woodcuts by* Herbert Gurschner. $2.50 *net.*

On Behalf of Madness

ers who will boldly declare
all's right with the world are
be found during the present
nd even those who will con-
God's in his heaven are vis-
ecreasing. The matter has come
to the sensible plane of discuss-
hat is to be done about it. *Señor*
de Unamuno is for a little more
ss—a greater measure of that
frenzy that allows man to dis-
the monsters who stray about
nd in the guise of windmills,
nds him the courage to ride at
full tilt come what may. The
ss he pleads for keeps its pos-
safe from both fear and ridicule
more potent weapon—and it
by the gods to those only whom
ve. It can make the plain beau-
nd rend the trappings of beauty
he false.

ther name for it is quixotism;
ño Unamuno has expounded its
g and method by interpreting
mmenting upon Cervantes's im-
work. Side by side he journeys
the knight of la Mancha upon
nderings, recording for us his
s and his inner feelings and
ng every now and then to have
at the modern world. The re-

(*Continued on page xcii*)

Meet Kitty!

"An officer, brushing his hair at one of the windows of 'Fream's,' bent forward to look at Kitty Greenwood. She stood about as high as her mother, five feet or so; she had a bobbed head of honey-coloured hair with some darker shadowings intermixed with it; at a little distance her eyes looked black in the glowing roundness of her face. She was a solid little person, with a beautiful throat, and a chin that had a white firmness. She stood confidently upon her small feet. If she guessed she was being looked at from the windows of Fream's Hotel, she was not disconcerted or intrigued by the scrutiny. She had grown accustomed to being looked at by all sorts of men, oldish men, young men, bold men, hungry men. And it is possible that she had come to understand that to many of these poor lads she was golden fruit, the more desirable because death might pluck life from their lips at any moment. She had been kind to men, but without desiring to give herself to any of them. She had an exceptional sturdiness. And in the shop she could be something of a little autocrat. There was no nonsense about Kitty."

Indeed there was no nonsense about

(*Continued on page xciv*)

An Unusual Novel

Whatever else they may be, the books of *Geoffrey Dennis* are never commonplace or dull. His first novel, Mary Lee, won instant recognition as a highly unusual and provocative book, astonishingly mature for a maiden effort; Harvest in Poland, which might be described as a psychic mystery story, is as well a technical achievement of distinction; his third novel, bearing the curious title Declaration of Love, is as strange a love-story as one is likely to find in the run of present-day fiction.

Geoffrey Dennis's books can be neither labeled nor pigeon-holed. They are novels, but otherwise unique, and they could not conceivably have been written by any other modern novelist. He is, in fact, one of the notable few among present-day writers of fiction who have something new to say and who invent novel forms in which to say it. To read a new book by him is comparable to the discovery of a new land, a new people. His mind is original and admirably disciplined; he has the rare virtue of thinking clearly along new lines, and his thought is expressed in a style that is swift, vivid, and powerful. It is not fantastic to believe that his books

(*Continued on page xcii*)

An Unusual Novel

(*Continued from page xci*)

may ultimately have an influence over the development of English fiction comparable to that exerted by such writers as Dorothy Richardson and James Joyce.

The four betrothal letters between Susanna Lloyd and Yorick Lee which make up this book are a dramatic record of two disparate temperaments, in conflict until the catalytic agent is found which resolves their difficulties and produces a fusion. In most novels, "love" is a word that cloaks a multitude of emotions, and the inevitable progress of hero and heroine towards the altar is taken for granted. *Mr. Dennis* is both acute enough and courageous enough to analyze the motives underlying love—to reveal, not merely the superficial and meaningless events, but the secret processes of the soul that harass the lovers during the period of their love's development. DECLARATION OF LOVE is a novel of rare analytic power, a tragi-comic melodrama of modern love, mordant, satirical, tender, and at times even mystical.

DECLARATION OF LOVE. *By* GEOFFREY DENNIS, *author of "Mary Lee" and "Harvest in Poland."* $2.50

On Behalf of Madness

(*Continued from page xci*)

sult is both a theory of life and a defence of quixotism. It is an indictment of the gospel of safety at any cost and a plea for the life bravely lived.

Señor Unamuno wrote originally with his eyes on Spain in the early years of the present century. His book was addressed to a people baffled and bewildered by the onrush of modern industry. But it contains a message to the whole world which has not decreased in importance with the passage of time. Wittily, scornfully, vehemently he denounces the subjection of man to the tyrannies of modern civilization. He points to the conventions, the fears, and the prejudices which hamper mankind and cries that these are no windmills but giants to be charged.

THE LIFE OF DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO ACCORDING TO MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, EXPOUNDED WITH COMMENT. *By* MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, *author of "Essays and Soliloquies." Translated from the Spanish by* HOMER P. EARLE. $5.00 *net.*

"See How They Run!"

IF STELLA and Tony and Val had been three blind mice running after a farmer's wife, instead of three women running into matrimony, their fates could have been no more undecided, their course no more haphazard—this way and that, now desperately to one side, now cautiously to another, now confidently forward, then listlessly back. And in the end, of course, they must all have a piece, small or great, of their tails cut off. But a tail is not too vital to a mouse, and his life goes on without much break or change. Sometimes he looks not quite right to others, and sometimes he feels all wrong to himself, but essentially he is the same; and if he runs swiftly enough, his deformity will not be noticed.

So Stella married for love and built her foundations on ideals; and Val married for love and asked for nothing more; and Tony married to escape boredom, expecting nothing. To Stella came disillusionment and a faithlessness more unbearable because of its triviality. To Val came a flaring passion, with its quick dying down and its heavy after-smoke of despair and hate. And to Tony came love—a love for another man which, after the struggle to capture it, was almost unbearably beautiful.

They didn't change vitally. Lovely Stella gained a colder sort of beauty. A wistful Val had suddenly an enviable polish and sophistication. And Tony—well, perhaps the fur over her scar is a little rough; but her aliveness will never go out.

THREE WIVES. *By* BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. $2.50 *net.*

An English Villag

JILLIAN ought to have be and indeed her father often she was, perhaps because about in breeches for six d week, and in harvest time too. At any rate he left her as though she were an only stead of dividing it betwee her sister. He must have be man, for Jillian loved the knew and understood the va its moods—its days of smi and its sudden rages. And had lent her something of it its directness, and its charm

In Jim Thorne she perceiv she loves most in Greenlow by the standards of the vi thoroughly bad lot. Howe loves him and is ready to when he says the word. Pe hides in her heart the belief ascribed to women that s cially fitted to undertake reformation; or more pr just doesn't care. Whateve son, she would have marr John Wetherford, writer had not come to stay in t for then she learns that it to care for two men at the

John, too, understands t but it is with the imagin pathy of the artist. It is this that Jillian loves. And w Jim's escapades results in the country she and John find happiness in their Greenlow.

GREENLOW. *By* ROM SON, *author of "Dragon "Latterday Symphony," etc.*

Famous Wome

THE author of THE WORL declares that it was a de towards emancipation wh "fixed their own price and, remaining slaves or wives supremacy—over the me this point of view he has score of biographies of th nowned courtesans of histo Corinth and Cleopatra; l'Enclos and La Pompad Gwynn and Marguerite d all figure in his pages. His a centuries-long and very ill cross-section through the courtesanship.

THE WORLD'S LURE. ALEXANDER VON G RUSSWURM. *Translated f man by* HANNAH WALL *trated in aquatone.* $5.00 *n*

Virginian on Virginia

THIS book *Miss Clark* has pre- d for her readers the last linger- nembers of the species whose lives guided by the "Virginian tradi- " She has them all here with a rmly through the thorax of each sprinkling of irony to preserve . They are really quite nice peo- meet and even gently amusing, ou can see what she thinks of all from the title she has given llection. Here is a glimpse of her best specimens:

ter what was, for that time, a mphant career, she married whose selfishness, perhaps his ess, was his most distinguished y, and who never quite recov- om the surprise and honour of ing her. She referred to him usu- s 'poor Lucien,' and her affec- or him was far less than that ir daughter. Mrs. Sulgrave lived m and was utterly dependent on not only for actual food and , but for what was spiritually ssary to her as either. But she t like them, and her contempt m was only thinly veiled by timentality of her period. Had ed now, she would have been d materialist, and perhaps a woman, for sentimentality oc- lly has its uses. Even then, her intimate friends, her pri- tude to her husband and other n only be described as hard- although she would have shud- way from the word and its im- ons. Now, doubtless, she would ubtless, also, she would be far cessful in what she had under- ."

ED PEACOCKS. *By* EMILY RE. $2.50 *net*.

Education of Parents

Villis has written a charming formal book on Montaigne, gives a clear picture of the man t the tedious details of full- iography. She has taken the themselves and has drawn from portrait of their author. Her book will bring a new pleasure to readers of Montaigne and perhaps add a number of recruits to the select band.

The book contains judicious quotations from the essays, as the following, which describes the method by which Montaigne was educated, shows:

"While he was still at nurse and before he could speak he was put in charge of a German tutor who was a great Latin scholar and knew no French.

"This man, whom my father had summoned for the purpose, and whom he paid very well, had me continually in his arms. There were two others with him, less learned than he was, whose charge was to attend me and relieve him. These never talked to me in any other than the Latin tongue. As for the rest of the household, it was an inviolable rule that neither he himself, nor my mother, nor manservant, nor maidservant, should speak in my company any but those Latin words that each of them had learned in order to prattle with me. It is marvellous what profit they all had therefrom. My father and mother thus learned enough Latin to understand it and acquired the language sufficiently to use it at need, as did also the other household servants that were most in attendance on me."

MONTAIGNE. *By* IRENE COOPER WILLIS. $2.50 *net*.

Animal Stories

AMONG the numerous ethnological studies of the folk-lore of the American Indian are the translations of the fascinating stories which the Indian made up about the animals from whom he drew so large a part of his subsistence. Most of these stories have been buried in the reports of scientific institutions and in volumes not ordinarily within the reach of the layman. *Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson*, who is herself an authority on the subject and who has devoted many years to its study, has been granted access to a wealth of virgin material which she has here turned to excellent account. She has selected a number of the stories, and retold them for children, following closely the Indian narrative style. Their characters include most of the animals of the North American continent, and they represent the folk-literature of nearly all the tribes, ranging from Alaska to Central and South America. Their interest for children is thus two-fold, since they are not only vivid and imaginative stories

of wild animals, but also reproductions of the charming mythology of the American Indian in his own language. The volume is profusely illustrated with photographs of wild animals and with reproductions of animal paintings taken from primitive Indian pottery.

ANIMAL STORIES THE INDIANS TOLD. *By* ELIZABETH BISHOP JOHNSON. *Illustrated*. $2.00 *net*.

A Russian Diary

THIS diary is one of the most revealing documents that have come out of Russia in recent years. It pictures an immense population without work or other means of sustenance turning to the land for employment. It is a stark, bare narrative of the aftermath of tragedy which gains from the cold simplicity of its telling. It sheds a flood of light on conditions in Russia at the present day. Here is a passage from the diary which describes an incident in the recent past:

"Louis, eighteen years old, is office boy for the JDC. He speaks English. Five years ago Louis lived with his parents, his sister and grandfather at Ananiev, near Odessa. A good comfortably circumstanced Jewish family, a good home. Books. Music. Ananiev is a town of about twenty thousand, of whom ninety per cent were Jews. Pogroms came. Many hundreds of Jews were slaughtered. Terror. They hide in their houses. Louis, thirteen years old, has managed to smuggle in a pistol. A great banging on the door of the house where they lived. Yells. Screams. Threats. Louis calls out: 'You can't come in.' A blind shot through the door. Grandfather killed. Louis shoots back through the door. Bang. Bang. Cross fire. The murderers run away. Louis saves the family."

ON THE STEPPES: A RUSSIAN DIARY. *By* JAMES N. ROSENBERG. *With a foreword by* LOUIS MARSHALL. $2.50 *net*.

The Borzoi Broadside for October 1927

Meet Kitty!

(*Continued from page xci*)

Kitty, as she showed when she came to fight Mrs. St. George, of No. 77 Cardigan Square and Melfont St. Georges in the county of Dorset, for the possession of Mrs. St. George's helpless son. Kitty is forced at last to kidnap her own husband; and together they set out on a joyous adventure.

KITTY. *By* WARWICK DEEPING, *author of "Sorrell and Son" and "Doomsday."* $2.50 *net.*

For Permanence

THIS month sees the inauguration of a new series of reprints, created to give some books of permanent distinction a dress worthy of any library, and at the same time more convenient to hand and pocket than formal library editions usually are. This series, the Holiday Editions in Morocco, begins with SORRELL AND SON and DOOMSDAY, *Warwick Deeping's* popular books, which are issued together specially boxed. *Knut Hamsun's* GROWTH OF THE SOIL, which already exists in three different formats, appears in a fourth. A fourth volume is *Joseph Hergesheimer's* JAVA HEAD, that vividly colored story of the era of the clipper ship, and of Gerrit Ammidon and his aristocratic Manchu wife; and a fifth is *H. L. Mencken's* brilliant IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN. Each volume is reprinted on thin paper and bound in full flexible morocco with gold top. The size is 16mo.

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SORRELL AND SON *and* DOOMSDAY. *By* WARWICK DEEPING, *author of "Kitty."* $5.00 *net each; in carton together,* $10.00 *net.*

GROWTH OF THE SOIL. *By* KNUT HAMSUN, *author of "Children of the Age," "Dreamers," "Hunger," "Segelfoss Town," etc.* $5.00 *net.*

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IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN. *By* H. L. MENCKEN, *author of "Prejudices," "A Book of Prefaces," "The American Language," "Notes on Democracy,"* $5.00 *net.*

Mr. Fletcher's Hat

Mr. Fletcher is rather like a conjuror producing oranges out of a hat. The supply seems, and probably is, inexhaustible; yet they are all perfectly good oranges—*Mr. Fletcher's* oranges being mystery stories.

The latest of these stories begins with the knifing of ... Auberge on the cliffs of Fo... spins itself into an intrica... that catches up, as it weave... back and forth between En... France, a famous Russian di... packet of papers in secret co... black morocco case contai... thousand pounds. Before ... winding up in Paris, a mu... persons, both guilty and inn... enmeshed in the tangle. Tw... never come out alive. In the... tice is meted out in a soluti... disregards the police.

THE PASSENGER TO ... STONE. *By* J. S. F... *author of "The Middle Te... der," "The Green Rope,"* ... *net.*

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The publication of THE STRANG... MR. HENRY MARCHMONT, h... has been postponed to October 7; bu... SENGER TO FOLKESTONE, ... for that date, was published Septem...

NUMBERS 49 and 50 have just ... The Borzoi Pocket Books. These ... AND WIVES, by *Harvey Fergus...* MARKENMORE MYSTERY, b... The price is $1.25 net each.

AMERICAN GOVERNMENT ... ZENSHIP, by *Charles E. Martin ... George*, price $6.00 net, and LAW I... AND OTHER ESSAYS, by *Ed...* price $2.00 net, will both be publishe...

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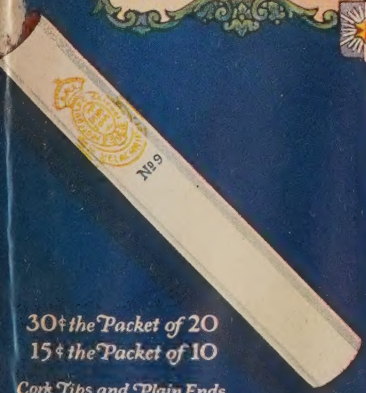

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